THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PAINTED BY ELLEN B. T. PYLE

Will Rogers — Nunnally Johnson — George Pattullo — Kenneth L. Roberts
Hugh MacNair Kahler — Sam Hellman — Arthur Train — Samuel G. Blythe

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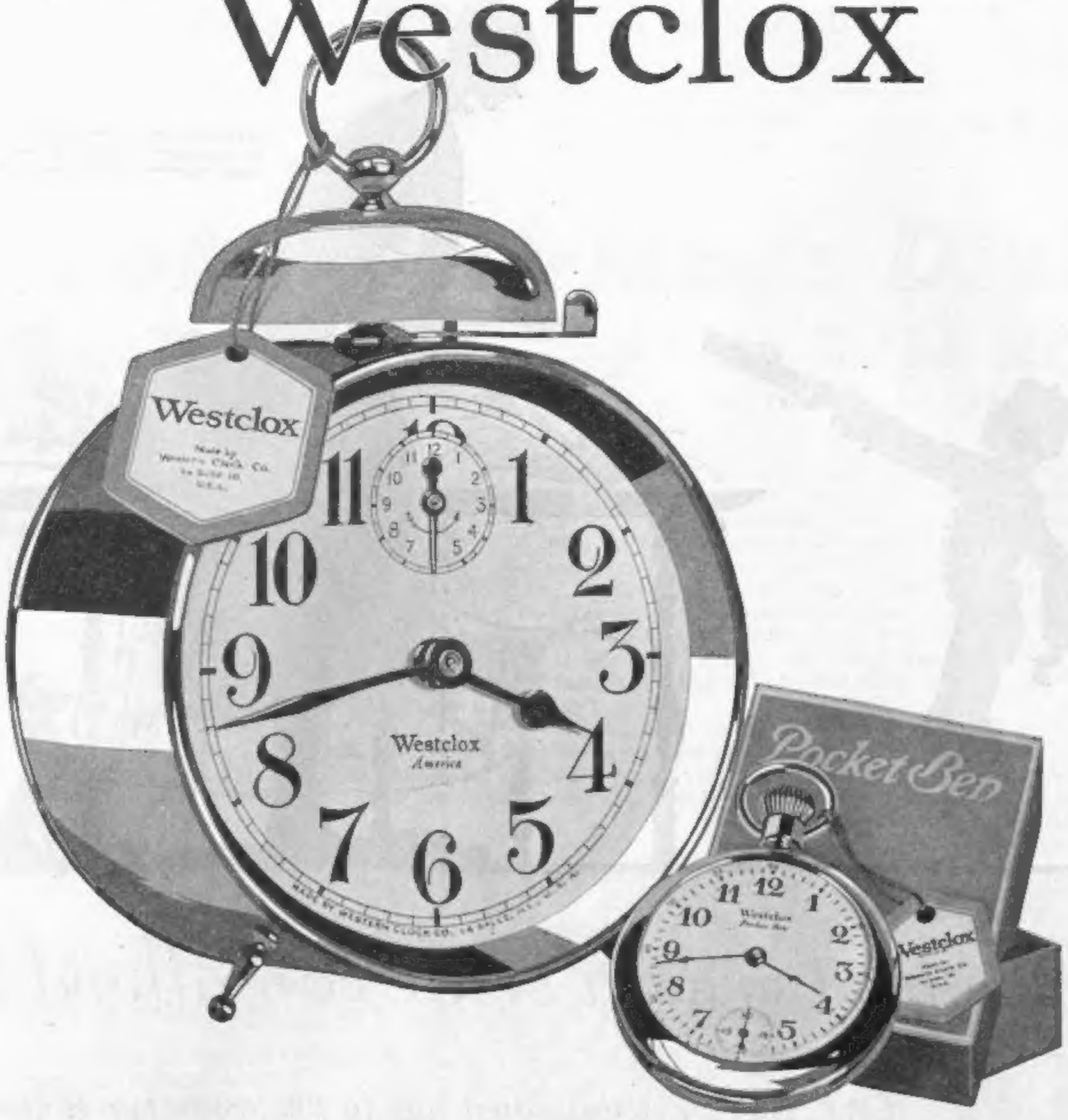

For good time on vacation

FOR the two weeks or so that you forget the job, you will still need a timepiece. You may even set the alarm earlier than for work days.

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Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

These are a Collection of the Intimate Papers and Letters That Changed Hands During Those Perilous Times of Peace Between Our President and His Ambassador—Without Portfolio

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The author has been reluctantly willing during these trying days of April, June and July, and February, which has but twenty-eight when leap year comes and brings it twenty-nine. He has allowed the President to receive all the glory and has kept himself in the background.

This is unique in Memoirs or Autobiographies. I am publishing what was done and said while all the Parties concerned in these narratives are alive. I could have waited a few years till some of the actors who stalked across the stage in this great drama of human events were dead. But I said No. These are facts, and if there is a man conneceted in anyway with them who dares to dispute them, let him rare up on his hind legs and proclaim it himself. I have always felt that a man can defend himself better than his remaining relatives. Then besides there was always the possibility of me passing out first.

The reader must bear in mind that these communications treat only with subjects that come within the orbit of my own activities. The President and his Cabinet have dealt with many little minor affairs that is not dealt with in these narratives at all, because I couldent see personally after everything. So naturally I just took up the more important.

These were compiled by Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, One Hundred and Fifteenth Street and Broadway, New York City. And if any blame is attached, why, kindly take it up with him. If he has seen fit to omit any little passages, or add in any, why, he has done so without advice of Consul. Now if at any time I have assumed a rather critical attitude toward some of the Actors in this Comedy of Errors, why, the chances are I have been really to lenient with them. As for the Principal Character Our President, I must frankly admit that I am a partisan of his. Any man that knows enough to say nothing always wins the admiration of those of us who feel that we can do the talking much better than he can anyway. Now, of course, now and then, he and I have differed. It takes a smart man to differ with me.

The President realized that Mr. Stearns was doing everything humanely possible in a domestic way, but that the time had come for the President's influence to branch out; and that someone should be sent to Europe if He, the President's name, was to be perpetuated in two vulumes with foreign date lines. Senator Butler, of course, was thought of. But with an election coming on this fall he wouldent even have time to say Europe.

My trip come at a time when foreign relations are at their most perilous peak; that is, when we were trying to collect money. Any fool can fight a war, but it takes a smart man to jar any loose change out of any part of Europe. Especially when they have already eat up the money that was loaned them.

A Certain contemporary writer of Letters claims eminence because he commuted back and forth to Europe at a time when the rest of the world was at war. His mission was easy. All foreign Nations wanted us to come in with them. All he had to do was to get us in, which he did. So his week-end voyages have no political significence at all, unless he be credited with an assist on the way to war.

But my mission will always stand out, because it is much easier for America to whip a Nation than it is for them to collect a dollar from them

If You Foreigners Think it is Hard to Get In Here, You Ain't Seen Nothing. You Ought to be an American and Try to Get Out Once

I Told Him I Had Never Known a Vermonter to Do Any Tremendous Amount of Worrying on $75,000 a Year

I have to go abroad when we are as welcome as rent collectors. There is only one way we could be in worse with Europeans, and that is to have helped them out in two wars instead of one.

A few words might not be amiss as to why I was chosen. I will try and explain the whole thing in a few words, and I hope I do so in a way that will eliminate entirely my own personal achievements. I only relate them to show what I had done before being chosen by our President to embark on this mission to carry out my policies in his name.

I was born in Oologah, Oklahoma, near what then was the village of Claremore, but which now embraces the entire northeast end of Oklahoma. From my earliest birth I was always doing things and letting other people get the credit. I started the Spanish-American War in '98. But I never said anything. I just sit back and let the Maine get the credit of it. I was the one who told Roosevelt to call his regiment the Roughriders, even if there wasent a horse nearer Cuba than Lexington, Kentucky.

It was never publically known only by a few intimates that I was really behind the election of Haskell as the first Govenor of Oklahoma. I also advised Al Jennings not to run for Govenor, as they would consider a Train Robber as an amateur in politics. I put Jack Walton in and furnished the beef for the Barbecue. I managed Bryan's nomination Campaign in '96. But on account of his losing the election, I have always claimed that I advised him strongly against running. I wanted him to be the only man that ever was nominated and then wouldent run. I dident do much backstage management up to the time. Then I advised Roosevelt to go ahead and run for Vice President, that something would turn up. We split over Taft, I wanted him to reduce and Roosevelt dident.

That brings my political advisement campaign down to the Wilson election year. Well, it seems that he had someone doing the same style of work for him that I had picked out for my life's ambition. So I took up Tom Marshall and it was through the way I handled him that he pulled Wilson through with him. The Republicans about that time made an offer in a black bag, and I layed the plans that Will Hays so successfully reaped the benefit of in behalf of Harding's Campaign.

The Democratic Convention of the early Twentieth Century was held much against my advice. I said they not only should not convene in New York City but that they shouldent convene at all; to save all their money and buy all the votes they could in 1928.

Well, I was also the one that advised Coolidge to run on the Republican instead of the Democratic Party.

I don't care how unostentatious you do things, the news of them will gradually leak out. So, of course, naturally The President heard of me and my underground methods of doing things and that's how we got togeather. Now comes the most remarkable thing about our relation, and that is we have had no personal contact or agreement about taking up this work for him. In other words, our understanding has been so perfect between each other that we haven't even had to talk it over. There is a kind of mental telepathy between us.

I just felt that he needed a foreign Diplomat that could really go in and dip, and he dident even have to ask me to do it; that same intimate understanding that had told me he needed someone, had told him that I was the one that he needed. And that's all there has ever been between us. We just feel that our ideas are so mutual that whatever one does the other agrees with.

Of course we have foreign Ambassadors over there, but they are more of a Social than a Diplomatic aid to us.

Now I naturally in the course of human events had to communicate with my Master, and the following that you will read is the letters of a self-made Diplomat to his President.

We only had one understanding before I left and that was that everything between us must be carried on in an absolutely confidential manner, and not get out to the general Public. So it was decided to carry it on through THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Just another example of typical American Diplomacy.

These letters had originally been given to the Reform School at Elmira, New York, and it was through their generosity and ambition to aid future posterity that we are allowed to use them. We also want to thank the following who so generously and almost imploringly allowed us to use their names publically: Jack Dempsey, Peggy Joice, Prince of Whales, Jim Furgeson, Lloyd George, Coley Blease, Hindenburg, Congressman Blanton, Mussolini and Jackie Coogan:

NEW YORK, April 28, 1926.

My Dear President: I was in Washington yesterday, but dident bother myself about coming around to see you. I was very busy. Our understanding is so antiseptic that I knew there was no use in talking over personally what I am to acomplish on this trip. Rest assured, My dear President, that your ideas are mine during this entire journey. I called at the Capitol to see what our hired help were doing. It's almost superfilous to tell you they were doing nothing. I wish we could get them interested in something. I have often thought a Book wouldent be bad, or do you think we could get them to read it? I wish you would give this some thought while I am away. Their mind, especially the Senate ones, are at a very plastic age now, and if we could get something started there, they might retain it; at least there is room anyway.

But, as I say, that is purely a local question and I seem to have no mind for small details. That can be taken up with Stearns any Sunday afternoon on the Boat.

I went in to see Dawes. He is connected with one of our Departments there in a minor capacity. You might have heard of him, or heard him rather. If you dident shut both doors, you did, He was asking very anxiously after your health. I had to dissapoint him by telling him you were never better in your life.

He said the worry of the Presidential office had been to much for many of our Presidents. I told him I had never known a Vermonter to do any tremendous amount of worrying on $75,000 a year.

(Continued on Page 53)

THE ROMAN UMPIRE

By Wallace Irwin

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

History of Rome From Remus to Mussolini

ON THE banks of the Tiber, that yellowish crick,
Where Remus and Romulus first turned the trick,
In a twin-brother act which served to attract
Some primitive kings who were crowned with a brick;
On those gore-tinted banks have been more kinds of thrill
Than ever were pulled on a Hollywood hill,
Ably directed by Cecil de Mille.

Just think how the bridge was once held by Horatius,
Wielding his razor-edged chopper—good gracious!
Think of Mark Antony, old-fashioned actor,
Powered in the lungs like a hundred-horse tractor,
Making Rome howl
With a yi and a yowl
As he viewed the damp corpse of his late benefactor,
And asked all the Romans who had any tears,
For the least little favor—the loan of their ears!

And permit me to say
That Rome in her day
Was the ancient Chicago, with land agent trust
And a classical spirit of hustle or bust.

Then Rome fell to pieces with holes in her sides
And turned herself over to tourists and guides,
Rubbernecks, shocking the dim Colosseum
With, "So this is Rome!
Well, our ball parks at home
Are most twice as big, and these wops ought to see 'em."
Yea, Rome was all chill
And deserted until ——

She Howls Again

A FEW years ago, boys, came roaring over Italy
A barrel-chested blacksmith with a charcoal-colored shirt.
He broke the heads of rabid reds and did it rather prettily,
With the cry, "Cacciatori, get to sweeping up the dirt!"
To Tuscans and Trentini he announced, "I'm Mussolini.
Let parlor vamps and Russian tramps behold in me a Turk.
In this land of welkin ringing there's too darned much opera singing,
Too many antiquarians, and everything but work.
Now, drill, ye terriers, drill, says I. Go buy a black shirtissimo,
Go clean the slums and kill the bums and learn the new salute.
Be snappily meticulous, learn something less ridiculous
Than singing Sole Mio to the mandolin and flute."

This made a hit in sunny It, which speeded up so strenuous
That every wop became a cop and cried, "Keep off the grass!"
Nobody called it joking when they put the sign No Smoking
On old Vesuvius' smudgy top—no doubt to save the gas.
And their leader, mighty fellow, swung his knotty manganella—

"His Name's Giovanni—Jack—Dempsi"

Italian version of big stick—and wildly charmed the throng.
Musicians scorned the hoary old cantata Trovator-e
And learned the tune of Harrigan—Benito's favorite song:

"Show us the man who is built on the Teddy plan!
Mussolin'—that's him!
Guff-chiding, tough-hiding, rough-riding ready man,
Mussolin'—that's him!
M-u-double-s-o-l-i-n-i—that's Mussolin'.
He's the man that makes the crops grow,
Does the talking where the wops go.
M-u-double-s-o-l-i-n-i spells vim.
He's the cheese. If you sneeze you will please take your orders from
Mussolin'—that's him!"

Then, for good measure, to give them all pleasure;
"Ctri biri bin—
Che bel fachin!

(Continued on Page 40)

"The Other's Adroit, for He Lives in Detroit and is Known to the Neighbors as Enrico Fordi"

It Probably Never Happened

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

She Was Silly, Ridiculous, a Fool, to be So Easily Upset. Who Was This Doctor Melrose Anyway? Who Did He Think He Was? What Did She Care?

AMONG the subjects which little Miss Joyce timidly offered, during the purée and sole, as possibly worthy of a few minutes each of small talk, were Norma Talmadge's nose, the length of Suzanne Lenglen's skirts, the Prince of Wales, Bill Hart's upper lip, a French delicatessen where nice *pâté de foie gras* could be had, the beautiful, beautiful mansions being built in Florida, Ed Wynn's lisp, cowlicks, the double murder in Long Island City, Al Jolson, iced tea, an awfully funny fellow she knew who got drunk and brought home to his wife, at four o'clock in the morning, a little gift in the shape of one hundred and fifty pounds of fresh ice, the hominy at the Brevoort, the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and tapioca pudding.

That was the way it began, at Natalie Unger's dinner, with little Miss Joyce presenting this splendidly varied assortment from which one might make a selection; yet the solemn young man at her right met them all, one after another, in an absolutely perfect sequence, with looks of blank helplessness. She was disappointed.

She was disappointed for a reason which should be just so much apple pie to every romantic heart in this great audience today. In a few—eight—words, little Miss Nona Joyce liked the young man, liked his looks. She liked his spectacles. Spectacled young men always seemed, to her, so honest and guileless. She would have liked to arouse this one's interest.

However, she reflected philosophically, there wasn't a person living who could point the finger at her and say she hadn't tried to the extent of her ability. And it was with this sweetly solemn thought nursing her rueful heart that she was preparing to resign herself, a failure at luring, to the broiled squab set before her, when like a bolt from the blue, the young man emerged from his mastication.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

In a twinkling the squab was forgotten. "What?" she asked anxiously.

"I mean, didn't you say something?"

In little Miss Joyce's great innocent eyes there came a hurt light. Was he kidding her?

"No," she said slowly, "not a word."

"Didn't you say," the young man insisted solemnly, "that the vacant-looking woman sitting next to Doctor Sewell seems to be suffering from thyroid inefficiency?"

Nona looked at him thoughtfully. "You mean," she said then, "the one with the saddle-colored dress?"

"Yes."

"And taffy hair?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Eating an olive now?"

"That's the one!"

She studied the woman carefully, cautiously, at some length, before venturing a reply. "No," she said then, "I did not."

The young man looked at her owlishly for a minute. "Well," he declared emphatically, "she is!"

Then, suddenly, he disappeared again into his mastication; and Nona, confused and regretful, returned to the squab. For a matter of five minutes there was practically silence. Then, just as suddenly, he emerged again.

"Nott says," he declared, "that an efficacious method of administering potassium permanganate ——"

"Who is Nott?"

He stopped and looked at her incredulously. "Why, Nott, of course! Nott, in the British Medical Journal of course! Nott—why, Nott, of course! Nott—er—Nott ——"

"Of course," she helped him politely. She was abashed, and the young man seemed grateful for her eventual recognition of Nott.

"Well, Nott says," he began again, "for thyroid inefficiency potassium permanganate by cachet is permissible. Some authorities say not."

"Nott?" she asked encouragingly.

"No, not Nott—not, n-o-t, not; not Nott, N-o-t-t, Nott. But —— Well, some authorities say don't." He laughed embarrassedly. "It sounded like a pun, didn't it?"

"But very comical," she assured him hastily.

"Well, some authorities say that the only method of administering potassium permanganate for thyroid inefficiency is by injection—a standard solution, say, of one grain of permanganate to a pint and a half of sterile water. Nott disagrees here, and I think rightly. He says that a cachet of, say, one-eighth to one-half grain of the pure powdered drug ——"

"What does Nott say?" she asked anxiously.

"Nott says," he declared triumphantly, "either is permissible—absolutely permissible! You see," he added, dismissing his meal definitely and leaning toward her, "Nott does not say that permanganate by cachet is any better than by injection. Oh, no! He makes no such statement as that!"

"He wouldn't!" Nona agreed warmly.

"You bet Nott wouldn't! No, sir-ree bob! Not Nott! In point of fact, Miss Joyce—and I can't emphasize this point too greatly—he admits—yes, actually admits!—that the injection method is generally more effectual, and that is what his critics overlook. They absolutely overlook it, I tell you! And Nott has never said, never in his life, that ——"

"Oh, I'm sure Nott is right!" she exclaimed fervently. "I'm sure, just sure, Nott wouldn't lie about it—to you."

"Not Nott!"

He looked at her excitedly through his spectacles, enveloping her in a smile as soft and warm as the purest down from the breast of an unsophisticated eider duck.

"You know, Miss Joyce"—he shifted his chair nearer—"you know what I'd like?"

"No! What?"

"I'd like," he confided in a low voice, "to try Nott's method on that woman!"

"Not really!"

He beamed at her and nodded eagerly. "I certainly would!" he repeated. "I'd just like to get hold of her. I believe I could bring her around in no time. I really believe I could. I'd like to try anyway." He waved a waiter away. "Confidentially," he went on, "though, of course, don't mention it, I just got my license to practice yesterday. You'd naturally suppose I wasn't—well, so good yet; but as a matter of fact, I stood quite high in my classes. But that's neither here nor there—to you, I mean."

"It is. Yes, it is," she insisted. "And I'm sure you did. And I'm glad—awfully glad."

Again he laughed embarrassedly. "Yes," he repeated wistfully, "I'd certainly like to get hold of her." He frowned. "I wonder," he reflected, "if Sewell's got her." He jerked his head toward the vacant-looking woman's companion. "Angus Sewell," he explained, "marvelous tonsillectomist—only," he added regretfully, "he doesn't believe in lymphoid tissue."

Little Miss Joyce looked shocked. "Not really!" she said.

The young man shook his head sadly. "A splendid fellow, a really splendid fellow, only—please don't repeat this—he honestly believes that the presence of lymphoid tissue in the nasopharynx is a mistake." He gazed sympathetically at the eating Doctor Sewell. "Otherwise," he added, "a fine fellow."

"It seems such a pity!"

"But this woman"—he leaned back, a reflective smile on his face as he pictured in fancy some miracle by which he could administer potassium permanganate to her—"I'd certainly like to give her a few cachets and see what happened."

It was at that moment that the idea came to Nona. She tried at first to dismiss it as madness. But there was the young man, with his clear, boyish face, his honest, guileless spectacles, his earnest, helpless eyes, and she liked him; and it seemed that he wouldn't, just wouldn't, realize that here she was, looking at him and liking him and hoping.

"Doctor ——"

His earnest, helpless eyes lighted happily as the dulcet music of this title smote his swooning eardrums.

"Melrose," he said—"Doctor Melrose." She hesitated, her lips poised for speech. "Yes?"

"Doctor Melrose"—she forced the words—"my father—my father is suffering—very badly—from thyroid insufficiency."

"Inefficiency?"

"Yes." She nodded slowly. "We're all—all so worried about him."

With a gesture, Doctor Melrose discharged entirely the remainder of the dinner party from his life. "Well," he exclaimed heartily, his eyes beginning to burn with honest zeal, "we'll soon find out! Have his face and hands," he demanded, "become swollen and puffy? That would be due, you know, to the collection of mucin in the subcutaneous tissue. The temperature would be subnormal, as the result of the diminution of metabolism, and the pulse would be low. Have you noticed any of these symptoms?"

Nona swallowed. "At the least," she said—"at the very least."

Doctor Sewell Smiled. "Glaucoma Is Not Incurable," He Said. "You Might Make a Thorough Examination"

"Then," Doctor Melrose stated happily, "do you realize what that would be?"

"No!"

"Myxœdema!"

"Not really!"

"Absolutely myxœdema! Not the shadow of a doubt. And probably as pretty a little case of myxœdema as a man could ask. Ah, but I'd like to get hold of him for a while!"

"If only you would!"

"Yes; I don't know that I'd ask anything more than to have as my first patient somebody with a nice little case of myxœdema." At that moment a hand touched him on the shoulder, a hand that Nona could have bitten off at the elbow happily. She became aware then that a phonograph had started in the next room. Dinner was over. Doctor Melrose jumped to his feet to greet the owner of the hand.

"Doctor"—the owner was a lady, and gushing, at that—"Doctor Melrose, I do so want you to meet our Miss Hilton."

Doctor Melrose's eyes widened. "Not," he exclaimed, "the noted authority on cysts!"

"On what?"

"On cysts. . . . Dr. Helen Hilton—did you mean her?"

"Hildegarde Hilton, the golf champion," the lady explained. "You don't mean to say you've never heard of Hildegarde Hilton?"

Doctor Melrose's interest evaporated with a swish. "Dr. Helen Hilton," he explained, "is very good on cysts—none better on cysts in the country, I dare say. But——"

"I'm sorry; I never heard of her."

"Nevertheless," he insisted stubbornly, "she's mighty fine on cysts. I remember a cyst once ——"

He nodded a nervous apology to Nona and was towed away. Nona's mouth smiled, but her eyes wrung the lady's neck, cut off her ears and broke all her teeth. Then, morosely, her gaze followed them down the room to the door, where, to her sudden dismay, they halted directly in front of the lady with the saddle-colored dress and taffy hair.

From where Nona sat she could not see the happy gleam that came into the boy physician's eyes when he found who Miss Hilton was, but she knew it was there. She knew it so well, so surely, that she rose, somehow deeply unhappy, and half ran from the room.

In the next they were dancing. A startled sophomore from Princeton hailed—and missed—her. She went down the hall into Natalie's room, and after pushing five coats, six hats, four walking sticks and a pair of galoshes on the floor, sat upon the bed to think things out.

She thought then so profoundly that at the end of six minutes everything was clear. She was silly, ridiculous, a fool, to be so easily upset. Who was this Doctor Melrose anyway? Who did he think he was? What did she care?

Brushing back her bob, she returned to the room where they were dancing—returned to come immediately upon Miss Hilton, Dr. Angus Sewell and Doctor Melrose together. The younger of the men of science was speaking.

"I maintain," he was saying heartily, "that we men of the medical world cannot overestimate the importance—the tremendous importance, I say—of the study of the close relationship of the endocrine glands. From it, as I am sure you will agree, we may see that a primary hypophysical derangement is capable of bringing about a functional unsettling of the entire glandular system. Am I right, doctor?"

"Yes, indeed, doctor," Doctor Sewell agreed gravely.

"Ah, doctor," Doctor Melrose continued warmly, "the value of pluriglandular therapy in any glandular dysfunction ——"

The cold merciless logic that Nona had erected disappeared. Such fine long words, such incomprehensible knowledge, such a nice glow in his earnest eyes! She felt, inexplicably, a possessive pride. "Doctor!"

He turned, smiled. "Ah, Miss Joyce! Doctor Sewell and I were just marveling at the polyglandular combination ——"

"I'm leaving."

"Oh, no, not really!" Miss Hilton and Doctor Sewell were walking away. He whispered to Nona happily: "I'm going to get her—my first patient. I've just been laying groundwork. I've got her all excited." He beamed. "Oh, I'll get her, and then we'll see! Then we'll see whether the cachets will work or not! We'll ——"

"Father," she reminded him timidly, "has it."

"But Sewell," he soliloquized absently—"Sewell, a mighty fine fellow personally—but just imagine not believing in lymphoid tissue!"

"Mother," Nona added desperately, "has sinus."

"Your mother?"

"Joe—that's my brother—has catarrh."

"Your brother?"

"I ——" she started to go on, the bit in her teeth, when Doctor Melrose drew a notebook from his pocket. He was looking at her excitedly.

"What," he asked, "is your telephone number?"

Doctor Sewell rose politely. "I'm afraid ——" he began, when Doctor Melrose followed him to his feet.

"I know—I know," he interrupted hastily. To Miss Hilton he laughed apologetically. "I just get to talking shop, as we call it," he explained. "But—but I just wanted to point out to Doctor Sewell how the underlying principle of pluriglandular therapy rests upon the established facts of a physiologic endocrine interrelationship, the recognition of endocrine diseases as pluriglandular conditions, and, by an extension of the same thought, now thoroughly demonstrated, upon the synergistic effects exhibited by the gland substances. Why, just think that when you put them all together ——"

"—— they spell mother," Miss Hilton suggested gravely.

"No." He said it doubtfully, and he studied Miss Hilton doubtfully, but the explanation for the remark baffled him. He turned again to Doctor Sewell. "I suppose, doctor," he said, "I'd better take her pulse."

"It might be just as well, doctor."

Miss Hilton gave him her wrist. He produced his watch and studied it profoundly.

"Slightly," he said, "dicrotic, don't you think, doctor?"

Doctor Sewell nodded. The boy physician addressed Miss Hilton proudly. "Slightly dicrotic," he repeated. "I say the pulse is slightly dicrotic."

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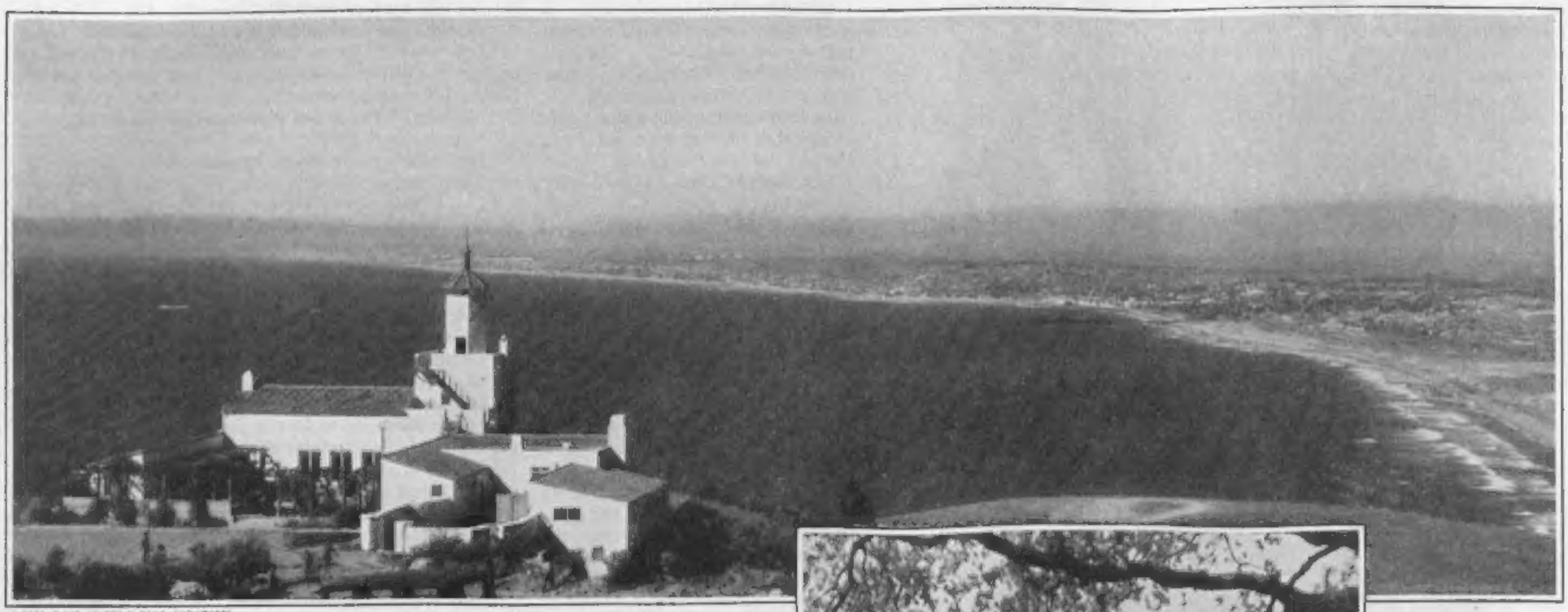
"I'm Glad," He Said Simply—"I'm Glad Now, Nona, Because I Can Devote More of My Attention to Mr. Joyce"

California's War on Ugliness



HERBERT AND WALTER L. DAUM, ARCHITECTS
A Spanish Inn at Palo Verde, Looking Toward the Harbor of Los Angeles

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE peculiarities of human taste are such as to make a horse burst into hysterical screams of laughter. Swedes, Hungarians, Sicilians, Slovaks and various other beauty-loving Europeans, brought up among the colorful embroideries, the picturesque native costumes and the pleasingly substantial and utilitarian dwellings of their homelands, journey to America and stand entranced before machine-made bedspreads, pale-purple suitings with the pockets cut on the bias, and brown, yellow and green residences with several unnecessary gables and a piece of stained glass over the front door.

Our genial British cousins, after devoting themselves for centuries to building stately homes and farmers' cottages of great simplicity and beauty, underwent a revulsion of taste and covered England with great masses of residences constructed almost exclusively along the fretful lines of the London, Ealing and Herts station at Tooting Common, or the fluently florid Cruik & Cruik Distillery at Chepstow-on-the-Blynk.

If the residences were small they were copied after small portions of these structures—such portions, for example, as the baggage shed of the Tooting Common Station or the cask-charring ell of the Cruik & Cruik Distillery. But if they were large they were moderately faithful copies of the original, even to the number of bath-tubs—which were not used to any noticeable extent in British distilleries and railway stations.

A Cupola Era

A SIMILAR distressing epidemic swept over the United States at about the same period, resulting in the cupola era of architecture. The early residents of the United States settling in Virginia, New England, New York and Pennsylvania, built simple, utilitarian and therefore beautiful homes of brick or wood or field stone; but with the advent of the cupola era the simplicity departed from all building operations, and no building was considered beautiful if more than six square feet of its surface failed to exhibit a useless protuberance.

PHOTO. BY FREDERICK H. MARTIN, PASADENA
WALLACE NEFF, ARCHITECT
The Ojai Valley Country Club, Near Pasadena

The substantial four-square homes of the early Americans were regarded with passionate contempt and loathing; and a tower or cupola, preferably a tower or cupola that nobody ever entered, was considered an essential feature of every residence. The architect of the cupola era who refused to embody these features in any set of plans would have been ridden out of town on a rail by the infuriated citizenry.

Beau Ideal

SOME of the noblest products of the cupola era are described in a chaste volume published in New York in 1842. Cottage Residences is its simple little title, or A Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage Villas and Their Gardens and Grounds, Adapted to North America. The climax, or blow-off, of this instructive volume is the design and description of "a villa of the first class, in the Pointed Style," known as a beau-ideal villa.

In order to become the proud owner of this perfect product of the cupola era, one was forced to separate himself from the sum of $12,000; but the book explained that the person who spent this large bank roll would have one of the finest specimens of the Gothic, or pointed, style of architecture in this country, as well as a beautiful reminder of the progress which architectural taste was making.

"Although the whole composition," says the book, speaking of the beau-ideal villa, "evinces great unity of feeling, there is as much variety of feature as we ever remember to have seen introduced successfully in a villa. Of windows alone there is almost every specimen belonging to the pointed style—the

The Residence of George Washington Smith, Architect, at Montecito

triple lancet, the arched, the square-headed, the bay, the oriel and the triangular. There are three or four varieties of gables and buttresses; and an air of originality and boldness is bestowed on the whole composition by the octagonal tower, which gives a pyramidal and artistical form to the whole pile of building."

Between the lines of this quotation may be discerned the leading slogans of the cupola era—such slogans as Always Room for One More Gable, Every Little Buttress Has an Artistical Meaning All its Own, When in Doubt, Add a Tower.

The cupola era, like the course of empire, rapidly pushed its way westward. It swept over and nearly destroyed the beautiful adobe farmhouses that were built in Utah by the early Mormon farmers. Those that were left were made more artistical, not to say pyramidal and Gothic, by the addition of almost every specimen of the wooden-lace embellishments that were invented during the cupola era for the purpose of eliminating any appearance of simplicity that might have sneaked into the general picture. The cupola era swept on into California; and in California it was confronted by a form of architecture so simple and so well adapted to a large portion of California's innumerable brands of climate as to induce the most acute nausea in every cupolite with the slightest sense of what was either pyramidal or artistical or both.

A Santa Barbara Newspaper Office, Spanish Architecture, Completed Before the Earthquake

Far back in the days of Spain's greatness the Spanish ships came up from Mexico and poked their noses into the bays and harbors of California; and the masters of these ships inaugurated the good old California custom of trying to convince the people back home that the California climate was as good as they said it was. For a matter of 200 years these climatic reports were received with indulgent smiles by the Spaniards who had never been there.

It was not until 1769 that an expedition of 225 Spaniards went up to California from Mexico under the leadership of the saintly Father Junípero Serra to found a series of Franciscan missions along the California Coast.

Relics of the Missions

FATHER JUNÍPERO SERRA was so active and successful in his mission founding that the modern traveler in California leaps to the conclusion that he is responsible for more relics, landmarks and spots of historical interest than have been produced by any other six agencies, human or otherwise, in the United States.

Relics of Father Junípero Serra outnumber the trees to which George Washington hitched his horse, the ladies with whom Lafayette danced, the furniture that came over in the Mayflower, and the antiques that are on the verge of being sold to Henry Ford.

If one can believe the Californians, Father Junípero Serra stood on every point of land on the California Coast between San Diego and San Francisco and spoke pleasantly of the climate. Father Junípero Serra climbed every hill in California and called down blessings on the surrounding countryside, according to present residents of the state; and California has been so liberally bestrewn with blessings since the days of Father Junípero Serra that there seems to be no good reason to doubt the reports.

Wherever the traveler encounters an extra large live-oak tree between San Francisco and San Diego he can be reasonably certain that Father Junípero Serra baptized a mass of Indians under it, or signed a treaty, or got out a climate bulletin.

Houses From Mud Pies

WHENEVER he comes across a mission, or the ruins of a mission, he is told the name of the mission, after which the news is broken to him that the mission was built by none other than Father Junípero Serra. California is peppered with silver candlesticks that Father Junípero Serra brought from somewhere to somewhere else; with embroidered stoles that Father Junípero Serra persuaded the Duchess of Matadoro or somebody to send to the Mission of San Pedro y Concertino or some similar place, according to the earnest-faced guides. Practically all California roads follow or parallel or cross a road that was traveled by Father Junípero Serra. Practically every moldering pile of adobe bricks in California is associated in some way—or in somebody's mind—with Father Junípero Serra. California guides drag Father Junípero Serra into the conversation so persistently that many Eastern tourists return to their homes with a strong conviction that Father Junípero Serra built Grauman's Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, the Southern Pacific Ferry House in San Francisco, and the Hetch-Hetchy Dam.

At any rate, the Spaniards who came up from Mexico and founded twenty-one missions in California were led by men of education, ability and resourcefulness. They knew climate when they saw it, having had wide experience with it in the course of their travels; and the climate reminded them more or less of sunny Spain. The missions that they built were consequently modeled along the simple and severe lines of Spanish architecture, and constructed out of the material that their experiences in Mexico had shown them to be durable and easily obtainable—to wit, adobe bricks.

The manufacture of adobe bricks bears a striking resemblance to the childish diversion of making mud pies. One mixes a moderate amount of water with that unhealthy-looking soil encountered in the Southwestern states—the soil that is neither sand nor good rich dirt. Out of the slippery mixture thus obtained one fashions mud cakes and exposes them to the rays of the sun. When the cakes

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The University Club of Santa Barbara During the Cupola Era

The University Club of Santa Barbara Remodeled in California-Spanish Style

Above—A Modern Santa Barbara Home That Closely Follows the Architectural Style of the Spaniards in California

SHINING ARMOR

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Edith Drummel Had Recovered From Her First Shock of Surprise at Henderson Barrett's Presence, But His Effulgent Countenance Continued to Draw Her Glance

MRS. BREARLEY HOLBINE'S eyes narrowed at their corners, and the smile with which she regarded her daughter found a thin edge of good-natured malice.

"I needn't make the usual inquiries about the estimable Mr. Henderson Barrett," she said. "For once I'm better informed about him than you are."

Edith Dremmel nodded with rather less of interest than a confidential secretary might reasonably have exhibited in news of her employer.

"You'd naturally see him, of course."

"Oh, not necessarily." Mrs. Holbine's smile seemed to whet its edge. "Raneleigh's a small place, to be sure, but it contained some hundreds of excellent people of whose existence, as usual, one contrived to remain intensely ignorant. The admirable Mr. Barrett, however, has emerged." She laughed softly. "I see that I don't startle you, Edith. Are you the guiding intelligence, by any chance?"

"Oh, don't!" The girl's definite brows drew briefly together, and her lips straightened. For a moment she looked older than the smartly slender woman whose amused glance gave her the aspect of mischievous, teasing youth. "I quite realize how funny it must seem to you; but if you knew him ——"

"But I do know him!" Mrs. Holbine's trilly little laugh had the note of a flute. "Evidently you don't know how far he's managed to emerge. Brearley's downright pally with him."

The girl's face stiffened. "Bridge?" she asked. Her mother shrugged slim, lovely shoulders.

"That's rather nasty of you, even though you don't like Brearley."

"Then it was bridge," said Edith. Her voice lowered and steadied. "I'll have to warn him, I suppose."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Mrs. Holbine spoke sharply. "Warn him of what? You aren't silly enough to let your dislike for Brearley persuade you that he ——"

"Oh, no!" The girl spoke with a weary bitterness. "I know that Brearley's the very soul of honor. He wouldn't dream of palming an ace, even if he were perfectly sure of not being caught at it. Besides, he doesn't need to when he and Jimmy Trantor and Tol Jessop can get Henderson Barrett to make their fourth."

Mrs. Holbine sighed impatiently. "My dear child, if your worthy employer chooses to play bridge with his betters, it's doubtless because he regards their society as worth what it costs him. He certainly can afford to indulge his fancies, and if he's seriously contemplating a social career in Camelot ——" She laughed. "Really, it's too bad you can't see the comedy of it. He's so—so delightfully obvious about it all. He beams. One feels that if he were a dog he'd be wagging his tail furiously." She laughed again, more gently. "I can understand your liking him, Edith. It's almost impossible not to, even when he's making himself ridiculous. Brearley likes him —— No, I mean quite irrespective of any of the unworthy motives your prejudice inclines you to attribute to him."

"You can see him for what he is." The girl's voice held a sudden heat. "You can't help seeing straight through the honest, simple-minded, kindly soul of him; but you stand by and laugh at his innocent, artless belief that everybody else is as decent as he is. You look on while Brearley and Jimmy Trantor trade on his friendliness: you altogether miss the rotten tragedy of it—the cruelty of it. Henderson Barrett, bitten by the silly notion that he wants to break into Camelot society! Imagining that it's worth breaking into, that it's a privilege for a man like him to be—to be tolerated and patronized and used and snubbed by Jimmy Trantor! A man like Henderson Barrett turning into a climbing little snob! It's hateful!"

"Clay feet," said Mrs. Holbine. "Most heroes have them, I suppose. I'm sorry your Mr. Barrett's disappointed you, Edith, but I can't feel very horrified about his wanting to play about with people like me. I think it shows good taste, at least." She rose gracefully. "I'm late for my appointment at Leon's and there's nobody else who really understands my hair. Thanks for the nice luncheon. They do you frightfully well here, really."

She glanced approvingly about the little dining room of the business woman's club, a faintly regal detachment in her manner. As she entered the taxicab that had waited in serene disdain of metered minutes she stopped and turned, her face, for a moment, as sincere and troubled as her daughter's.

"I'm sorry I ragged you," she said, "but I wanted to be sure that you knew what was going on. I thought you might be able to say something. He's really such a decent sort, you know, and so utterly unsuspicious. Perhaps you're right about poor old Brearley. He does play a severely practical sort of bridge, but he's far and away the most harmless playmate that your friend's acquired so far."

The girl's frown deepened, but she did not speak. The frown went with her back to the wide, quiet room that overlooked the courtyard garden in the heart of the new Henderson Barrett plant. It smoothed away, however, when Henderson Barrett's beaming countenance, a reminiscence of Raneleigh's winter sun in its glow, lifted to meet her glance across the wide bare desk. Reluctantly the resolution melted from her firmly set lips as Henderson Barrett's compact figure, springing upright, bowed from the hip with that slightly exaggerated courtliness which in any other man would have seemed ironical or absurd. She listened, resisting the infection of his almost boyish exuberance, to the commonplaces of greeting, to a compliment upon her management of his personal affairs during his long holiday, to a glowing account of that excursion and Henderson Barrett's artless pleasure in it.

"I've been lunching with my mother," she told him, in the first adequate pause. "She said that you ——"

Anger quickened in her at the sudden satisfaction in his look. It was almost—in anybody else it would have been a smirk.

"I'm afraid she didn't tell you how kind they were to me, she and your—your stepfather." He spoke eagerly, and the girl's face stiffened. "It was through them that I met ever so many delightful people who were down there for the winter." He named several of these acquaintances, and Edith Dremmel's lips drew a little tighter and straighter. He seemed to detect a want of sympathy in her look; his recital faltered and the glow of his face faded to a curiously boyish bewilderment. Unwillingly, Miss Dremmel answered the inquiry of his glance.

"I've known them all so long that it never occurred to me to think of them as especially thrilling," she said.

His face cleared at once. "Oh, I see." There was relief in his tone. "You looked so odd that for a moment I had an absurd impression that you didn't like them." He laughed. "It was all so new and so delightful for me that I—that I ——" He sobered again. "I've rather avoided the—the social side of life, I'm afraid. I had a very mistaken idea about—about these people."

"Yes?" said Miss Dremmel dryly.

"I'd always imagined that they'd be stand-offish," he went on. "One gathers that impression, somehow, from the books and plays, I suppose. I took it for granted that they wouldn't want to know me." He brightened. "It was a pleasant surprise to find them —— I'm afraid it sounds conceited to say that they were positively friendly."

"Oh!" The exclamation escaped her. There was anger in it, impatience, even a vicarious shame. Blunt, enlightening speech came to her lips and stopped there. It was queerly impossible to dash that unsophisticated happiness from his shining face; it would be like harshly shattering a child's belief in Santa Claus. His eyes regarded her with a puzzled question. She parried mechanically.

"I can imagine that you might enjoy it for a change," she said briskly. "But it must be much more thrilling to get back here, after all these weeks. We've managed as best we could, of course, but there are ever so many things that had to stand over. Mr. McSporran has three new models to show you, and there's a rather difficult mix-up with the New York office to be straightened out. I arranged for Tighe and Burley to meet you this afternoon, and there's a letter from San Francisco that ——"

The quality of his attention discouraged her. She stopped.

"This afternoon? I'm sorry, but I can't possibly be here, Miss Dremmel. Manning will have to see those fellows." He brightened. "I'm running out to Crestover for some golf with Jimmy Trantor and your stepfather." Her expression seemed to give him pause. "You see, they've been so friendly as to put up my name for membership out there and they want me to meet some of the committee."

He spoke with an effect of hush and reverence. The girl's eyes cooled and again she wavered on the point of forthright speech, but once more his artless delight in the prospect softened her against her will.

"I'm afraid it's going to rain," she said gently. "Yes, it's already begun. See?" She gestured toward the window, where the plate glass was streaked with prefatory drops. "There won't be much chance for golf this afternoon, and this New York tangle is really pretty serious."

"Oh, Manning can see to it," he said carelessly. "I can't possibly break this other appointment. If it rains, we'll play bridge."

She hesitated, her lips compressed. "I thought you didn't like such games," she said slowly. He spread his hands, grinning.

"You'll find I've changed a good many of my mistaken views this winter. Bridge is a fascinating game, but it wouldn't matter if it were as stupid as checkers—not with those fellows. You don't realize, you see, what a privilege it is for me to be with them."

"No," said Miss Dremmel. "I'm afraid I don't, exactly." She seemed about to go on, and Henderson Barrett waited politely for her enlargement on the somewhat cryptic speech, but she turned abruptly and moved toward the door of her own room. He skipped forward gallantly to open it for her. Again, as she passed him, he bowed from the hip.

A little later, watching the departure of the impressive new limousine, Miss Dremmel turned away from the window. She endeavored to perform, as she returned to her desk, a dismissing gesture. It annoyed her to discover that the hand which should have waved lightly and with unconcern remained obstinately clenched.

II

EDITH DREMMEL had recovered from her first shock of surprise at Henderson Barrett's presence, but his effulgent countenance continued to draw her glance so persistently that Jimmy Trantor, at her side, noticed it and chuckled lazily.

"Fast worker, isn't he? Didn't expect to run into him here inside of a couple of years." He grinned at her, impudently frank, as always. "Getting his money's worth, too, isn't he? Look at him! Makes me think of a kid in a toyshop."

"How did it happen, do you know?" Miss Dremmel's curiosity overpowered her displeasure at the tone that manifestly included her in a conspiracy. "The Bordens don't—don't exactly ——"

"No, they don't exactly go in for greeting the stranger at the gate with low glad cries of joy, do they?" Trantor chuckled again. "It's a mystery, unless ——" A lifted eyebrow gave the pause a quality of innuendo.

Edith Dremmel frowned impatiently. "Then you do know why they asked him," she declared. "Tell me."

"It's just a highly unworthy suspicion," he drawled. "But it did occur to me that our admirable host has been trying to sell that Havermore place of his for six or seven years. The white-elephant market hasn't been too frightfully brisk, you know."

Edith Dremmel restrained a startled movement, but her lips drew straight and tight. Old Horace Borden had built his country house in the unspeakable 90's—half a million dollars' worth, as Brearley Holbine put it, of overhangs and cupolas. And hadn't she heard, somewhere, that his son had been hard hit in that Laniston failure? She glanced along the table just in time to observe Foster Borden's ponderous smile at some remark which Henderson Barrett, leaning eagerly forward, had addressed to him. Something in the look reminded her of Brearley Holbine. She drew in her breath deliberately. Even the Bordens!

"Probably just my evil mind," said Trantor, "but when Fos Borden backs a man for the Camelot ——"

"The Camelot!" Astonishment sharpened her voice. Presentable and patient outsiders occasionally sidled into lesser clubs, the Squash and even the Charterhouse; but the Camelot, where even the most clubby of princes had been heartily blackballed! "Of course that doesn't mean anything, but ——"

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Justine Stared at Her With Blank Stupefied Eyes. It Was Henderson Barrett Who Broke the Shrieking Silence

The Courtship of Andy Skeets

Andy Tarried. He Stalled Around and Hemmed and Hawed, and Finally Remarked, "Say, Where's the Boss?"

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

OH, YOU naughty man!" exclaimed Claribelle Suggs, but Andy Skeets merely said "Ha-ha" and twirled his silky mustache.

Why did Claribelle say this to Andy? Well, you would have been sore, too, if a guy used you mean. But, shucks, that is no way to start a story about a sheepman. That's what comes of trying to make polite society fiction out of it.

Besides, Claribelle was only the gal's middle name. Everybody called her Mamie. Mamie Suggs. A catchy thing, isn't it?

We will now make a fresh start. All aboard! It's a night train out of Albuquerque, headed west. A blue norther was raging across New Mexico and the night train went booming along, buffeting the gale, which tore at the windows and shrieked hungrily in the ventilators. It began to snow.

"Now out in California ——" began a guy in the smoker, but low, furious moans shut him up.

Andy Skeets sat in a corner of the smoker and waited for the conductor. He wore overalls, a cotton shirt and a vest, because the day had been bright and as warm as summer, but a sheepskin jacket hung on the hook above his head. The conductor came along. Something seemed to have soured him toward the world. He sniffed a couple of times and eyed Andy.

"Say, you're a sheepman, ain't you?"

"Yeh."

"Then is that your herder in the car up ahead?"

"I reckon so. A Mexican with a blanket roll?"

"And that ain't half what he's got, brother. I want a ticket for him."

"Why, hasn't he got a ticket?"

"No, he ain't."

"Well, he ought to have."

"Say, are you trying to kid me? You can bet your sweet life he ought to have. What's more, he's a-going to have, or he gets off this train."

"I wonder what could have happened to George. Let's go see."

"All right, come ahead. But say, how about your own ticket?"

"Didn't I give it to you?"

"You know darned well you didn't give it to me. Come across now with both of 'em."

Andy went through his vest pockets, then he went through the pockets of his overalls. He shook his head in a puzzled way and reached up and searched the sheepskin jacket thoroughly, turning it inside out. The other passengers watched with grins, the conductor with a grim certainty of manner.

"That's right funny," muttered Andy.

"Yes, ain't it?" replied the conductor. "Har-har!"

Andy started through his overalls again.

"Have you looked under the seat?" inquired the conductor with a sweetness that fooled nobody.

"No, I never thought of that."

Andy got down on his knees and looked under the seat.

"That's enough," said the conductor thickly, reaching for the bell rope. "Here's where you get off! I won't even wait till we get to Isleta."

"Oh, yes, you will. Here they are," said Andy, producing a railroad and Pullman ticket which he appeared to have picked up from the floor.

The conductor's eyes bulged from his head.

"Well, that's yours," he grunted. "But I ain't got that herder's yet."

"Maybe he can find his too," Andy suggested.

"Somebody'd better, I can tell you that much."

"Want me to go see him?"

"Suit yourself."

The other passengers were laughing as Andy followed him out, and it did not improve the conductor's temper. He kept snorting all the way to the coach next to the baggage car.

There they came upon a Mexican sprawled on his back the length of a seat, sound asleep. A bed roll stood in a corner.

"There's your sweet-scented geranium now," exclaimed the conductor. "And dog-gone if he ain't passed out again! Here, you, come alive! Hear me? Where's your ticket? Huh?"

He shook George back and forth until he was tired. At first George smiled as though the rocking motion were not disagreeable, then made a movement of distaste; but he did not wake up.

"If I wasn't afraid of loosenin' his teeth ——" grunted the conductor, as he mopped his forehead. "Do you reckon he's alive?"

"Sure! George's just a little tired."

"That Foundry Maid'll do it. I wonder where he got that stuff."

"Here, let me try," Andy suggested. He gave George a sharp upward jerk and the herder opened his eyes.

"Ah," he murmured happily, "*mi padrone*. Have a drink."

"Never mind the drink. Where's your ticket?"

"You got it," said George, stretching out again for slumber.

The conductor said, "That's what he told me before."

"Well, I haven't."

"If somebody," announced the conductor—"if somebody don't come across with a ticket for this baby right now, off he goes—that's all I gotta say. By rights I ought to collect two tickets off of him."

"He must have it somewhere. Let's take a look."

"Not a chance," responded the conductor. "He ain't got a cent. Nothing but that bottle of Foundry Maid."

Nevertheless, Andy searched him.

"Well, what did I tell you?" sneered the conductor.

"He may have lost it. I couldn't find mine at first, you know."

"So that's the game, is it? Well, I think you're trying to make a sucker out of me, that's what I think. And if you don't dig down for his ticket, he gets off at Isleta."

"But I haven't got any money. I came away ——"

"Old stuff," said the conductor. "I sized you up for a dead beat the minute I laid eyes on you. Well, are you going to dig down?"

"I told you I hadn't any money."

"Haven't you got even a few dollars?"

"Not fifty cents. Here, look. Thirty-five cents—every bean I got with me."

"Not even a watch? Or —— Say, don't you know anybody aboard?"

"No."

"Well," replied the conductor, rubbing his chin as he regarded the sleeping George, "you can ride of course. But this bird'll have to get off."

"If you'll wait till we get to Gallup," protested Andy, "I know the operator there, and ——"

But the conductor retorted that he had been stung too often on that line of talk. "That herder pays his fare right now, or I throw him off." And Andy, gazing into his eyes, knew that he meant it. Something told him the conductor didn't like either George or him.

"All right, you big stiff," he said, "throw him off then. But you'll be sorry."

The train was nearing Isleta. With the help of a brakeman, the conductor raised George to a perpendicular position and guided his erring feet toward the steps.

"Have a drink, *amigos*," George murmured, an arm around each neck.

"Here's to you," replied the conductor heartily as the train stopped, and he booted the herder onto the platform. George fell easily and naturally and remained unaware of the transfer. He lay still, mildly wondering what made the seat so suddenly cold. The conductor hurled the bed roll on top of him and dusted his hands.

"All aboard!" he yelled, and went along about his business.

The train pulled out, and he inquired jovially of the brakeman, "Say, what become of that little guy?"

"I haven't seen him since."

"Well, I just had to do it. If a man fell for all the bunk people try to put over —— Say, do you smell anything?"

"No more'n usual."

"I can smell that herder."

"That's just his memory like. It ain't cleared off yet."

"I tell you I can smell him," declared the conductor, his good humor vanishing, and he surged forward toward the vestibule. Andy, modestly seated in a dim corner of the coach, heard his anguished wail: "Holy mackerel, here he is again!"

There was George, stacked in a dark corner with his blanket roll.

"You did this!" cried the conductor, as Skeets joined him and the brakeman.

"Sure I did. I couldn't leave him lay there and freeze, could I?"

"Well," said the conductor, reaching for the bell rope before Andy could start arguing, "off he goes. Nobody can put anything like that over on me. For two pins —— Say, you gotta nerve! I've a mind to ——"

But the grinding of the brakes interrupted him. Again the train came to a halt, and with the brakeman's help he eased George out onto the platform and piloted him down the steps.

"Have a drink," said George, as he clung to them.

"Not tonight, lambkins," replied the conductor. "And this time stay where you're put."

He emphasized the advice with a swift kick that nearly landed George in the next county.

"And here's your bed," he added, tossing it after the herder.

Skeets watched this operation from the car platform.

"It's a dirty shame!" he cried. "Look at that snow!"

"You ought to've thought of that before you got on," retorted the conductor. "He can shiver himself into a sweat if he gets cold."

Andy returned to the smoker. Everybody seemed to know about the trouble, but no one betrayed any apprehension.

"Shucks, that sheep herder's used to this," one remarked. "It won't worry him a minute."

"'Tain't like as if he didn't have plenty of cover with him," said another.

Andy shook his head with a worried air. "It's a bad night," he murmured.

"Why, I bet that Mexican's out on worse nights'n this a dozen times a winter."

"Maybe; but where he can find shelter."

"Well, it's only a mile or two back to Isleta. He can walk that."

"If he's sober enough, and don't lay down and go to sleep again."

There fell a silence. The wind was howling like a maniac and bitter-cold blasts shot dust through the cracks of the window. One of the travelers yawned and stretched.

"Well," he said comfortably, "I guess I'll hit the hay. See you in the morning, Sam."

"Sure. Sleep tight."

One by one they got up and went to bed. Andy remained alone, staring at the floor with a worried expression.

"Gosh, I can't leave him like that!" he cried suddenly, and jumped to his feet.

A long, fierce tug at the bell rope, a lurch and grinding as the brakes gripped, and before the dumfounded conductor knew what was happening, the train slowed almost to a standstill. Andy dropped off. He dropped running and kept going. Behind him he could see moving lights. Then the snow blotted out the train and presently he heard again the hum of the rails. They had gone on.

The norther stung like nettles, but he resolutely bent against it. It must be at least seven miles back to Isleta he reckoned, and George had been thrown off about halfway. He could not see ten feet in front, so he kept calling, stopping frequently to search beside the track. Damn the Mexican, anyhow—he wasn't worth it! He wished he had left him to take care of himself. At last he discerned a dark object at the foot of the embankment and ran down to it eagerly. The bed roll, but no sign of the herder.

"He must've walked back, the big bum. All my trouble for nothing. Well, I'd best drag it before I freeze to death."

He untied the roll and wrapped the blanket about him. A rich aroma welled up into his face, but it was preferable to the blast of the wind. Then he resumed his slow progress and about three hours later staggered into the half-lighted depot and cast the blanket from him. The night man on duty stared hard at the visitor.

"Say," said Andy, "have you seen a sheep herder anywhere round here?"

"Not that I know of."

"They flung him off the train and I thought ——"

"Oh, that souse? Well, he climbed back on."

"Yeh, but they gave him the bum's rush again."

"That so? I reckon he's where they flung him then."

"No, he ain't. He's somewhere round here. In fact," added Andy, "I do believe he's somewhere close."

"Do you notice it too? I been wondering what was the matter. Maybe it's that blanket."

"Uh-uh. It's George. I couldn't be fooled on that. Let's take a look."

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"Gosh, I'm Hungry!" Said Andy. "Say, It Must be Near Nine o'Clock, Ain't It?"

FISHIN' FOR FISH

BUB," snarled Old Enoch, "y' fish like a sportsman." I flushed, for there was scorn in Enoch's tone. Then I stopped playing with my catch, and, with the swift, steady tug of the professional fisherman, I hauled it safely into our light skiff, tossing on the heavy swell several miles offshore. Enoch watched me silently, with a leer of contempt on his weather-seamed face.

"I s'pose," he scoffed finally, "y' was givin' the fish a chance."

Now when Enoch said that, I knew I had offended deeply. For nothing could bring the cackle of bitter amusement to his salt-caked lips as could that battered bromide of certain amateur anglers who called themselves sportsmen and who had fished at various times from our boat. And, Enoch insisted, he spoke for the whole breed of professional fishermen of his day and locality—the bluefish trollers, the banksmen, the pound and weir workers, the trawler and menhaden crews.

"For," explained Enoch, "once a fish is hooked, nobody gives it a chance. The sportsmen don't, and neither do we. Look at those anglers who come out with us, draggin' their long poles and their reels and their trick hooks. They cast and they reel in and they spend twenty minutes landin' a fish that we pull up in five seconds. If the fish gets away those anglers think they've done somethin' noble in lettin' him win. But how can the fish win? If he's landed he's done for. If he isn't landed, it's because he's ripped out his jaw, or else broke the line and is goin' to die soon, with a steel hook and maybe a hunk of pianna wire in his guts. Where's his sportin' chance there?"

"Well, what chance do we give it?" I demanded.

A Chinaman's Chance

"NONE," replied Old Enoch. "But we're not fishin' fer sport We're fishin' for fish. And we don't keep everlastin'ly talkin' about givin' the fish a chance."

Enoch and I had been fishing partners for two pleasant, moderately profitable seasons, and I was used to his moods. Therefore I dismissed his protests as typical of the enmity which exists between the professional and the amateur in any field of work. But later I repeated his remarks to a famous ichthyologist; a man who has classified for the Government most of the fishes found in American waters. And he agreed with Enoch.

"Your salty friend," said the scientist, "was right. But he didn't tell the whole story. The chances for survival of a fish once hooked are comparatively few. If the hook has torn a vital organ, such as the liver or the heart, which lie close behind the gills, it dies naturally from the wound. If the hook has torn through the jaw the fish can still strain in plankton, the minute food particles of the sea, but if it is of predatory breed it may die for lack of its customary food. Yet these are in a way minor dangers What kills the hooked fish is the enemy bacteria with which the sea abounds. The slightest wound offers a breeding place for this form of life, and may kill the fish as disease kills man. That's why the culturist who handles fish alive should wear wet gloves at his work. The mere touch of a dry hand might rub off the protective glutinous costing that covers the scales, and offer a lodging place for bacteria and parasites. The results could in many cases be fatal."

"There was," I commented, "a theory among the anglers who paid to fish from our boat, that the catch suffered no pain from their hooks. They felt as comfortable about this as they did about giving the fish a chance."

The scientist smiled tolerantly. "I've heard that theory too," he said. "Yet how could fish life survive and develop without the disciplinary effect of pain? If you dissect a fish you will find ganglions. Admittedly the sense of pain is feeble, as we know pain, but that it exists, particularly when the hook reaches a vital organ, is certain. There are fishing clubs which advocate the use of the barbless hook exclusively. They say it causes less suffering, demands more skill and"—he grinned "gives the fish a better chance."

Trolling for Bluefish—a Sport No Fisherman Voluntarily Forgoes. At Left—Starting Out in the Dory for a Day's Work

Food for Thought

"THAT'S old stuff to me," I told him. "Enoch and I, and many other professionals, used barbless hooks for bluefish years ago. But we weren't thinking of sportsmanship or of the fish's feelings. We thought they made for quicker work in baiting and unhooking when we were in the middle of a hungry school."

"Exactly," agreed the scientist. "No professional can criticize the amateur in the matter of cruelty. Have you ever seen what professionals—and amateurs, too—can do to a shark when they catch it alive?"

I had—so the discussion ended.

When Enoch told me, out there on the gray-green ocean, that we were fishin' for fish, he said what I have since learned to designate as a mouthful. For in those days we caught them—Enoch and I. Bluefish, bonito, croakers, cod, drumfish, flounders, haddock, hake, porgies, sea bass, tautog, weakfish, whiting—all came to our stout hand lines in season. There were bad days when the catch was small, but often our boat was loaded dangerously near the low gunwales before we turned shoreward. And we were only two of the 3000 or more professionals who fished with lines off the shores of our own state—New Jersey.

I don't know what the records were for our two years, but, according to the Bureau of Fisheries, the hand and trawl line fishermen of that state, in 1921 alone, pulled in more than 4,500,000 pounds of fish, valued at $401,000. That didn't include the 15,000,000 pounds caught in purse and haul seines; the 3,700,000 caught in gill nets; the 46,000,000 taken in pound nets and weirs, or the 2,000,000 taken in fyke, bag, stop, dip and cast nets, in otter trawls, in eel and lobster pots. All these came to the fishermen of one state. For that year the fisheries along the seaboard of the Middle Atlantic States caught a total of 332,931,742 pounds, valued at $11,667,000. The fisheries of the entire United States take annually from ocean and bay some 2,600,000,000 pounds, including shellfish. The products of

Bringing In the Day's Catch of Bluefish

the world's fisheries are valued roughly at $1,000,000,000. Such is the prodigality of the seas. Such is the hunger of man.

Enoch and I were, I suppose, oddly assorted partners. He was a veteran shoresman, tall, sparse, sinewy and gray of hair, with leathery muscles, and deep lines crisscrossing his mahogany-shaded neck. For years he had fished, and had gained an uncanny knowledge of the quarry's ways and haunts. He taught me how to remember a paying shoal by taking ranges from the shore buildings or inlets; how to work three or more hand lines at once; how to run our light skiff through the slatch—a period of brief calm between the shore breakers. He chose me as a partner despite my youth, I think, because I knew something of handling small boats—I had been a life guard—and because I loved the sea and was wise enough not to talk about it. Then, too, I was the better salesman when summer cottagers came down to buy from our boat at the water's edge. It was I who renamed the common croaker "silver bass" when the uninitiated bought, and was thus able to double the price. "A fish by any other name," I told Enoch, "would taste as sweet." He didn't recognize the plagiarism, but he saw the profits and grunted dour approval.

Pursing or Winding Up Seine. At Right—Trolling for the Predatory Bluefish

Smellin' the Fish

DURING our first season we used a clinker-built bank skiff that had been discarded as a life guards' boat. We picked it up at a bargain, and with oakum and paint made it seaworthy. It was equipped with two sets of oars working in tholepins. In this we put out daily when the weather permitted, and fished in favorite spots from one to five miles offshore. During our second season we were wealthy in the possession of a sturdier craft boasting a small gasoline motor, which enabled us to run to the banks ten or twenty miles out, to change our fishing grounds more frequently, and to troll for the roving bluefish.

For us the season lasted from spring until late fall. It was best in summer; there were more days which permitted our light boats to go out. But summer or autumn, fishin' for fish was work of the hardest kind, combined, of course, with the joy of tossing around out there under clear skies on the open sea. Usually we started at about three o'clock in the morning, after obtaining most of our bait and arranging our lines the night before. The bait might be salt-water clams, dug up along the beach; crabs, caught in the back channels, or sliced mossbunkers. Under the stars we would shove our boat on rollers down to the edge of the surf, over the clean white sand, cold in the chill of early morning. Then we waited for the slatch and pulled through the breakers. When the boat carried a motor we cranked up as soon as smooth water was reached. Otherwise we stuck to the oars and pulled steadily into the glittering path of the rising sun, until Enoch's ranges told him we had found the spot he wanted.

Three miles out was our average distance when we worked the oars. As I dropped the mudhook, Enoch baited up the lines. Because of Enoch's experience and a peculiar gift which he called "smellin' the fish," we seldom had long to wait after dropping our lines overboard. Bass we caught, and flounders—those flat, sluggish fish which start life with eyes on two sides of the head and grow to maturity with both eyes on one side. Porgies were common; the grunting croaker even more plentiful. Our best catch in these waters was the weakfish, more widely known as the squeteague, or sea trout. It is a delicately flavored food fish, and, to the angler, a source of delight, because it fights the rod hard, and must be handled carefully lest the hook rip through its frail jaw.

An angler can nurse a weakfish along for many minutes, reeling and then unreeling his line and slowly drowning, or smothering, the fish by forcing the gills to close as the hook tugs at its mouth. The fish thus caught darts wildly up and down in the water and, unless carefully played, threatens constantly to tangle the angler's line with the hand line of the professional. That was another reason why Enoch despised the amateurs we took with us occasionally for a dollar or two. But we weren't anglers, so we handled all those fish in the same way—a swift, uninterrupted pull on the hand line, a toss into the boat, a quick rebaiting and casting overboard.

We learned to know what fish we had hooked an instant after the strike. The sea bass, for instance, gave a distinctive jerk after he was hooked, then dragged up more or less heavily through the water, although an occasional vigorous member of the tribe might fight all the way to the top. The flounder was a flopper too. Perhaps that's how he got his name. The porgie, always a clever bait thief, telegraphed his identity by a series of quick jerks. The croaker always tugged dully and heavily. Not even the angler with his light rod gets much of a kick out of him. But one and all they came aboard at the end of the hand line. Neither the fisherman nor the fish is interested in sporting possibilities when the catch is business.

The Submarine Gourmand

FARTHER out, where the bluefish ran, ours was a faster game. The bluefish are the ravening wolf packs of the sea, seeking what they may devour. They travel in great schools—hungry, cruel, voracious. Swift they are, and predatory, ranging from one to twenty pounds in weight, bitter fighters at the end of a line. Chiefly they feed on mossbunkers, or menhaden, but I know of no fish comparable in size that is safe from their attacks. They appear to destroy other species for the mere joy of battle. They will charge a crowded school of menhaden and take a bite or two out of one fish, then turn to slash another. Frequently their trail is marked by parts of dead fish left floating in the sea. Old fishermen have told me that the bluefish, like the gourmands of ancient Rome, will sometimes disgorge what they have swallowed to tear into another feast.

One authority has estimated that there are 1,000,000,000 of them along our coast, and that each one kills at least ten other fish a day, which makes a daily total of 10,000,000,000 victims of their voracity.

The boat fishermen, such as Enoch and I, often troll for them. This consists of moving in large circles, trailing the lines behind the boat. Often the bluefish troller raises an oar over the side of his motorboat, from which he strings his lines. Then, as he makes the circle with the improvised rack inward, the lines are towed in a smaller ring, clear of the propeller. Sometimes he scatters chum, preferably menhaden ground in a small meat chopper fastened on the stern of the boat. As the chum is thrown overboard it leaves an oily stain, marked by particles of menhaden meat, on the water, exactly like the remains of a typical bluefish feast. Then the bluefish follow the

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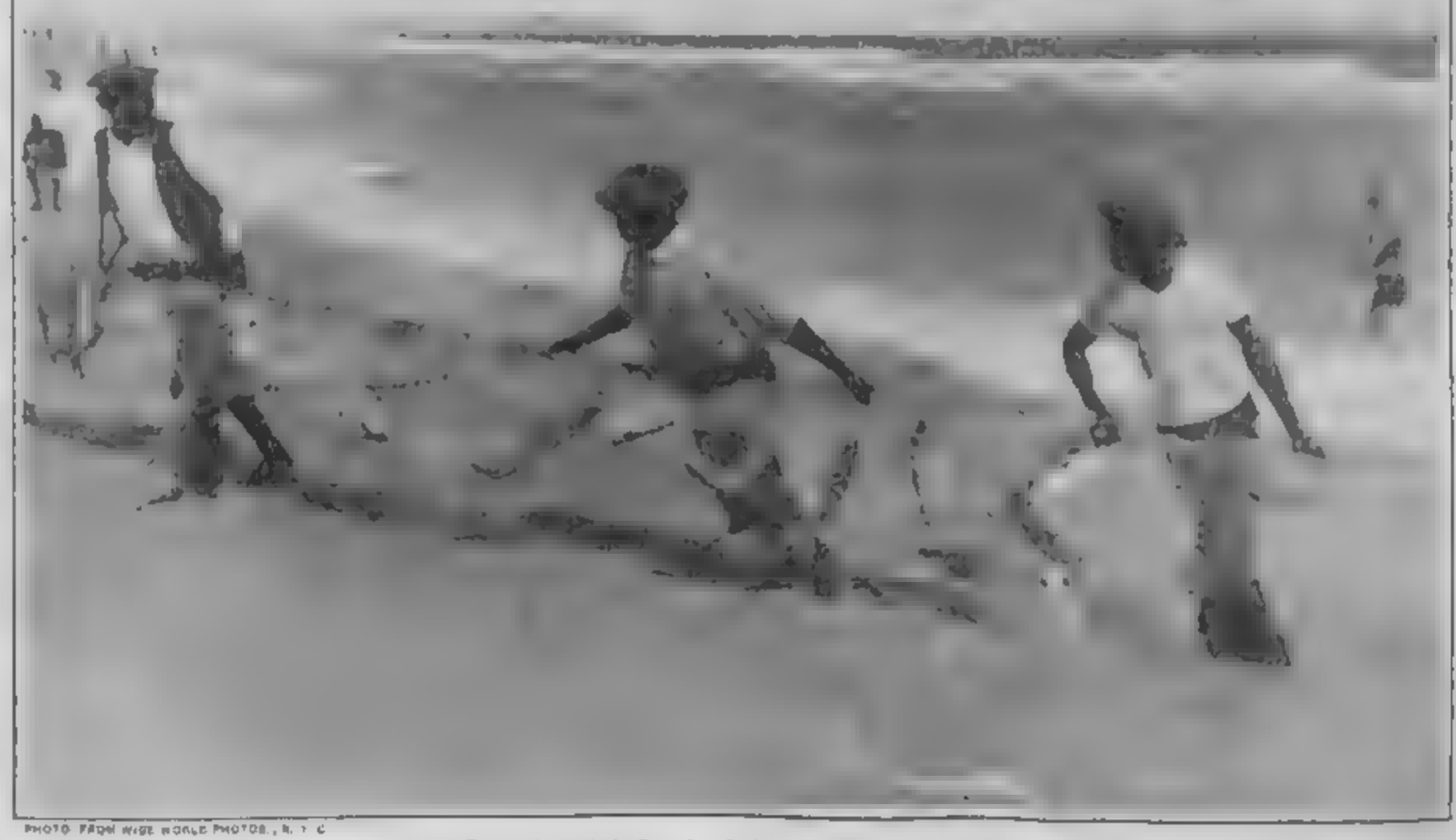


PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, N. Y. C.

The First Bluefish Catch of the Season at Palm Beach

THE PUG AND THE PROF

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Harmon Grabs the Lid and Heaves It Into the Street

SLAG CANAVAN was no stranger to me. In the days when I myself had a string of canvas kissers in the split-week country, that biffer was starring on the Madison Square Garden time, and my cow path and his boulevard crossed occasionally. Two of my rosin sniffers were in the prelims the night Canavan fought Hooks Harmon for the lightweight title and came within an eel's eyelash of slipping the champ the one-to-ten inclusive. The swans sang for Slag after that.

Battling Barleycorn and Jemima Jazz signed the kid up to a run-of-the-play contract and the last I heard of him he'd been thrown out of a restaurant by one of Singer's Midgets.

I'm sitting on the porch of Camp Comeback with Professor Doak, a college lad that'd done all his exercising between the ears and was now at my health farm trying to shush away a breakdown, when I pipes a tramp dusting his dogs toward the house.

"The back door," says I, curt, when he shambles up, "and don't trip over the woodpile. Just chop your way through to the kitchen."

"All right," comes back the bo in a booze basso; "but don't you remember me?"

"Certainly," I snaps, without looking. "You're Nellie Wiffle, the tinsmith's daughter."

"I'm Canavan," he mumbles—"Slag Canavan."

"Canavan?" repeats the professor. "Did you say your name was Canavan?"

It's Slag sure enough, but what a change from the clean-skinned, slim-waisted boy that used to pack a bedtime tale in one fist and a sandman story in the other, to the baby in front of me, bloated and shaking like an ashpan tree.

"What you been doing?" I inquires. Such a bright question! I might as well have asked a bird with a dripping umbrella and squishy goulashes if he'd been out in the wet.

"Making mud pies in the gutter," returns the pug; "but I'm through."

"I never saw anybody look througher," I agrees. "Wait a minute," I goes on, rising, "and I'll get you a shot in the arm for old times' sake."

"Nope," says Canavan, biting his lips to get the tremble out of 'em, "I'm off the stuff for good."

"What's the matter?" I jeers. "A pure woman come into your life or something?"

"I run into Joe Franey the other day," replied Slag, "and I seen how great you fixed him up. Can't you do the same for ——"

"Got any dough?" I cuts in.

"Not a thin dime," admits Canavan.

"What do you think this is?" I growls. "One of Ella Mosynary's institutions?"

"I thought," mutters Slag, "you'd maybe let me work out part of the riffle here and get the rest of yours from the gate."

"The gate?" I laughs. "You don't expect to push leather again, do you?"

"This is a comeback joint, isn't it?" demands Canavan.

"Yes," I tells him; "but you've traveled too far on your mileage hook and there isn't enough left for the return trip. We bring 'em back from excursions, not from world tours. Go on," I adds, "and get yourself a mess of chow. I'll stake you to a flop tonight and a couple of bucks for the get-away tomorrow morning."

"Just a minute," horns in Doak, who's been listening quiet to my palaver with Slag. "Do I understand that you've been a prize fighter?"

"And a darn good one," I answers for Canavan; "but a lot of whisky's run out of the still since his last mill. Three years ago, wasn't it?"

"Uh-huh," grunts Slag. "How about that drink you offered me a while back? Do I get it?"

"How old are you?" asks Doak.

"Twenty-six," comes back the box fighter, kind of surly.

"In years, maybe," I remarks. "At least twice that in beers."

"Why do you want to fight again?" goes on Doak.

"That's my regular game," answers Canavan.

"I know," persists the professor; "but after being out of it for three years, what made you decide to get back in?"

I notices a flash come into the ditch-water eyes of Slag, and his quivering hands tighten into white-knuckled fists; but he doesn't answer until Doak repeats the question.

"It makes no difference now," he says finally. "There's no chance, according to Bill here. What's my business to you anyways?" he finishes with a snarl.

"I'm curious," returns the college lad, "and I might be able to help you if ——"

"If you got to know," interrupts Canavan, "a guy insulted me and I wanted to get even."

"Insulted you!" I exclaims, thinking of the barrel houses he'd been bounced out of and the gutters he'd been rolled into. "Who could have insulted you?"

"Hooks Harmon," replies Slag.

"I'll say he insulted you," I grins. "He nearly killed you with six-ounce insults the night you fought him for the title."

"I'm not talking about that," growls Canavan. "This happened last week."

"What happened?" urges the professor kindly.

"I'm walking down Broadway," explains Slag, "when I runs into Hooks. He's with a gal I used to know—Jenny Swift—so I lifts my hat. Harmon grabs the lid and heaves it into the street. Then he gives me the laugh and beats it away."

"Is that all?" I grumbles, disappointed.

"Isn't it enough," barks Canavan, "doing a trick like that in front of a frill I used to know?"

"You don't have to go into training to get even," I kids. "Why not just walk up to him some day when you're sober and slip him a swift poke in the jaw?"

"No," says Slag; "I wanted Jenny to be present when I hung the razzberry on him."

"All right," I agrees. "He'll be out walking with her again, I suppose. Wait for your chance and ——"

"I couldn't do that," cuts in Canavan. "I wouldn't get into a street fight with a lady around."

"Wouldn't fight with a lady around, eh?" I sneers. "Then how in heck did you expect to stage the big revenge?"

"The day the trouble happened," says Slag, "I quit drinking, figuring that I'd get in trim and work my way back into a regular go with Hooks. Jenny comes to all his scraps and that way it would be all right for her to see me get even."

"Beat it to the kitchen," I yelps, getting tired of this goofy talk. "If you ever got into a row with Harmon he'd heave your head out to join your hat."

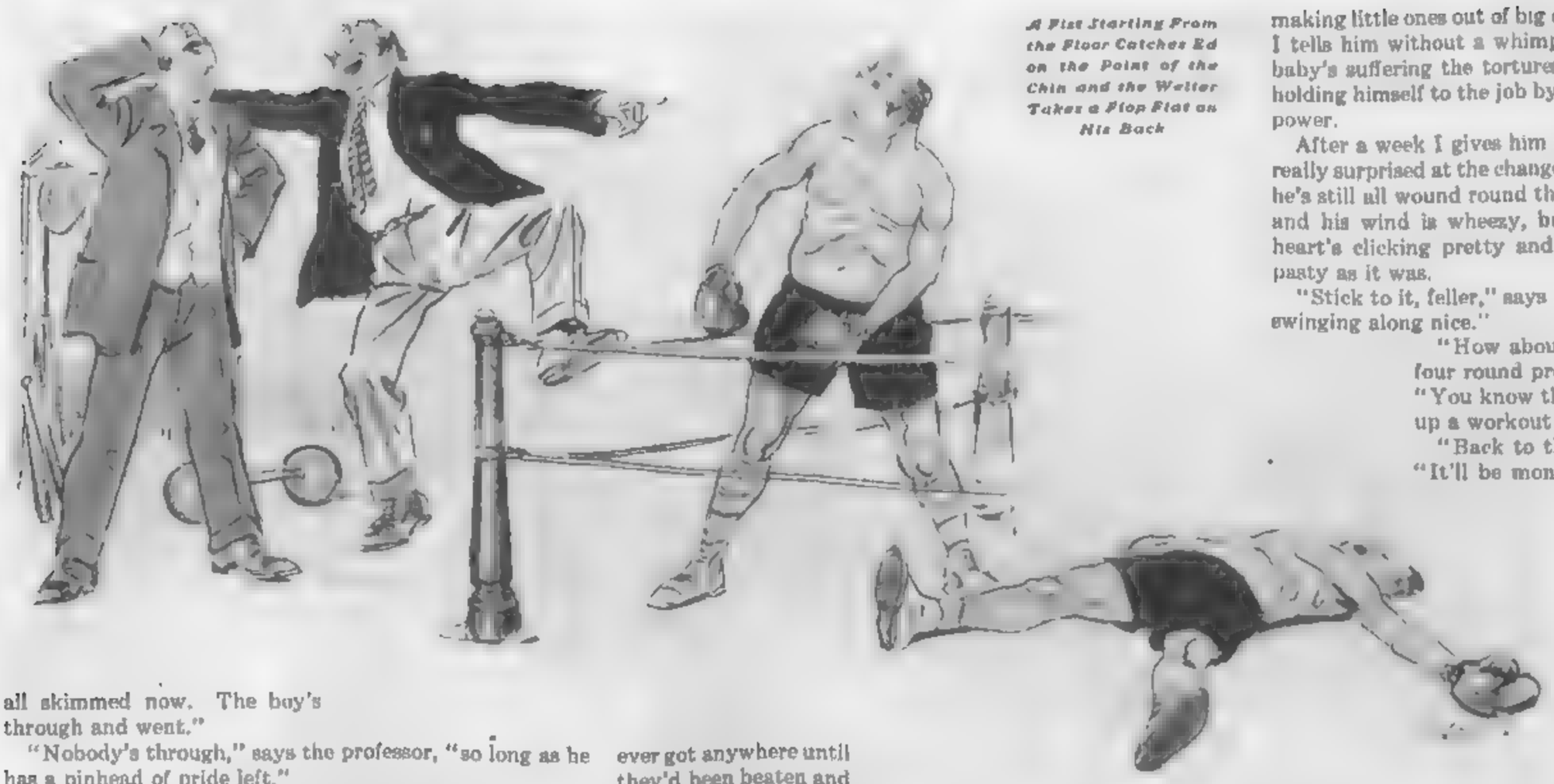
Canavan shuffles away and I turns to the professor.

"Funny, isn't it," I remarks, "the kind of hoppy ideas that'll get into a souse's head? There's a bimbo that's used to having the sidewalks of New York wiped up with him getting all Sir Walter Raleighed up over having his sky piece tossed into the street."

"Was he really a skillful boxer?" asks Doak.

"One of the best," I returns. "He had Harmon all ready for a nose dive the time they fought, and the only thing that saved the champ was a wild swing that Slag's jaw got in the way of. It dazed Canavan and before he could get the smoke out of his brain Hooks climbed in and cut him to pieces. Slag was top cream once, but he's

"All Right," Comes Back the Bo in a Booze Basso! "But Don't You Remember Me?"



A Fist Starting From the Floor Catches Ed on the Point of the Chin and the Welter Takes a Flop Flat on His Back

all skimmed now. The boy's through and went."

"Nobody's through," says the professor, "so long as he has a pinhead of pride left."

"Pride, hell!" I scoffs. "That's hooch ballyhooing for Canavan, not pride. Where was his pride the steen times he picked himself up and slunk away without a comeback after being aired from speak-easies?"

"There's a point," comes back Doak, "at which any substance will ignite."

"In other words," says I, sarcastic, "you can't insult Slag personally, but you got to stop kicking his hat around."

"Of course," smiles the professor, "you're purposely overlooking the girl he used to know and the fact that he's a Canavan."

"What's his name got to do with it?" I wants to learn.

"Much," replies Doak. "I'll admit that the fires of pride have sunk pretty low in our friend; in fact, they were probably at their last flicker the day he met Harmon and Jenny. If you send him away now they may go out forever."

"Me!" I gasps. "What have I got to do with it? This is a physical-culture camp, not a coal yard for the fires of pride, as you call 'em."

"You got this to do with it," says the professor: "An insult arouses the manhood in Canavan. He quits drinking and prepares himself for a long session of hard work. You tell him it's useless, that he can never have that revenge which is necessary to restore his self-respect."

"I guess," I sneers, "you didn't hear Slag asking me for a drink."

"I did," comes back Doak; "but that was after you'd passed sentence, told him that his mileage book was all used up. Perhaps you don't remember his refusal to have one when he arrived."

"What's the difference?" I shrugs, weary of the subject. "All his arrows have been shot away, and besides ——"

"Are you sure," interrupts the professor, "that you can do nothing for him?"

"I wouldn't go so far as nothing," I answers. "If Canavan had some money and was willing to hit the grit, he maybe could be sweated and swatted into fairly decent shape."

"How much money?" asks Doak eagerly.

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "You're not thinking of putting it up for him, are you?"

"I am," says he.

"Why?" I demands. "What's Slag to you?"

"I need him in my business," smiles the prof; "or rather, I need him in my theories."

"The theories being, I suppose," says I, "that anybody with enough pride to have it hurt can come back. That it?"

"Not anybody," corrects Doak, "but the Canavans can. It's an odd thing," goes on the college lad; "but for many years I've been making a study of blood lines, and just before coming here I happened to be investigating the Canavan strain. They're a fighting breed—the Canavans."

"I don't doubt it," I returns; "but so are the Harmons, and if you got any idea that Slag can be brought back far enough to take a fall out of Hooks, you're crazy with the humidity."

"In tracing the Canavans through the centuries," continues the professor, paying no attention to my crack, "I have come upon a peculiar streak in them. Few of the clan ever got anywhere until they'd been beaten and badgered and apparently had the spirit crushed out of them. Then some abuse, perhaps a slight indignity, would stir them to anger and they'd sweep everything before them. That's the Canavans. They start in a race, fall down, get stepped on, rise in a rage and defeat the field."

"The well-known and prominent bunk," I grunts. "I've heard this hooey about fighting families before. How many good prize fighters of the same name have you ever heard of? How many Canavans have been champs or even good scrappers?"

"You make the mistake," replies Doak gently, "of limiting the word 'fighting.' Everything in life's some kind of a fight."

"Let it lay that way," I agrees. "There must have been some bums even in the Canavan tribe. How do you know that Slag isn't one of the bums?"

"I'm certain he's not," answers the professor. "You tell me he has great ability. In addition, he's going through the regular course of the successful Canavans. He started in a race, fell down, was stepped on and now is up in a rage. More important yet is the fact that a woman is involved. I know of nine distinct cases where women were responsible for giving the Canavans their second wind. It's a perfect Canavan situation," he finishes, all enthused.

"Maybe," says I; "but a trained and clean-living member of the yellowest family that ever lived can lick the best fat and booze-soaked Canavan on the map."

"I don't pretend," comes back Doak, "that a Canavan can totter out of a sick bed and push Pike's Peak out of his way; but, restored to fair condition, I think our friend Slag will be invincible. The wounded pride of the Canavans will make up for any physical differences. If you and I cooperate ——"

"How do you mean—cooperate?" I cuts in.

"You build up his body," explains the professor, "and I'll keep open the wound done his pride. Between us we'll produce a champion that'll reflect credit on your training methods and furnish a smashing proof for my theory of blood lines."

"Blah-blah and a couple of push-tushes," says I; "but if you're willing to put up the jack I'll toddle along. Expect to get your money back?"

"I do," returns Doak prompt.

"From Canavan?" I jeers.

"From the gate," smiles the professor.

II

COLLEGE teachers not drawing much more mazuma than snow shovelers in July, I goes easy on Doak, just charging him for Slag's fodder and letting the pug work out the rest of the bill around the place. Sparring is one of the stunts at the camp, and Canavan's bay window and short wind don't prevent him showing the cash customers how to hold up their fins and weave their bodies out of the way of wallops.

At first I got little faith in Slag's return trip, me figuring that his thirst would be paging him in a few days; but I must admit the boy played ball from the start. At nine P.M. he hits the hay and at six A.M. he's out on the woodpile making little ones out of big ones. He does everything I tells him without a whimper, though I can see the baby's suffering the tortures of the darned and only holding himself to the job by the strength of his won't power.

After a week I gives him a good look-over and I'm really surprised at the changes in Canavan. Of course, he's still all wound round the middle with slabs of fat and his wind is wheezy, but his eyes are clear, his heart's clicking pretty and his skin's not nearly so pasty as it was.

"Stick to it, feller," says I encouragingly. "You're swinging along nice."

"How about grabbing me a three or four round prelim in town?" asks Slag. "You know the gang well enough to rig up a workout for me."

"Back to the wheel chair!" I barks. "It'll be months before you can stand up against the worst pork-and-beaner in the business. You've just started evaporating. What's the hurry, anyways? You're being taken care of, aren't you?"

"That's just it," returns Canavan. "I'd like to make a few dollars to pay off the professor."

"He'll wait," I growls.

"Doak's a swell guy," remarks Slag. "Say," he goes on, "how'd he happen to fall for me?"

"Oh," I answers, evasive, "I guess he liked the way you combed your teeth or something." Canavan's the professor's bowl of soup and I'm not going to spill anything that might spoil the dish. "Hasn't he been talking to you?"

"All the time," answers Slag.

"What about?" I asks, curious.

"Mostly about the dirty trick that Hooks done me," replies Canavan. "He's as sore about it as I am. Funny, isn't it? He never heard of Harmon and never saw me before the other night."

"You can't tell anything about these two-story thinkers," says I. "Doak's a bug on history—know anything about history?"

"Not much," comes back Slag. "I've seen ginned-up dames have it."

"You've seen which?" I exclaims.

"Liquored Lizzies," explains Canavan, "laughing and crying by turns and ——"

Suddenly Canavan Gets Up Straight, But Something Gets Up With Him It's His Right Fist and Slong!

"That's not history," I cuts in; "that's hysteria. History's the study of the past."

"Pick up the money," says Slag. "You win; but what's the study of the past got to do with Professor Doak getting interested in me?"

"I suppose," I replies, "you're the only bobo he ever met who didn't have anything but a past."

"Wait till you pipe my future," grins Canavan. "It will make my past look like a bum."

"What do you mean—look like a bum?" says I. "It was one, wasn't it?"

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THE ROLL OF HONOR

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS still dark and the morning mist hung close above the water as Ephraim Tutt, carrying a lantern, emerged from the wood road at the foot of Turtle Pond and tramped across the meadow to where the boats were beached. Everything was soaking, including Mr. Tutt himself, for the fairies in the wet tall grass had clung tight to his thighs and insteps with dripping fingers and the pixies in the bushes had doused him with tiny pails of water as he had floundered by.

Mr. Tutt clambered into a small flat-bottomed punt, deposited his impedimenta on the stern seat and adjusted the tholepins. The lantern threw a great circle against the mist round about him, so that it was almost like sitting in the middle of a crystal chandelier. The world was motionless; not even a frightened minnow flickered against the sandy bottom.

It was too early for the men to have reached the mill; only the rope of white smoke from its banked fire, uncoiling above the stack, revealed life.

"No one's ahead of me anyway," he assured himself, as he picked up the bobtailed oars and began rowing with short, disconnected strokes. "It's the early worm catches the bird in this business. Why should anyone mind getting up a trifle earlier than usual? It's the best part of the day."

Undoubtedly it was. Halfway across the pond and the pale glow in the east had warmed to rose; the shores had defined themselves and the leaden surface had become a mirror of liquid amber. Mr. Tutt drew in his oars and let the punt run. There was light enough to see by, and he fitted together his rod, fastened the reel on firmly and threaded the line—eight ounce and double tapered—through the guides. Then he opened his aluminum leader box and selected from between the moist felt pads a six-foot leader carrying a Silver Doctor and a Montreal.

Mr. Tutt examined the barbs, tested the leader and laid the rod tenderly across the thwarts of the punt in front of him. It was still too early to begin casting; just time for a smoke! Fumbling in his waistcoat pocket he produced two small bottles, one, which he replaced, holding an opaque white fluid, and another containing matches. In the silence the crackle of his struck match was like a rifle shot.

"Ah!" murmured the old lawyer, as he breathed in with satisfaction the poisonous cloud that drifted about him. "Tobacco is the very worst thing for me in the world. I know that it impairs my lungs, affects my heart, impedes my mental processes, and raises ructions with my innards, but gosh, how I love it!"

"You—You—Wanted—to Marry Me!" "Sure! And When I Didn't Hear From You, I Enlisted"

It was getting brighter every minute and Mr. Tutt picked up the oars again and started rowing toward the inlet where Chasm Brook, after working its way for a half mile through the alders of Turkey Hollow, enters Turtle Pond. In spite of his efforts to prevent it, the sound of the oars rumbled across the water and struck against the woods opposite like thunder. Mr. Tutt groaned likewise.

"It's enough to scare every trout this side of Utica!"

The east was now ablaze; the pond a welter of crimson, blue and gold. Mr. Tutt let the punt drift toward the outer rim of lily pads and reached for his rod. There was one particular place, just at the end of a waterlogged stump, where he was morally convinced that some time or other —— His Silver Doctor dropped lightly on the exact spot just as the first lance of the sun hurtled across the lake. Nothing stirred. The silver herring bones melted into nothing. Warping off a couple of yards of line, he cast again. This time he got a strike. The tip of his rod bent hard and the leader ripped the water in a wide circle. Mr. Tutt's aorta swelled into a Bologna sausage. The rod bent in a series of jerks. A big one! A whale! Leviathan hooked at last! Apoplexy threatened him as he started reeling in. Might his aging arms have strength—pop! His rod straightened, something flashed skittering into the air over his head and dropped into the water on the other side. Leviathan!

"Help!" ejaculated Mr. Tutt, mopping his forehead, as leviathan in the shape of a three-inch perch came swimming feebly straight toward the boat. "Jumping Jehoshaphat, what a fish!" Then, without apology or effort, leviathan unexpectedly unhooked himself and vanished.

"Thanks for saving me the trouble! I never thought there were any trout here anyway!" remarked the old lawyer disgustedly. "Too many pickerel! Too much sawdust! Still there might be a trout over in that black patch among those pads. I'll bet there is one there too! A big fellow—if I can only tease him!"

But Mr. Tutt cast steadily for nearly an hour without getting another rise. It was clear the place was hoodooed. Boys probably. Doubtless they chose that spot for swimming. Anyhow, you could always get plenty of trout up Chasm Brook. It would take him a couple of hours to fish all the pools he knew; and then there was the beautiful secluded little pond where the brook had its rise, nearly at the top of the ridge of hills. The whistle over at Sampson's steam lumber mill blew six o'clock. "Time for another stogy," thought Mr. Tutt.

He put on his waders, beached the punt and, removing his impedimenta from it, looked about him. Not far away, in the center of a clearing, stood a big canoe birch an ancient of forest days. Mr. Tutt walked over and inspected the massive trunk.

"Well, old fellow, between us we've seen a lot," he remarked, and then, as his eye caught some initials surrounded by a heart which had been carved in the bark, he added, "Maybe you've seen more than I have."

Mr. Tutt adjusted his creel, net and knapsack, and stuffed the pockets of his corduroy coat with packages of various shapes and sizes, until he bulged and clanked like a deep-sea diver. Then he lit his stogy, picked up his rod, jammed his felt hat over his ears and started wading up the brook, casting as he went. The current, swollen with the spring rains, was deep and strong, at times requiring all his strength to push against it. He could feel it passing and wabbling against the sides of his rubber boots, and if

he put his legs together it nearly thrust him over backward. It swept the gravel from under his feet, leaving only a speck or two, on which he slipped as if walking on ball bearings; and where it rose above his knees it gripped his legs with talons of ice.

The woods were full of shadows and dripping with dew, which gave an acrid pungency to the smell of wet moss and leaves and rotten tree trunks. Sometimes Mr. Tutt had to bow his head and part the alders with his hands in order to force a way through, at other times the brook broadened out into limpid rushing shallows, narrowing again to swirling, turbulent rapids, where the stream hurled itself against the stones and filled the air with spray, while here and there he would come upon some silent glade where the torn waters gathered themselves together, and sweeping through a deep green flume, poured like a column of oil into a velvet pool—the possible home of some Moby Dick of trout.

He had never before failed to get a string here. But save for a fingerling or two nothing rose to his fly. It was as if the brook were accursed

"The devil is in the pools today," he muttered. "However, I'm sure to find something in the Caldron."

Patiently the old man climbed higher and higher upstream, changing his flies, circling through the woods at favorite spots in order not to scare the wary trout, and lying flat on his stomach to drop a fresh lure temptingly in the middle of the brook and watch the current carry it under the overhanging banks. Nothing happened.

"If I was a trout I'd jump at that!" he declared, suddenly discovering that he was hungry. "What in heaven's name can have happened to 'em all"'

The sun was above the trees now, and the woods sparkled as if frost-covered. He began to perspire. Just ahead of him, around the turn, lay the Caldron, a black pool under high rocks into which the brook plunged in a pillar of flecked jade. There were always trout—big ones—lurking just below the fall. But Mr. Tutt had lost all faith. However, here if anywhere he must make his catch. Taking no chances, he sneaked through the bushes, intending to approach the pool from behind the shelter of the rocks. And then he turned to stone as a beautiful great fish broke from the center of the pool and hurled itself in a glittering parabola into the air.

Splash!

Mr. Tutt could see the glint of the silver sides as the trout darted here and there about the pool, also the taut line that hummed through the widening circle of ripples. The trout, fast to the fly, was fighting for his life; the invisible fisherman playing it from the rocks above, fifty feet away—a precarious situation. If it should manage to get into the rapids at the foot of the pool no line could stay a fish as large as that.

"Hold him!" yelled Mr. Tutt, as he clambered out of the bushes, and throwing aside his own rod, creel and knapsack, unslung his landing net and floundered along the bank toward the outlet. "Keep him out of the current! I'll head him off!"

He plunged waist-deep into the water and thrust down the net after the pumping fish, which backed and rushed upstream again, the unseen angler reeling in the slack as hard as he could. For a moment there was an impasse as it hung uncertainly in the current, then suddenly it made up its mind, the reel screamed, and the trout dashed straight for Mr. Tutt.

"Gosh almighty!" yelled the old lawyer, as he tried to keep his balance on the greasy stones at the bottom of the pool and at the same time to cling to the handle of the net, which had become unexpectedly alive. Then he slipped, and Tutt, trout, net and line became inextricably tangled as the icy water rose over his collar.

"Ugh!" he sputtered. "Help!"

But he did not let go, and when he at last waded ashore he still held in his hand the net in which the trout was solidly enmeshed.

"It's a whale!" he shouted, unmindful of the water streaming from his arms and legs, as he unhooked the fly from the hard curved jaw and held the line free.

A young man in a brown khaki suit was climbing hastily over the rocks, reeling as he came.

"Thanks!" he said, grinning at Mr. Tutt. "Some trout! Sorry you slipped!"

"That's all right. Have you been fishing all the way up stream from Turtle Pond?"

"Sure! I saw you come out of the woods with your lantern while I was rowing across from the mill."

"Had any luck?"

The stranger showed his creel, packed to the cover with half-pound trout. Mr. Tutt examined the contents with an admixture of chagrin and admiration

"I was hind—I mean I followed just behind you. No wonder I didn't get a rise!"

"I'm sorry! If I'd known, we could have fished the brook together."

It was said sincerely and Mr. Tutt, although his teeth were chattering with cold, began to feel better. The young man's face was unfamiliar to him, but although not intellectual, it was a good face, the eyes clear and steady, the smile generous.

"Let's build a fire and dry you out," said the young man, collecting some dry twigs and touching them off with a match.

"Meanwhile," replied Mr. Tutt as he fumbled in his pocket, "you might try some of this—malt extract."

He uncorked a flat bottle and handed it to his new friend, who lifted it to his lips.

"My name's Hayes—Reuben Hayes. Here's luck!"

He wiped the bottle's mouth and handed it back.

"Mine's Tutt—Ephraim Tutt. Glad to know you, Mr. Hayes."

"Oh! So you're — "

"Yes—Old Man Tutt."

Mr. Hayes grinned again. The fire was going nicely now and Mr. Tutt's trousers were sending forth clouds of steam. He had already wrung out his coat and spread it on a bush in the sun. Now he produced from his knapsack a diminutive coffeepot, a small frying pan and a package of sliced bacon. Hayes, selecting a few of the smaller trout, cleaned and split them. By that time the coffeepot was bubbling

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"I Want to be Free. I Made a Mistake, But There's No Reason Why I Should Pay the Penalty for it All My Life"

Forty Centuries Look Down Upon You—By Samuel G. Blythe

The Pyramids Seen Through the Palm Trees of an Oasis

RIGHT here," said the ship's greatest pest, whose principal baggage was an encyclopedia, a Book of Knowledge in four volumes and a World Almanac—"right here is where Moses led the Israelites across the Red Sea." He swept his arm in a wide gesture from side to side. "This is the spot where that great historical migration took place. It is "

"Excuse me," interrupted the Oklahoma oil man, "but can you tell us whether Mount Sinai is in eruption now?"

And so we came to Suez, there to take the train for Cairo, there to enter the land where civilization was cradled, where the pyramids were built, where the Sphinx has gazed across the desert for 4000 years, where the ruins of the great temples give majestic testimony of the grandeur that was, where the Nile flows, where there is mystery and romance and where history begins. And also where there was the most remarkable health inspection of the hundreds I have gone through.

They herded us in a long shed, marched us about a bit, and finally clustered us about the door of a room wherein there were a desk and two uniformed, fezzed and important officials. They told us this was a most rigid requirement, that the Egyptian Government is inordinately keen about the physical condition of all who come into that country by way of the Red Sea, and that we must all be registered, ticketed, certified and tagged before we would be allowed to step foot farther into the former abode of Cleopatra and the one-time habitat of the Pharaohs. We stood and waited, noting the increasing importance of the two officials who shuffled papers, conferred in whispers, glared ominously at us, and shuffled their papers some more. They counted us, recounted us, and then counted us again. The counts did not seem to agree. They had a long argument over this. The train whistled.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked someone mildly.

Bright Stars in the East

THE two officials straightened indignantly. They held up warning hands. The processes of an Egyptian health inspection must not be inquired into. Then the train gave another warning whistle. It was time to go.

Obviously something was wrong. The two officials were perturbed. Their conferences became excited. They sent policemen scurrying out on errands unknown to us. These came back and reported secretly. The two officials became agitated, and the train was about to start.

The Sphinx at Gizeh. The Tablet Between Its Paws Commemorates the Event of Its Last Uncovery by Thothmes, of the 18th Dynasty

An Englishman sauntered along. "What's the matter?" I asked him. He flung an inquiry at the two officials and was overwhelmed with a torrential explanation.

"They can't find the health officer," the Englishman reported.

"Aren't these health officers?"

"No; they're police officers."

"Tell them to get a move on. We've been here two hours and the train is starting in a few minutes," I requested.

Passed

THE Englishman obliged. The two officials went into another conference, with much gesticulation, shoulder shrugging, exposure of palms and other evidences of extreme perturbation. The engineer was shrieking his final whistled warnings. Something must be done. One of the officials pulled down his tunic, adjusted his fez, picked up a paper and strode to the door outside of which we were milling about. He commanded silence.

Studying a moment, he elaborately mispronounced the first name on the passenger list, which happened to be mine.

"Here!" I said emphatically, after discovering he meant me.

He looked at me curiously. He was astonished. Was it possible that that gibberish he had just spoken meant anything? It must be so, for here was a person responding to the call. Well, what to do now? He stroked his chin, patted his fez, puffed nervously at his cigarette and dashed back into the office for another conference. His colleague shared his astonishment after the circumstances had been explained

He must proceed, especially as I stuck my head in the door and shouted another loud "Here!" and supplemented it with a rather insistent "What about it?"

The official came slowly forward with the paper in his hand. I stood in the doorway and repeated my question.

He looked at me helplessly. He seemed ready to burst into tears. Finally he gulped, straightened and asked, with long pauses between the words, "What ees your age?"

I told him, as truthfully as may be. He smiled happily, made an elaborate notation on his paper, waved me aside and called the next name. He asked the same question, made his notes and proceeded

through the list. All he cared about was to discover how old everybody was. When he had secured that valuable information he dismissed us, and we ran to the impatient train and were off.

As the train left the platform, a short, fat, uniformed, fezzed and very excited man came tempestuously on it, waving his arms and shouting at us in vivid Egyptian phrases.

"That's the health officer of the port," said an American resident of Suez. "What do you suppose is eating him?"

We never did know, as we did not stop to inquire. Instead, we made derisive gestures at the inflamed health officer as we left him curdling the calm Egyptian air with imprecations and commands. The probabilities are, however, that the port regulations at Suez require somewhat more specific health information about incoming passengers than a laborious list of their approximate ages—approximate being too lax an implication, indeed, as was observed when old Doc Martin said he was forty-seven. And the ladies! They were all extremely youthful.

Disasters in Amber

THE old Doc got his first lesson in Egyptology when he bought a string of amber beads from a merchant on the streets of Cairo, who assured the Doc that he was the only honest dealer in amber in the city. That was quite a distinction, we all thought, for there are, roughly speaking, 11,967 dealers in amber on the streets of Cairo, and 7532 more in the bazaars—or thereabouts.

The Doc tugged the beads from his coat pocket and proudly held them up to our admiring view. They were pretty beads, translucently yellow and all that sort of thing. That is, we all admired the beads save the man who runs a chain of curio stores in the United States. He sniffed.

"How much did you pay for them?" he asked.

"Three hundred of these here disasters," the Doc told him.

"Disasters is right," said the amber kill-joy. "They're composition and they're worth about twenty cents."

"You needn't be so superior," put in the Doc, chilled and sore over this appraisal of his pretty beads. "You bought some scarabs the other day."

"I bought some scarabs no such thing!" protested the curio man violently. "I don't buy scarabs. I make them."

Speaking with that conservatism that must ever stamp the observations of the conscientious investigator of the manners, customs, peoples and practices of foreign lands, there isn't as much amber in the world as is offered for sale in Cairo—and never was. Now, mark you, that doesn't include the amber at Singapore, at Colombo, at Penang and at a hundred other places, including London and New York. I was walking along Pall Mall, or maybe it was St. James's Street, or somewhere—not in the jewel-shop neighborhood—and my eye hit on the window of a tobacco shop full of amber—great bargain—genuine, and so on; probably it was. Who am I to say it was or was not? The point is this: Apparently there are two strings of amber beads extant for every feminine neck, all genuine Baltic amber. So they say. So they indubitably say—especially in Egypt.

I speak feelingly on this subject of amber because I had some. Genuine pseudo amber, almost amber, alias amber, quasi amber; but I bought it before I became amberwise, and then I got some more, also approximate amber to say the best that can be said for it. I toted this about for a time and then I traded it for a piece of jade, and the jade was pseudo jade—bogus. It took a jade sharp only thirty seconds to prove that. So I threw the jade into the Mediterranean.

It seems incredible that a full-grown and normal American citizen, having loaded up with a lot of bogus amber, should acquire more, but it really wasn't premeditated the second time. That is, I did not give an amber peddler piasters for it, not with deliberation. I didn't exactly buy it. It was all because I tried to help out a friend of mine. And it all proves what I have been saying—that the Babes in the Wood were safely contained in an impregnable steel vault compared with an American turned loose among the merchants on the streets and in the bazaars of Cairo.

A Crowded Bazaar Street. In Oval—Mr. Weber, of Weber and Fields, With His Manager, Mr. Gould, Mr. Braham and Their Wives at the Sphinx

PHOTO. BY ELMENDORF. FROM SWIFT GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Cloth Market of Gizeh, Egypt

This friend was on the ship when I came aboard in Penang, and was apparently sane. At Colombo he went stark, staring, buying mad. He accumulated large quantities of stuff from peddlers who were on the launch, and returned to the ship from the city with several bushels of amber, coral, tortoise shell, imitation ebony elephants, bone ivory, and all this and that. He even bought one of those handmade star sapphires. He had the easy mark all over him, and they must have telegraphed to Cairo about him. Anyhow, as soon as he stepped out on the hotel porch there the bead merchants, the scarab merchants, the cane merchants, the cigarette merchants, the perfume merchants, the rug merchants, the dragomans, the donkey boys, the guides, the automobile renters, the camel chauffeurs, the curiosity shillabers, the bazaar boosters—all flocked around him in droves.

A One-Man Buyers' Strike

"GO AWAY!" he shouted, flinging his arms about. "Git out! I don't want to buy anything. I've got a ton of that stuff. Beat it!"

They hung to him, and he raved at them, and dived through them and shoved them back, finally joining me two blocks up the street, with the merchants ravening in his rear.

"They've got you marked for a sucker, all right," I said loftily.

"Huh!" was his only comment.

"There's only one way to get rid of these pests," I continued smugly. "All you've got to do is to offer them

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THE CHINESE PARROT

They Left Him by His Weak Little Fountain, a Sad But Hopeful Figure

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VII

THE three men and the girl returned to the living room, but Madden's flow of small talk was stilled and the sparkle was gone from his luncheon party. "Poor Tony," the millionaire said when they had sat down. "It's like the passing of an old friend. Five years ago he came to me." He was silent for a long time, staring into space.

Presently the girl rose. "I really must be getting back to town," she announced. "It was thoughtful of you to invite me to luncheon, Mr. Madden, and I appreciate it. I can count on Thursday then?"

"Yes, if nothing new comes up. In that case, where could I reach you?"

"I'll be at the Desert Edge—but nothing must come up. I'm relying on the word of P. J. Madden."

"Nothing will, I'm sure. Sorry you have to go."

Bob Eden came forward. "I think I'll take a little fling at city life myself," he said. "If you don't mind I'd like to ride into El Dorado with you."

"Delighted," she smiled. "But I'm not sure I can bring you back."

"Oh, no, I don't want you to. I'll walk back."

"You needn't do that," said Madden. "It seems that Ah Kim can drive a flivver—a rather remarkable boy, Ah Kim."

He was thoughtfully silent for a moment. "I'm sending him to town later in the afternoon for supplies. Our larder's rather low. He'll pick you up." The Chinese entered to clear away. "Ah Kim, you're to bring Mr. Eden back with you this evening."

"A'light. I bling 'um," said Ah Kim, without interest.

"I'll meet you in front of the hotel any time you say," suggested Eden.

Ah Kim regarded him sourly. "Maybe flive 'clock," he said.

"Fine! At five then."

"You late, you no catch 'um lide," warned the Chinese.

"I'll be there," the boy promised. He went to his room and got a cap. When he returned, Madden was waiting.

"In case your father calls this afternoon I'll tell him you want that matter rushed through," he said.

Eden's heart sank. He hadn't thought of that. Suppose his father returned to the office unexpectedly—but no, that was unlikely. And it wouldn't do to show alarm and change his plans now.

"Surely," he remarked carelessly. "If he isn't satisfied without a word from me, tell him to call again about six."

When he stepped into the yard the girl was skillfully turning her car about. He officiated at the gate and joined her in the sandy road.

The car moved off and Eden got his first unimpeded look at this queer world Holley had called the devil's garden. "Plenty acres of unlimitable sand," Chan had said, and that about summed it up. Far in the distance was a touch of beauty—a cobalt sky above snow-capped mountains. But elsewhere he saw only desert, a great gray interminable blanket spattered with creosote brush. All the trees, all the bushes, were barbed and cruel and menacing. A bisnaga, pointing like a finger of scorn toward the sky, an unkempt paloverde, the eternal Joshua trees, like charred stumps that had stood in the path of a fire. Over this vast waste played odd tricks of light and shade, and up above hung the sun, a living flame, merciless, ineffably pure, and somehow terrible.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the girl.

Eden shrugged. "Hell's burnt out and left the embers," he remarked

She smiled. "The desert is an acquired taste," she explained. "No one likes it at first. I remember the night, long ago, when I got off the train at El Dorado with poor dad; a little girl from a Philadelphia suburb—a place that was old and settled and civilized. And there I stood in the midst of this savage-looking world. My heart broke."

"Poor kid," said Eden. "But you like it now?"

"Yes—after a while—well, there's a sort of weird beauty in this sun-drenched country. You waken to it in the course of time. And in the spring, after the rains—I'd like to take you over round Palm Springs then. The verbena is like a carpet of old rose, and the ugliest trees put forth the most delicate and lovely blossoms. And at any time of the year there's always the desert nights, with the pale stars overhead, and the air full of peace and calm and rest."

"Oh, no doubt it's a great place to rest," Eden agreed. "But as it happens, I wasn't very tired."

"Who knows?" she said. "Perhaps before we say good-by I can initiate you into the Very Ancient Order of Lovers of the Desert. The requirements for membership are very strict. A sensitive soul, a quick eye for beauty oh, a very select group, you may be sure. No riffraff on our rolls."

A blatant sign hung before them: Stop! Have You Bought Your Lot in Date City? From the steps of a tiny real-estate office a rather shabby young man leaped to life.

He came into the road and held up his hand. Obligingly the girl stopped her car

"Howdy, folks," said the young man. "Here's the big opportunity of your life—don't pass it by. Let me show you a lot in Date City, the future metropolis of the desert."

Bob Eden stared at the dreary landscape. "Not interested," he said.

"Think of the poor devils who once said that about the corner of Spring and Sixth, Los Angeles. Not interested—and they could have bought it for a song. Look ahead! Can you picture this street ten years from now?"

"I think I can," Eden replied. "It looks just the way it does today."

"Blind!" rebuked the young man. "Blind! This won't be the desert forever. Look!" He pointed to a small lead pipe surrounded by a circle of rocks and trying to act like a fountain. From its top gurgled an anæmic stream. "What's that? Water, my boy, water; the pure, life-giving elixir, gushing madly from the sandy soil. What does that mean? I see a great city rising on this spot, skyscrapers and movie palaces, land five thousand a front foot—land you can buy today for a paltry two dollars."

"I'll take a dollar's worth," remarked Eden.

"I appeal to the young lady," continued the real-estate man. "If that ring on the third finger of her left hand means anything, it means a wedding." Startled, Bob Eden looked, and saw a big emerald set in platinum. "You, miss—you have vision. Suppose you two bought a lot today and held it for your—er—for future generations. Wealth, wealth untold! I'm right, ain't I, miss?"

The girl looked away. "Perhaps you are," she admitted. "But you've made a mistake. This gentleman is not my fiancé."

"Oh!" said the youth, deflating.

"I'm only a stranger, passing through," Eden told him.

The salesman pulled himself together for a new attack. "That's it—you're a stranger. You don't understand. You can't realize that Los Angeles looked like this once."

"It still does—to some people," suggested Bob Eden gently

The young man gave him a hard look. "Oh, I get you," he said. "You're from San Francisco." He turned to the girl. "So this ain't your fiancé, eh, lady? Well, hearty congratulations"

Eden laughed. "Sorry," he said.

"I'm sorry too," returned the salesman. "Sorry for you when I think of what you're passing up. However, you may see the light yet, and if you ever do, don't forget me. I'm here Saturdays and Sundays, and we have an office in El Dorado. Opportunity's knocking; but of course if you're from San Francisco, you're doing the same. Glad to have met you, anyhow."

They left him by his weak little fountain, a sad but hopeful figure. "Poor fellow," the girl remarked as she stepped on the gas. "The pioneer has a hard time of it."

Eden did not speak for a moment. "I'm an observing little chap, aren't I?" he said at last.

"What do you mean?"

"That ring—I never noticed it. Engaged, I suppose?"

"It looks that way, doesn't it?"

"Don't tell me you're going to marry some movie actor who carries a vanity case."

"You should know me better than that."

"I do, of course. But describe this lucky lad. What's he like?"

"He likes me"

"Naturally." Eden lapsed into silence.

"Not angry, are you?" asked the girl.

"Not angry," he grinned, "but terribly, terribly hurt. I perceive you don't want to talk about the matter."

"Well, some incidents in my life I really should keep to myself—on such short acquaintance."

"As you wish," agreed Eden. The car sped on. "Lady," he said presently, "I've known this desert country, man and boy, going on twenty-four hours. And believe me when I tell you, miss, it's a cruel land—a cruel land."

They climbed the road that lay between the two piles of brown rock pretending to be mountains, and before them lay El Dorado, huddled about the little red station. The town looked tiny and helpless and forlorn. As they alighted before the Desert Edge Hotel, Eden said, "When shall I see you again?"

"Thursday, perhaps."

"Nonsense! I shall probably be gone by then I must see you soon."

"I'll be out your way in the morning. If you like I'll pick you up."

"That's kind of you, but morning's a long way off," he said. "I'll think of you tonight, eating at the Oasis. Give my love to that steak, if you see it. Until tomorrow then and can't I buy you an alarm clock?"

"I shan't oversleep—much," she laughed. "Good-by."

"Good-by," answered Eden. "Thanks for the buggy ride."

He crossed the street to the railroad station, which was also the telegraph office. In the little cubby-hole occupied by the agent, Will Holley stood, a sheaf of copy paper in his hand.

"Hello," he said. "Just getting that interview on the wire. Were you looking for me?"

"Yes, I was," Eden replied. "But first I want to send a wire of my own."

The agent, a husky youth with sandy hair, looked up. "Say, mister, no can do. Mr. Holley here's tied up things forever."

Holley laughed. "That's all right. You can cut in with Mr. Eden's message and then go back."

Frowning, Eden considered the wording of his rather difficult telegram. How to let his father know the situation without revealing it to the world? Finally he wrote:

"Buyer here, but certain conditions make it advisable we treat him to a little hoo malimali. Mrs. Jordan will

(Continued on Page 106)

"Let's Drop Over to the Office," the Editor Said. "Nobody There Now, and I'm Keen to Know What's Doing Out at Madden's"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 10, 1926

Muscle Shoals as a Peace Plant

MUSCLE SHOALS remains a bone of congressional contentions. The atmosphere of confusion and incoherence surrounding the position of Muscle Shoals is the inevitable result of the conglomeration of political and economic factors. The seven years' record of legislative indecision does not strike one as a highly commendable performance. From the beginning, there has been too much politics, too much conflict of interests. The public is the residuary legatee of the problem of converting a war plant into a peace plant. A policy that was correct in the state of war may become a liability rather than an asset in the state of peace.

We believe there are sound reasons for the view that the use of the existing installations at Muscle Shoals and the completion of the power project on the Tennessee River should be undertaken as a forward-looking proposition, without reference to the original purposes of the project or to the losses already incurred. Muscle Shoals should be envisaged from the standpoint of a new engineering project; precisely, for example, as in the case of the projected waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean. There are two separate sets of questions to be decided: Should Muscle Shoals be developed as a government project or as a public utility under private capital, subject to appropriate regulation? Should the power be utilized in accordance with technical and economic considerations or in furtherance of a social policy?

Unless we intend to adopt the policy of public development of water power, the mere fact that the Government expended a certain number of millions of dollars in an undertaking to manufacture explosives for use in the Great War is no reason for urging the completion of the Muscle Shoals power plant as a governmental undertaking. It seems evident that private capital at Muscle Shoals, as elsewhere in the United States, can undertake the desired development at lower cost and with higher operating efficiency than is possible under bureaucratic management by government officials. The mere fact that it may be deemed wise, as a precautionary measure, to maintain intact certain installations for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen as an insurance of supply of explosives in the event of future war does not modify the validity of this conclusion.

What should be done with the electricity? It has been contended that the power plant at Muscle Shoals was designed to supply explosives for defense in time of war and fertilizer for agriculture for all time. It is more or less widely assumed that the electricity should be used, in large part, or at least to a specified extent, for the manufacture of nitrates and ammonia from atmospheric nitrogen, to be used as fertilizer. In the meantime developments in science have made it cheaper to make nitrogen fertilizer in other ways and in other places. What now ought the Government to do? Shall we continue and complete an uneconomic program?

If a policy of governmental manufacture of fertilizer for sale to agriculture on a noncommercial cost-plus basis is to be reaffirmed and maintained, then the cheapest thing to do would be to erect modern synthetic-ammonia plants where coal is cheap, so located as to give low freight costs in distribution. If fertilizer is to be sold to agriculture at a fixed price based on direct cost of production, and irrespective of the relation of the electricity thus employed to the primary power of the plant, this represents a subsidy to agriculture. This, however, is disclaimed. It is urged that fertilizer can be sold to agriculture at a low figure because it can be more cheaply produced at Muscle Shoals than elsewhere. This, however, is an error in fact. Fixation by electricity is not inherently the cheapest method of fixation of atmospheric nitrogen; the Haber method, employing coal, is substantially cheaper. If, then, it is desired to manufacture fertilizer at the lowest possible cost and place it at the disposal of agriculture at a low cost-plus price, this would be best accomplished, in the interests of both the Government and agriculture, by building regionally distributed, modern, efficient, coal-operated plants for the condensation of nitrogen and hydrogen into ammonia by the improved Haber method.

Electricity should be used for the purposes to which it is most effectually and economically adapted, and other sources of energy should be similarly employed. If the Muscle Shoals electrical development has been undertaken as a primary industrial proposition, in the present state of the Haber method, into what uses would the power naturally flow? Metallurgy, the manufacture of steel and other alloys in electrical furnaces, traction, and uses of current on farms would be the natural and efficient directions of employment. Tied in with other sources of current, the primary and secondary power of Muscle Shoals would represent an enormous increase in the electricity available to the Southeastern states. Behind the Ford proposal, from the characteristics of his manufacturing and engineering policy, one may assume, has stood the intention to devise and develop cheap lightweight alloy metals for use in automobiles, railway cars, and wherever saving of weight means economy.

Used in these ways in that section of the country, electricity would be relatively more efficient and costs relatively lower than if the primary power of Muscle Shoals were devoted to a national purpose, such as a fixed program of manufacture of fertilizer, and the regional demand for electricity were supplied with current produced from coal. As a strictly engineering proposition, judged from the standpoint of particularized uses of coal power and electrical power on the basis of costs, the electricity of Muscle Shoals and the coal of the surrounding country should be pooled for the uses of the Southeastern states, and each apportioned to the work to which it is most effectively adapted.

Floundering in the Bog

IN THE next few years public attention is certain to be drawn to the subject of business taxation, much as it has been attracted to the confused inheritance-tax situation in the past few years. A careful, deliberate observer has spoken of the present state of business taxation as a plague. It is not the amount collected which we are now referring to. On that subject many voices have been raised. Few indeed are the railroad presidents who cannot wax eloquent on short notice when taxes are mentioned. One oil company with thirty thousand stockholders, many of them small investors, paid $2.15 in taxes for each share of stock outstanding in the year 1924. The amount paid in business taxes challenges the best thought of legislators and citizens.

But the chaotic variety, complexity and multiplicity of such taxes constitute a far less justifiable burden upon business operations. The rate and sum total of taxes imposed must and will vary with the needs and competency of government. But sheer variety in the methods and forms of taxation can and should be eliminated. These are Augean stables which it lies within the power of man to clean.

Lest these remarks seem unduly scathing, it may be well to cite the experience of one concern, which is typical in the strict sense of the word; namely, that it does not represent the extreme case. In 1924 this corporation filed 187 state reports covering its operations, to say nothing of about twenty-five other state reports it had to file on behalf of its subsidiaries. This means approximately four reports each week, but the work of preparing the reports cannot be divided and spread over the year so that four could be prepared each week. Yet many of the reports are due about the same time, so that during some months the company's tax department is unreasonably overburdened with work. Owing to the fact that the dates as of which reports are made vary, the company must take inventories at various times during the year.

The company filed franchise-tax returns in all but two or three states. These were called either franchise, license, excise or capital-stock returns, or certificates, or annual reports. Many states require a franchise report and, in addition, a license report, and they may collect both a franchise and a license tax. The company also filed lists of stockholders in many states, and information as to all transfers of stock. In addition to all these returns, the company filed lists in various states showing resident employes who received salaries in excess of certain amounts, and in some states it had to withhold personal-income taxes from nonresident employes and remit to the state, thus becoming the state's collecting agency without any compensation for the expense involved. Then there are states which impose a merchants' license tax in addition to all franchise, capital-stock and income taxes.

Every state has a different kind of form on which tax returns or reports of business done must be filed with the authorities. Many companies must maintain a separate tax department, under a director and divisional heads. Accountants, statisticians, engineers and lawyers are employed. Such departments often cost several hundred thousand dollars a year and yield no income or profit whatever.

Each state has its own laws governing foreign corporations and defining what is known technically as "doing business" within the state. This is all in addition to the fact that state laws regarding the incorporation of domestic or home corporations differ just as widely. The most ordinary methods of marketing may result in a company "doing business" in a state, and unless its legal department is alert to secure all the varied and numerous forms of licenses, it may find itself deprived of the most elementary legal rights as a punishment for its neglect.

A company was "doing business" in a certain state without a license, perhaps innocently. A bank made a loan on stock of the company and took over the stock when the loan was not paid. The company failed, and its creditors sued the bank for being a stockholder in a company which was "doing business" without a license, thereby recovering $146,637.39 from the bank.

Owing to the patient and intelligent endeavors of a comparatively few men, a real beginning has been made in clearing up the inheritance-tax muddle. Business taxes are still in the free-for-all stage in which each state goes along collecting revenues pretty much as if there were not forty-seven others doing the same thing. The same amount could be collected if there were reasonable uniformity. Indeed, it might be possible to raise considerably more.

Necessary burdens and restrictions upon business operations, whether corporate or individual, increase as cities become larger, population grows and civilization takes on complexity. Unavoidable encumbrances are quite sufficient. It is a thousand pities that business must so often flounder through the morass of sheer carelessness and ignorance in lawmaking.

ALL KINDS OF MONEY

By Will Payne

ONE of my Florida friends is engaged in banking and other gainful occupations. There is a local theory that whatever occupation he may be found in is pretty sure to prove gainful. Capitalist is what we used to call his sort of shrewd adventurer who manages to keep several irons in the fire without burning his fingers. Physically, he seems to have been designed by an efficiency expert who overdid it. You could hardly take an ounce off his face without removing an ear or a chin in the operation. His gold-bowed spectacles seem necessary in order to hold the face together. He wears thirteen-year-old-boys' clothes and his movements have the abruptness of a sparrow's.

He has been recommending that I write a book on currency. According to his view, all books that have been written on that subject are superficial and misleading, hence inordinately dull. But currency, he says, is not intrinsically a dull subject. If you give a boy a dollar does he look bored, as though you were asking him to a problem in arithmetic? He does not. On the contrary he takes a new interest in life. If you lose out of your purse a piece of engraved paper marked ten dollars, is there anything academic about your reactions? Certainly not; your heart bleeds.

Professors and suchlike dry-as-dusts, he argues, have always treated this great subject inhumanly. Consequently nobody worth mentioning reads their books and people have no guides to correct thinking on the subject. The old books should be thrown away and a new one written, inductively scientific, beginning with a particular dollar bill in the hand of a particular human being. It is silly, he says, to tell a man how many million dozen eggs there are and how many miles they travel to market unless you can tell him how to cook one, for otherwise the eggs might as well be door knobs. Currency literature down to date is all statistics and no cookbook. What we want, in his opinion, is a book that will show a man not just how many dollars of all sorts there are, but how much nourishment dollars of all the different sorts contain, and how to extract it. That will make the book interesting and useful.

But writing a book of any kind on currency seemed a large order, even though the fishing in Florida this winter wasn't so good as usual. The book, in fact, will never be written. Some of my friend's observations on the subject, however, as nearly as possible in his own words, will be found below:

I heard a man make a fool remark about me the other day. He said I had all kinds of money. But nobody can have all kinds of money. A great fault with our currency system is that nobody can have more than one kind of money. I didn't know that when I was a young man, starting in a business career. Simon Goldberg didn't know it either. Probably a million young men, starting business careers, don't know it now. That is one result of miseducation on the subject of currency.

My real start, after an apprenticeship in the stock room, was traveling out of St. Louis, selling shoes in the Southwest. One of my towns, down in the Texas Panhandle, had about 3500 inhabitants and the best account there was named Simon Goldberg. Maybe there was a kind of affinity between us at first sight, because we both wore the same size coats and hats, and both of us had heard plenty of beefy blockheads make disparaging remarks about shrimps and peanut-heads. He beat me a mile on nose, but otherwise, physically, we might have been shucked out of the same pod. I knew at a glance that Simon could be trusted. He was a first-rate merchant, too, doing a fine business and discounting every bill.

I think it was my second trip—anyhow, as soon as Simon and I got well established with each other—that he introduced me to the poker room over a delicatessen shop in the same block with his store. Seemed that Simon was very well acquainted with the place.

And pretty soon he explained his currency system to me. He had two kinds of money—the store money that he kept in a bank and the poker money that he kept in a cigar box in his safe. Poker, he pointed out, was a sort of tidal affair. There would be runs of good luck and runs of bad luck. But when you struck a balance at the end of a year you'd come out almost exactly even and have had a whole lot of fun for nothing—only, the poker money ought to be kept distinct from the store money. He had strict ideas of accounting. Sometimes the cigar box would be stuffed full; other times he would scrape the bottom before luck turned again. But that didn't matter, because the store money was kept separate.

I admired the system. But after three years of selling shoes I went into a brokerage business and lost personal touch with Simon. Now and then, through the shoe house,

(Continued on Page 34)

THE GRADUATING CLASS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Gentleman

I OFTEN think
how brave I am
To drive in the ruck
of a traffic jam
And never get mad and
reckless crash
Into the chap ahead
and smash
His tail light into a
hopeless hash.

And I can't help ad-
miring how
I keep my head in a
nasty row,
When a man three
times my size
climbs out
Of his old tin bus and
starts to shout
And wave his ham-
like fists about.

I never dreamed, in
my hot youth,
I'd ever tame my pride,
forsooth,
So that I'd meekly sit
and hear
The uncouth gibe and the blistering jeer
The traffic cop bawls in my ear.

Here comes a speed hog down the road,
With a ten-ton truck and a heavy load!
Just let the big fool by me whiz—
I'll show him what good breeding is,
And if he wants the road—it's his!

That's me. I always go and slop,
With a reverent eye on the traffic cop;
I know he'll think of me with kind,
Warm thoughts like this in his tired mind:
"There goes one guy that is refined!"

These are the thoughts I always feel
As I meekly sit at my flivver's wheel,
The rest of the world is crude and loud;
I realize—and it makes me proud—
There's just one gentleman in the crowd.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Describing Him

"J. FULLER GLOOM is a very obstinate man," we remarked.

"Yes," replied old Gaunton Grimm, "he has a great deal more won't power than will power."

The Return of the Old-Fashioned Girl

Its Unpopularity

"THEY are going to raise the funds by popular subscription," we said.

"You mean unpopular subscription, do you not?" returned J. Fuller Gloom, the pessimist. "No subscription is ever popular, except with the persons taking it up."

There's a Reason

"WHAT did she take him for—better or worse?"

"No, for more or less."

Other People's Weather

THE West laments, "The poor old East
Is gripped in ice and swept by blizzards,
While here it's lovely! Man and beast
Enjoy the sun like happy lizards."

The East deplores, "The poor, dear West!
What floods afflict the prairie dwellers!
It rains and blows like all possessed
And people live in cyclone cellars!"

The South remarks, "It's hot up North;
All summer long they have their troubles.
One hardly dares to venture forth;
The sidewalks burn, the asphalt bubbles!"

The North observes, "You know, down South,
The sun is uniformly torrid;
July is one continued drought,
And all the other months are horrid!"

They tell me everywhere I go,
The weather somewhere else is frightful;
But—let it rain, or hail, or snow—
The climate here is most delightful!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Third Class for Intellectuals

THE EDITOR
The New York Globe

SIR: I see where a lot of professors, students, and so on, are writing to the steamship companies and telling what an enjoyable journey they had to Europe in the student third class which, owing to the falling off in the immigrant traffic, is afforded to students, professors, artists and literary men exclusively, because there are not very many immigrants any more, and what there are, are afraid to go third class from what they hear about the students, but instead they travel first class with the international garment buyers, jockeys, dukes, and card sharps, and I for one am not surprised, and I can tell you why because I am writing to you as a former expert cattle handler who used to spend my time taking care of steers and cattle on the Atlantic crossing, but on my last trip I must have been crazy because I shipped as a third-class steward, thinking that my experience would be useful in handling students and literary men, but I assure you, Mr. Editor, I found out my mistake when, fifteen minutes after sailing, we had a stampede of students out of their stockade and into the first class, so, of course, to do my duty I started to club them on the nose but they had me down in a minute and goring me with their saxophones and would have trodden me to death if I had not had the presence of mind to blow a whistle and yell penalty for offside play which held them back, but I can tell you I would rather handle a thousand crazy Texas Shorthorns in a gale, because you know where they are and you never have to get them down out of the cro'nest or up out of the stoke hold or out of the

(Continued on Page 142)

The Entomologist, While Taking Up the Collection in Church, Sights a Butterfly

"Pop, Can't We Make the Pole Trip This Summer?"
"No, Son, You Know How Your Grandmother Hates Crowds"

The beans with the famous tomato sauce!

Beans with just the right flavor! How they tempt and delight your appetite! How eagerly you eat them! How completely satisfied you feel when you have finished a generous plateful!

It's the flavor that makes good beans so attractive. And it's the tomato sauce that helps to make Campbell's the leading favorites throughout the United States.

Campbell's slow-cooked, digestible beans are so delicious in quality and flavor that you always want and insist on getting them—once you have tasted them!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's Beans reach the crest of their popularity in summer. And why not? Could a more attractive or nourishing dish be placed on the table with so little work or effort?

It is a wise housewife who takes advantage of this quality food to release her from unnecessary time spent in the hot kitchen!

Already cooked—for the home meals or out-of-doors! Substantial food easily prepared and tremendously popular for the motor trip, camping, boating and hiking. Convenience combined with quality.

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

TRIAL MARRIAGE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XXVII

OVER the folded napkin of the breakfast tray, inundating the flowered plate, almost submerging the tiny coffeepot, were envelopes—thin, ominous envelopes, all with the names of shops in their upper left-hand corners.

Constance sat up in bed. Against a pale blue crêpe de chine nightgown her bare shoulders had the warm color of a peach. Her fingers ran through the envelopes quickly, and then, with a careless gesture, she tossed them all, unopened, into the wastebasket.

"Only bills!"

Gay sat down on the blue silk coverlet.

"Look here, sweetie!" she said earnestly. "You can't get by with that. Thor's wild!"

Constance's eyes opened a little wider.

"What about?"

"He said you promised not to charge anything."

A line appeared on Constance's brow.

"Is Thor spying on me?" she cried sharply.

"You can hardly call it spying!" exclaimed Gay. "How could he help seeing those bills? They were in the letter box, with his mail, when he came in this morning."

Constance's manner became elder-sisterly.

"I really can't see why he should discuss it with you, in any case."

"Because," said Gay, "I told him there must be some mistake, and I dashed up here to help you make up the mistake."

Constance became amiable once more.

"Of course I've a perfect right to do as I please," she said, "but I do hate scenes. Isn't it strange? I used to think Thor had the sweetest disposition."

"We might say the bills are mine," Gay suggested. "I thought of that right away, and the shops had simply mixed our names up. But the trouble is, I haven't got any money."

"Oh, I don't want you to pay. I'll send them on to daddy."

"But, Constance, Thor would simply loathe that. Couldn't we gradually pay them off, out of our allowances, and ask the shops to please stop sending ——"

"Out of my allowance!" cried Constance, exasperated. "You know what my allowance is—fifty dollars!"

Her voice held the utmost contempt for so paltry a sum.

"Those bills are for thousands of dollars!"

"Thou-sands!" gasped Gay.

She fell back on the bed, and feebly waved her legs like an overturned beetle.

"Well, I don't know exactly—I shan't look. It only depresses you. But you know all those things I bought when mother was shopping for Palm Beach, and I've charged others since. I thought I might as well, since I'd started; and I had to have something to wear! Good heavens, I don't suppose even Thor would expect me to go about with Caroline in my old winter things. I have little enough as it is!" Her tone held deep injury. "I've never been so economical in my life!"

"Holy cow, Constance!" cried Gay, springing up. "What are you going to do? Haven't you got any money at all?"

Busy, Do Not Knock

"I'm not a magician," cried Constance bitterly. "As a matter of fact, Gay, I was just going to ask you to lend me something."

"But, sweetie, I let you have nearly all my March allowance!"

"I'll pay you back some day. Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying. You can have it. Only ——"

"You should have got your April allowance by this time. Just let me have fifty, or a hundred, and I'll ——"

"Have you been losing at bridge again, Constance Bannester? Caroline ought to know you can't afford to play with her crowd!"

"Heavens, Gay, do you imagine, for one instant, I'd let Caroline know about my silly little allowance? Or anybody?"

"But, Constance, when you're really and truly married to Thor——"

"When I'm married to Thor," said Constance, "he will simply have to come to his senses about money, that's all."

"Then, darling," retorted Gay, and her mouth was set in a firm line, and her blue eyes were stern—"then, darling, you must bring him to his senses now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm not going to help you fool Thor. I'm not going to pretend those bills are mine, or lend you any more money."

For one second of utter, outraged surprise Constance stared at the little sister, who had never before rebelled.

Then she said in a nonchalant, but freezing tone, "All right, Gay. But, since you aren't going to help, please don't interfere, either. Just leave Thor to me. I can manage him."

"I don't think I'd want a man I could manage!"

Gay strolled toward the door. She paused, however, with one hand on the knob.

"Thor's working on his picture again, this morning," she hinted.

"Oh, really?"

Constance's tone was of politely assumed interest. She rose, and, as usual, went straight to a mirror.

"Thor wants to finish this picture in time for his show," Gay went on.

"Gay," replied Constance in an absorbed voice—she was still staring in the mirror—"do you think I ought to pluck my eyebrows?"

"No. They're lovely. Absolutely perfect," Gay replied, somewhat mechanically. Indeed, whenever the sisters' conversation turned on Constance's beauty, it resembled a Sunday-school service, in which Gay glibly gave the required responses.

"So it might be a pretty good idea not to bother him until he gets through painting," Gay finished resolutely.

"My goodness! Do you think I'm pining for a fight? Be an angel, Gay, will you, and turn on the hot water? And, oh, Gay, the rose bath salts. I'm perfectly sick of lilac."

As Constance stepped into her bath, she reflected that Lady Godiva's woes had been ridiculously exaggerated, or else she was ugly. Constance idly wondered if it was an ugly woman who had invented clothes, or a supreme coquette. She inclined to the latter view as she looked at her own clothes—charming, and almost invisible, pastel colored, fresh and delightful as flowers. She drew on her gauzelike stockings tenderly. How could Thor expect her to be properly supplied even with shoes and stockings on fifty dollars a month? Her handmade chemise, of pale and pleated chiffon, with a border of delicate lace, had cost forty dollars.

"I might wear cheap, ugly frocks," thought Constance—though she shuddered at the thought—"but horrid, coarse things next me—never!

"I don't want much," thought Constance, with righteous indignation. "I don't ask for emeralds, and country houses, and things like that. But I've got to live, haven't I?"

And if Thor couldn't give her the necessities of life, why should he refuse to let her have them from daddy? She began to feel a deep sense of injury against Thor. He wasn't fair! Gradually, almost imperceptibly, her regard for her father had risen. Her former disdain for mere money-grubbing business men was diminishing, her former admiration for æsthetes turning a trifle sour. With the unconscious cynicism of the practical sex, Constance reflected that it was all very well to have ideals—if you could afford them.

When she was dressed—she had chosen a frock that Thor particularly liked, of fuchsia-colored crêpe with a pleated jabot—she tiptoed out on the balcony, and peeped over the railing. On the stand, the model was slouched, bored and beautiful, and surreptitiously chewing gum. And Thor was painting away for dear life. But his face was drawn and

(Continued on Page 30)

S W I F T

Hints on cooking potato chips

TO GET the dainty crispness you prize: (1) soak the thinly cut slices of potato in cold water for one hour to remove excess starch; (2) drain and dry carefully on a towel to remove all water and avoid lowering temperature of frying fat; (3) fry at a high temperature—400 degrees—in "Silverleaf"; (4) drain on paper, instead of china, as paper is absorbent

In the most delicate of all fried foods—*a special, appetizing crispness*

IT IS in the daintier fried foods, that you particularly notice refinements of flavor. How important in potato chips, for instance, is that delicate, mellow taste which you get only when the frying fat is just exactly right!

This special, appetizing taste is to many careful cooks a matter of very real pride in *all* kinds of fried foods. It is to get it at its best, that these women have for years used Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, it adds to all dishes, fried or baked, just the faint yet delicious richness that you want.

And because of its unusual purity, it heats evenly and quickly. It browns foods crisply on the outside and cooks them thoroughly to the center. See what remarkably appetizing potato chips you get with "Silverleaf" by following the suggestions printed above.

You will give your family new pleasure with both your frying and your baking, when you use "Silverleaf." Your dealer can supply you with "Silverleaf" in convenient 1 lb. measuring cartons and in 2, 4 and 8 lb. pails.

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

THIS exclusive "Silverleaf" carton saves you the bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. You just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and cut the exact amount you need

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 28)

stern, his mouth grimly set, as if he had tried in vain to lose his personal troubles in his work. A sudden almost panicky dread of the scene in store for her assailed Constance.

She fled back into her room, quickly changed her silk frock for a dress and coat of light kasha, deeply bordered with fox. With her beige gloves, a brown bag and a small brown felt hat in her hand, she stole through the studio as noiselessly as possible, but her precautions were needless, Thor did not even turn his head. In the hall she hastily put on her hat, and called as she went past the kitchen, "Good-by, darling! I'm going out to lunch."

Gay popped into the hall, a wooden spoon in her hand, a look of distress on her face.

"But, Constance, don't run away. Thor wants to talk to you as soon as he gets through painting."

"That's just why I'm running away," replied Constance coolly. "See if you can put Thor in a good humor before I get back, angel. You have a way with him."

"But, Constance ——"

"No! I refuse—absolutely refuse a scene! It's simply too vulgar and degrading to quarrel about money!"

With these lofty words Constance, as usual, found a refined excuse for avoiding trouble, and Gay was left, as usual, to face it.

"I know, now, why they used to kill the messenger who brought bad news," thought Gay, an hour later.

For Thor was looking at her as he should have looked at Constance, and he was saying bitterly, "I think you might have warned me, Gay, that this was going on!"

But Gay couldn't resent his injustice, she was too sorry for him.

"Couldn't you let daddy pay?" she asked, in a small, placating voice. "I know he'd want to. Because it really isn't fair——"

"We've been over all that!" he interrupted harshly. "I'm living up to my part of the agreement. I keep my promises, even if Constance doesn't!"

"I only meant let daddy pay just this once," murmured Gay meekly.

"Don't you see, though," he burst out, exasperated, "if I give in this time, it will always be the same thing, over and over? Constance will just keep on getting into debt, and running to your father to help us out! No! She's got to choose sometime—whether she cares enough about me, I mean, to give up a few things or not, and it might as well be now. Perhaps, when Constance sees what a hell of a time I'll have paying these bills, it will be a lesson to her!" he added, with the desperate optimism of the lover.

Gay looked dubious, but was silent, until Thor put on his overcoat. Then she said, still rather timidly, "Do you mind telling me where you're going, Thor?"

"Not as much as I mind going," he replied with a short, unmirthful laugh. "Rita owes me some money, and I suppose I've no more reason to be squeamish about collecting it than any other tradesman. That's all it is—a trade—painting portraits like that! But I suppose I'll have to get used to it if I marry Constance."

He laughed again, and this time bitterly.

"Do you know, Gay, it strikes me as pretty funny for a man to exchange his youth, and ambition, and ideals, for silk stockings, and Paris hats. It makes you think marriage is just a conspiracy on the part of dressmakers."

"Listen, Thor!" replied Gay earnestly. "You talk to me like that, but never to Constance. Why don't you?"

"Oh, I can't talk to her," he said wearily. "We never can reason anything out. It's just quarrels and kisses, and that way Constance always wins!"

XXVIII

CONSTANCE came home at nightfall, with shining eyes, and orchids on her breast. The mauve box of bonbons she handed to Gay with a rather magnanimous flourish.

"Here, infant! Present from a handsome stranger."

Thor looked up from the book he wasn't reading. He rose, and came toward Constance, and she was startled at the sight of his face, gray with fatigue, and lined with worry.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?"

She put out her arms, and would have folded him into a heavenly embrace, all soft fur, and intoxicating perfume—*Toujours L'Amour*—but Thor rudely drew back.

"Where have you been?" His voice was harsh.

"Where have you?" she retorted lightly. "I called up twice this afternoon, and you were out. Didn't I, Gay?"

"Yes," corroborated the little sister solemnly, watching them both with anxious eyes.

"Tollie wants us all to dine with him tonight," said Constance, dropping down on the sofa, and taking off her gloves, "and dance somewhere. His sister's coming, and of course there'll be another man."

"So you've been with Tollie?"

She raised her perfect brows.

"Is this a cross-examination? Anyway, you look very cross," she coaxed, in a tone of careless good humor. "Yes, love, I lunched with Tollie. You were so busy I didn't want to disturb you. Then we motored out to his sister's—her place is a perfect knock-out, isn't it, Gay? Then we motored back. Now, where have you been? Or, perhaps we'd better dress for dinner first, and tell our life stories later."

"I am not going out to dinner," said Thor.

"Why not?"

"I've got to work."

"Work? At night!"

"Day and night."

"Why, Thor, how absurd!"

"It isn't absurd at all. That is, if you don't consider your extravagance absurd."

She rose, moved toward the stairs with dignity.

"I haven't time to quarrel with you now, Thor. Come on, Gay, we must hurry."

"But, Constance, Thor isn't going."

"I know."

"Then—are we going without him?"

"I promised Tollie. He will have to get another man, that's all."

"Not for me," said Gay.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not going either."

"Why not?"

"I just don't want to."

"Don't be silly!" Thor advised. "Run along to the party. I'll be busy all evening."

"I shan't be in your way, Thorvald Ware!"

"I didn't mean that." His voice softened. "But there'll be no one to amuse you, *Petit Asticot*."

"I don't have to be amused! I'm not a baby!"

She marched upstairs after Constance. Constance was already out of her cloth frock, and rapidly stripping off her stockings.

"Do exactly as you please, Gay," she remarked, in a freezing tone. "I hardly know what excuse to make to Tollie, though."

"Well, you've got no right to make engagements for me!"

(Continued on Page 32)

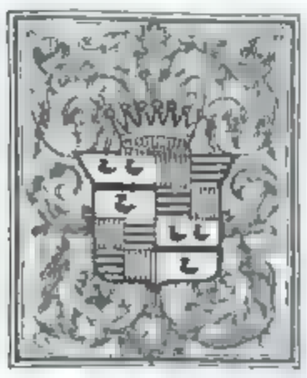
She Tossed Them All, Unopened, Into the Wastebasket. "Only Bills!"

New Cadillac surpassing all previous conception

IN so far as the new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac is concerned, discussion of mechanical supremacy is unnecessary and almost useless.

That supremacy proclaims itself unmistakably in performance as it has in every Cadillac which preceded the present splendidly successful car.

American lovers of fine motoring have always listened respectfully to assurances which promised an improvement upon Cadillac.



But they have never been lured away because it has always been so simple and so easy a thing to prove to themselves by Cadillac performance that Cadillac has never been equaled.

Once again in the unprecedented sales of the new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac we are witnessing that silent turning away—that return to something solid and assured and unmistakably superior which Cadillac has always provided.

In this case, however, Cadillac finds itself almost the only occupant of its own fine car field—and the old Cadillac clientele is being so enormously augmented by new accessions that the careful, painstaking capacities of this great plant are being taxed to the utmost.

The Cadillac market is growing—it will surpass all previous conception in the immediate future.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 30

"I told you this afternoon, when I telephoned ——"

"And I told you twice, Constance Bannester—twice—that I just knew, positively, Thor wouldn't want to go!"

"What's that got to do with you?"

"It ought to have a lot to do with you!"

Constance gave a deep sigh, and fell back gracefully on the chaise longue, clad only in a tube of chiffon.

"I am so tired of being lectured!" she complained. "I just haven't got the same ideas as you have about love, and all that sort of thing, Gay. You're so dreadfully aboriginal!"

"Oh, Tollie has a perfectly horrible effect on you!" Gay cried. "You almost drive Thor wild, and then you come back all smug and smiling, and making him jealous, besides, and trying to pretend everything's his fault or mine! And trying to drag him out on a party, when he's simply dead. Why couldn't you stay at home one evening for a change, and tell him you're sorry about those dreadful bills!"

"Because I'm not," replied Constance, "and you needn't bother about them, either, thank you. And Thor need never know how dreadful they are!"

"But, Constance! He does know!"

"What do you mean?"

"He's seen those bills. Inside too. He opened them."

"Thor opened my personal letters!" cried Constance, outraged.

"Well, you can hardly call bills personal letters," Gay retorted. "Especially if you aren't the person who's got to pay them. It's just as if they'd been addressed to Thor."

"Nothing of the sort! It's utterly dishonorable! I shall never forgive Thor."

"You'd better wonder if he will ever forgive you!"

Constance dismissed the subject with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Gay darling, be an angel, and turn on the warm water in the bath. And use the rose ——"

Gay fled downstairs. Thor was stretching a canvas, hammering away, as one does when the desire to hurt an animate being must be taken out on an inanimate object. He didn't turn around, just growled at Gay over his shoulder.

"Better run along with Constance. I won't even have time to take you out to dinner."

She came around and stood facing him, her hands clasped behind her back. She wore a short frock of emerald-green silk. Her amber hair was tossed back in a thick, tumbling, and shining wave from her slightly bulging forehead, like a frowning baby's, and her round cheeks, brightly flushed under the rouge, her round eyes, clear bluish green, and sparkling with anger, were those of a defiant little boy. Her lips were carefully painted to represent the expression of a movie vampire.

"Who asked you to, Mr. Smarty?" she cried childishly, out of her artificially adult mouth. "I can cook my own dinner, and yours, too. I was going to invite you—before you got so darned fresh!"

He dropped his hammer and sat down on the edge of the model stand, as if he were awfully tired. He ran his hands through his hair.

"Gosh, Gay," he apologized, "I don't know why I take it out on you! You're a peach. It's Constance!"

"Why, don't you just tell her she can't go to Tollie's party?"

He laughed, too briefly.

"Picture of Miss Constance Bannester obeying her masterful fiancé! No, Gay, that's not the trouble. Matter of fact, I'm pretty glad to have her out of the way this evening."

She sat down beside him on the model stand, and kicked her patent-leather heels softly against its edge, whistling a merry tune, very gently and sadly, meanwhile.

Then she hinted, discreetly, "You never have painted at night before?"

"This is some commercial work." His tone was matter-of-fact. "I want to finish it as soon as possible."

"Oh, so you can go back to your own pictures? For your show?"

"I've given that up."

"Given up your exhibition?" she gasped, dismayed.

His tone displayed no feeling.

"I telephoned my model not to come again. I shan't be able to finish the big picture, and several of the others need working on. Well, I won't have time now."

"But Thor! Oh, Thor, I don't want you to do that!"

"What else can I do? I've got to make some money."

"But, Rita—didn't Rita—isn't that enough?"

"Rita's gone away."

"Gone away—where?"

"Abroad."

"She couldn't just go away like that! She must have left some message ——"

"Oh, yes, Rita left a message." He smiled grimly. "Her secretary had been instructed to tell Mr. Ware, that Mrs. Dallett would finish the sittings for her portraits, on her return."

"And when will that be?"

"That is most uncertain." He mimicked Miss Briggs' precise tones.

"But can't you write ——"

"I need the money now. Besides, it wouldn't be any use. Rita isn't satisfied with either of her portraits. Her secretary made that quite plain."

He laughed shortly.

"She said Mrs. Dallett would give me another chance."

Suddenly his fair skin was darkened by a rush of blood, like a cloud shadow passing over blond wheat.

"She won't get another chance! She'll never come inside my studio again! I'll have her damn portraits packed, and shipped to her, and she needn't pay me one cent. I want 'em out of the place! I'm through! Never, never again, so help me! I don't care what happens, I'll starve to death, but I won't take portrait orders. It's a dog's life. You're nothing but a slave. They treat you worse than a dressmaker."

Gay was too tactful to express her sympathy. She whistled a few bars of Hotsy Totsy, and executed a complicated step.

"If you want my opinion," she remarked carelessly, "I think you're darn well out of it not to be Rita's fifth husband."

She Charlestoned out, and shut the door, and Thor went on with his work. He was sketching in the composition with a stick of charcoal, when Constance came downstairs, looking like roses in moonlight. For her dress was of pale yellow petals of chiffon over silver, and her cloak, silver-lined, of ivory-yellow velvet, and these tones of pale gold and ivory, and the subdued gleam of silver, all this rich depth and softness seemed to melt away, as in an ethereal light, and become a part of the even creamier tones, the deeper, luminous softness of Constance's flesh. Flesh as luxurious as that of roses—most enchanting to the touch of all flowers, cream-white roses in the white enchantment of the moon.

Thor looked up, and saw her, and gave a quick gasp, like a man who is suddenly plunged into ice-cold water. And Constance's eyes acknowledged the involuntary tribute. But she spoke in an impersonal tone.

"Tollie's sending his car for me. Mind if I wait here?"

"Not at all."

He returned to his drawing.

Constance sat on the sofa, watching him, idly interested.

"Why, Thor," she exclaimed, after a moment, "I think I like that better than anything you've done!"

"It's an advertisement," he replied dryly, without looking around.

"Oh! Well, anyway, it's awfully well drawn."

"Got to be, or they wouldn't take it."

"I didn't know you could do advertisements, Thor."

"I didn't either. Don't yet," he replied, somewhat grimly. "May not be accepted."

"But, isn't it an order?"

"Oh, yes, it's an order—if I can do it to suit them."

"Who?"

"Advertising firm. I've a friend who's at the head of one of the departments. He gave me the work, will give me more if I make good. Really very decent of him. They usually don't care to bother with painters like me."

"Why?"

"They've got their own people—experts at the game. Terribly clever, some of them. I can't hope to do it as well."

"Mustn't have the little old inferiority complex," she chided cheerfully.

"I haven't—about my own work. But the very thing I'm trying for in my own painting, just makes this sort of thing all the more difficult for me."

He turned away from his easel, to look at her, trapped once more by the lovers' delusion that if eyes meet, minds must too, sure that, this time, he could bring her into that mutual understanding which is as necessary—almost as necessary—as mutual embraces. But the effect on himself of looking at Constance was rather to lose the thread of his argument, to have his voice become tender and dreamy, out of all proportion to the discussion of an abstract subject, and all of a sudden he felt it was rather elderly and academic to be talking about painting at all, and finished up hurriedly.

"You see, darling, in my own pictures I'm not trying for exact representation."

She pondered this a moment, then said brightly, "Oh, you mean you don't make things look as they really look?"

His smile was touched with annoyance.

"As they really look—to whom? I imagine everyone sees things differently. But never mind."

"Now"—Constance declared—"now, I think I understand why people don't like your portraits, Thor! Naturally, if you have that point of view! So perhaps it is a good thing for you to take up advertising."

Her easy acceptance of his sacrifice—worse, her utter failure to comprehend that it was a sacrifice—maddened Thor. He had fully determined, before Constance came down, to keep his temper, to be gentle, though firm, to talk calmly, and reasonably, about their problems. But, now, all he wanted to do was to shout at her. No, not quite all—for he longed, too, to crush her fiercely in his arms, and cover her soft cheeks, and her velvety neck, and her deep-rose-petal arms with kisses. He disliked her, she irritated him unbearably, he thought her selfish, and cruel, and stupid—yes, stupid—but he wanted to bury his face in the curve of her neck, just where it joined the shoulder, and forget—forget—forget! Sink down into forgetfulness, as a spent swimmer into the depths of the sea, and welcome the sweet oblivion of death. He knew, then, the humiliation of loving and despising at the same instant, of feeling contempt and desire intermingled—desire that is even strangely spurred by contempt, hatred of the loved one, and of one's own weakness. He yielded, hating himself and her. He took her in his arms, to repay himself for the loss of self-respect with kisses.

But, for once, Constance's instinct—which has nothing to do with cleverness—failed her. She made a tactical error. She drew back, pushed Thor away.

She said, not at all like her usual self, but very much like a wife, "No! You're crumpling my dress. Besides, you were very rude to me when I first came home this evening."

She had done him the favor of restoring his self-respect. He returned to his easel. His fingers shook a little as he picked up the charcoal, but now he could speak calmly and reasonably, as he had meant.

"I've not taken up this work for fun, or because I want to, but because I've got to make some money right away."

"What for?" She swung about, facing him.

"To pay your debts."

"They don't concern you."

"They do!"

"They don't! How dared you open those bills?"

"Because you were too cowardly to stay and talk to me about them. I admit it wasn't a nice thing to do, but you don't play fair, either. And I had to know just how much you'd let me in for."

"I haven't let you in for anything! And I'll arrange everything without your interference, if you don't mind."

"I won't have you write to your father! Don't promises mean anything to you, Constance?"

"You can't force me to make a perfectly absurd promise, and then expect me to keep it forever! Do be reasonable, Thor! The whole thing's too utterly absurd. You surely ought to realize, by this time, that we can never, possibly, live on your income!"

He turned pale. "Does that mean—do you mean ~you realize it's been a mistake?"

"Of course it was a mistake!"

He braced his voice against the wave of emotion that was sweeping from his heart to his lips.

"You want to end it, then?"

"Oh, don't be melodramatic! I said this idea of mother's was a mistake. I always thought the whole plan too utterly silly! I might as well tell you, at last, Thor, I only agreed to it to convince mother and you!"

"Convince us of what?"

His face was stern. The wave of fear and love had subsided. He was looking at her critically, judging her as if she were a stranger.

"Why," her laugh was impatient, "convince you and mother that daddy must help us. Give me an allowance, I mean. You needn't accept anything from him, if you're so terribly proud."

"I'm too proud to let anyone else support my wife."

"Oh, Thor darling, that's copy-book stuff!" She ran over to him, gave his shoulder a little playful, impatient shake, laughed up in his face, was chilled by his lack of response, and went on, with a drop more acid in her tone. "Don't be so provincial, and—and American, Thor! What difference does it make who gives me things—just so I have them! I think it's too horribly selfish of you to want me to give up everything for the sake of your silly old pride."

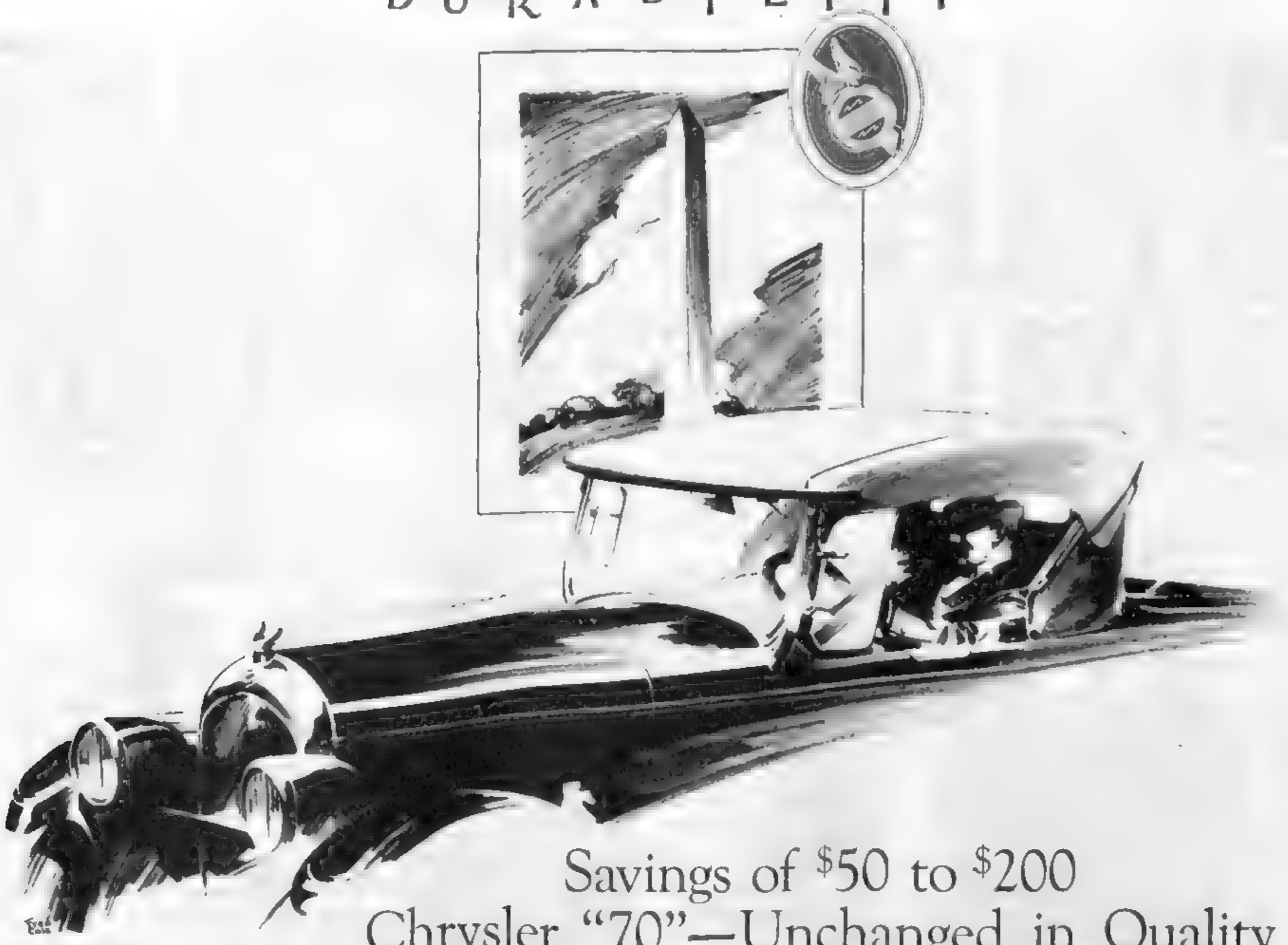
"I thought you might do it for my sake, because you cared about me."

"Oh, I do love you. I do love you, Thor!"

For the first time in that long, tortured day, they yielded to the blessed relief of a kiss, and that strange sense of comfort and security which comes from encircling arms. But the respite was only momentary. For, stubbornly, Thor took up the argument, determined this time to see it to its conclusion, and not be cajoled into the pleasant bypaths of embraces.

(Continued on Page 56)

DURABILITY



Savings of $50 to $200
Chrysler "70"—Unchanged in Quality
Supreme in Value

Today Chrysler "70", changed in no way except new lower prices which save you $50 to $200, continues more emphatically than ever in its record-making history the car of American preference.

Everywhere it is acclaimed the greatest of six-cylinder values. Everywhere it is welcomed as an individual discovery by virtue of its inbuilt quality, performance, grace, economy, comfort, safety and durability.

Case-hardened motorists—men and women who haven't been really enthusiastic about a motor car in years—now eagerly tell about the performance and the long life of their Chrysler "70".

It is plain, of course, that these revolutionary results delivered by the Chrysler "70", and now offered at sensational savings of $50 to $200, are as far ahead of contemporary achievement as the compact and dashing "70" itself outranks the older types.

NEW CHRYSLER "70" PRICES

Model	Old Prices	New Prices	Savings
Coach	$1445	$1395	$ 50
Roadster	1625	1525	100
Royal Coupe	1795	1695	100
Brougham	1865	1745	120
Sedan	1695	1545	150
Royal Sedan	1995	1795	200
Crown Sedan	2095	1895	200

All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

At these new sensationally lower prices Chrysler "70" today maintains its leadership even more emphatically than it did at its introduction two and a half years ago when it captivated the country with new qualities and features which make it pre-eminently first among quality cars.

FIRST in a speed of 70 miles and more per hour.
FIRST in acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in 7¼ seconds.
FIRST in gasoline economy of 20 miles per gallon combined with such performance.
FIRST with 7-bearing crankshaft in a car of such price.
FIRST with oil-filter, which cleanses crankcase oil as the motor runs.
FIRST with air-cleaner which keeps dust and dirt out of the engine.
FIRST with thermostatic control of motor heat
FIRST with new and exclusive spring mounting eliminating side-sway.
FIRST with super-safety hydraulic four-wheel brakes at such price.
FIRST with smart European body design and double-tone color combinations.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER 70

ALL KINDS OF MONEY

(Continued from Page 25)

I got word of him and of other old customers. By and by I learned that Simon wasn't doing so well, not discounting his bills any more, but getting on the slow-pay list. Then he made an assignment—for the benefit of creditors, lawyers call it; but in this case the creditors weren't greatly benefited. The poker money had eaten up the store money.

There was an old cock named Gresham. As I recall it, he had something or other to do with Queen Elizabeth's exchequer; and he laid down a law that bad money will drive out good money, or words to that effect. What he had in mind wasn't poker, but clipped and debased coinage. Simon Goldberg, out in Texas, exemplified Gresham's law in a wider scope. Bad money eats up good money. Young men ought to know that, but there's nothing about it in currency books. Next I knew of Simon he had my old job of selling goods on the road; but there was some trouble with his accounts and he lost the job. Then he went to clerking in a retail haberdashery shop—taking his pay, practically, in poker chips. Then he died. The cigar box was all he had left. His example impressed me with the impossibility of maintaining two distinct kinds of money on a parity. Your book on the currency should devote a chapter to that phase of the subject. You can find plenty of illustrations.

Grandfather Currency

I'm only sixty years old—mere infant compared to Methuselah—but I have seen great changes in our currency system which are not mentioned in the textbooks. For example, what has become of the kind of currency my grandfather used? The books don't say that it has been withdrawn from circulation, but I'd like to know where you can find any of it now.

Grandfather carried his currency in a big leather wallet that had been worn shiny before I first saw it. The wallet was fastened with a long leather strap that went all the way round it. He carried it always in the inner breast pocket of his vest. Usually he carried mere change in an outside pocket; but to get at the wallet he had to unbutton his vest and reach down to the inside pocket, and then undo the long strap. It was a deliberate process. The currency had roots. You had to dig it up. And it had splendid lasting qualities—warranted to keep in all climates. Spending it was like pouring molasses out of a jug in cold weather.

The books would give you to understand it was practically the same kind of currency we have now, but a ten-dollar bill in my grandfather's sort of money would outlast a whole handful of the ten-dollar bills I get now. Maybe there's a little of that kind of money left—on some New England farms, say. But I doubt it. If there was any of it some of these enterprising collectors of antiques would have discovered it and put it on sale. They comb the country for grandfather clocks and warming pans and grandmother spinning wheels; but I've never found any grandfather currency in their shops.

Yet grandfather money would sell like hot cakes. I would buy it at a round premium myself—not for my personal use, but to supply my family with spending money. I could afford to pay a good premium for it.

The first currency transaction that ever made a lasting impression on me was in that kind of money. Of course I had often seen money before that. Probably I'd had money of my own—a penny, say. But there couldn't have been anything very dramatic about those earlier experiences, because I have no recollection of them.

The first impression happened the summer I was six years old. My grandfather took myself and my sister, two years older, to the circus. It was a real circus, traveling over the country roads in its own wagons and stopping outside of town right after breakfast to make up for the grand street parade. There were two lions in a cage that was all red and gold; and the band, all red and gold, too, rode on top of the cage. My uncle, who was musicianly, said that once the top of the cage fell in and the lions killed all the band, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Grandfather drove in from the farm, in his top buggy, in time to see the street parade, and from then on till the afternoon performance was the same as waiting for it to get dark enough to light the Christmas tree. I don't remember about buying the tickets at the entrance; but sometime during the entertainment a man came among the spectators—moving up and down the tiers of seats, stepping around and over and on people—bawling an invitation to remain and witness the grand concert and minstrel show, which would take place immediately after the main performance. This would be the first, last and only opportunity to secure tickets for that peerless exhibition, at twenty-five cents for grown people, children half price.

This man was louder than the circus, and very busy, meandering up and down the benches, handing out tickets, making change. He carried a lot of money in plain sight; bills bent round his middle finger, their two ends sticking out. Of course I was bursting with eagerness to witness the grand concert and minstrel show, but politely saying nothing about it, because it would cost money and grandfather had already spent a lot of money getting us into the main show.

The noisy man approached us and I was thrilled to see grandfather begin unbuttoning his vest. That meant money. Judicially, like a man engaged in grave business, grandfather undid the strap and opened the wallet. Somehow the five-dollar bill that he took out struck me vividly. It was part of a momentous transaction. The man had turned aside to serve some other customers. Grandfather restrapped the wallet and returned it to his inner vest pocket, holding the five-dollar bill in his hand—a fatal error. Here was the man, noisier and busier than ever. He whipped the bill out of grandfather's fingers and stuck it merely in his coat pocket as though five-dollar bills were as plenty as blackberries where he came from. Silver jingled in that coat pocket. Out came a handful.

"One adult, two children," said the busy man; "that's fifty cents." He laid a coin in grandfather's palm. "That's one dollar." He began counting the ends of dollar bills in the sheaf round his middle finger: "Two dollars, three, four, five. There you are, colonel. Who next? Remember, the first, last and only chance to secure your tickets for the grand concert—— All right, cap'n; how many?" And on he went, very busy and noisy, while grandfather stuffed the change into his outside vest pocket and my eyes returned to the sawdust ring.

A Disappearing Act

Up at our house, after the circus, grandfather had occasion to make change; but his vest pocket contained only a silver half dollar and two one-dollar bills—not four one-dollar bills; only two. There was a long, shocked discussion of this deficit. My sister, being older and more dependable than myself, was called upon to testify. She was positive, just as grandfather was, that the man had counted off four one-dollar bills.

After much pondering grandfather hit upon the scandalous solution. The man had counted the ends of the bills as they stuck out between his fingers. Some of the bills must have been doubled over so that he counted two ends of the same bill. For many years afterward grandfather took all suitable opportunities to illustrate how this trick had been played upon him. Sometimes he would dredge the old wallet out of his inner vest pocket and extract several bills to show how the rascal had done it. Sometimes he would bend strips of paper round his middle finger. It made a great impression on me, because, to grandfather, being short-changed out of two dollars was about like an earthquake or a tidal wave.

When I was a youngster we lived in town and our money was different from grandfather's. There were fewer roots to it. Still, our monetary system began with a penny, and as long as I lived at home ten cents was an important piece of currency. By the time my children got through college their currency system began with a five-dollar bill. They knew of small change, of course, but nothing under five dollars really counted as money.

Not that they got any more out of their money than I used to, for there is a kind of currency inflation that economists overlook. The college junior whose low unit is five dollars gets no more satisfaction out of his expenditures than his father got with a low unit of fifty cents—not a bit more. A carpenter, doing some work at my house, was speaking of that the other day—that it took half a dollar to give his children the same content that he used to get out of a nickel.

Misfit Averages

Economists, you see, merely scratch the surface of this matter of money. They look at one government report and tell you there are so many dollars in the country. Then they look at another report and say that the price of commodities, taken in the lump, has increased or decreased so much since 1914, or since any other date; therefore the purchasing power of a dollar has risen or fallen by such a per cent since that date. With that they are pretty nearly through. They take the dollars, at a given time, as being all of an equal value. But at any given time there is an enormous difference in the value of different dollars, depending on who has them.

If you read a statistical statement on any subject that deals with human living you must remember that it tells you nothing about the human beings who are doing the living. One ton of pig iron is like another. If you count up the tons and find there are 100,000, that tells all you need to know about them. But if you count up human beings and find there are 100,000, that tells you nothing about any one of them, for no two are alike. In the past quarter century there has been a tremendous output of statistics that deal with living—average wages, average incomes, average families, and so forth. Of course they are very useful when intelligently used; but they tell you nothing about yourself or any other actual human being. No human being has an average income, an average cost of living and an average family consisting of four and a half persons.

Nobody has better statistics than the life-insurance companies. Out of 50,000 men of a given age, the actuary can tell you, practically to a dot, how many will die within a year. But as to whether you're going to die within a year or live to be a hundred, he knows no more than Simple Simon; and that, after all, is what you're most interested in. The lady who had twelve children but wouldn't have another on any account because she had read that every thirteenth child born in the world was a Chinaman was only one out of a great many victims of taking statistics literally, whereas they are only arithmetical symbols. If you attempt to apply statistics to concrete human lives you must put in a huge x to indicate the unknown human factors.

This subject of the currency is full of x's that the books leave out. So far as I have read, they do not mention another currency law as sound as old Gresham's—namely, that the more money any man has, the less it is worth. But that is a fact of common experience.

If you haven't any money ten dollars is life itself. But if you have $10,000,000, a ten-spot is only a bore. All through the country towns and on farms you will find families by the thousand whose yearly income runs, say, around $1500. For that they can get a sanitary and not uncomfortable place to live in, food, clothing, light, heat, schooling for the children, everything to read that the public library affords, and a good many diversions. The difference between what they get and what a big-city family on $15,000 a year gets will consist pretty largely of embellishments and amusements.

The $15,000 family will have a guest room. Father and mother will sleep in twin beds of wood painted blue instead of in a double bed of cast iron painted white. They will be better supplied with bathtubs. They will see the play on the stage with the original cast, whereas the $1500 family sees it in the movies. Father will have a regular two or three weeks' vacation, but probably get less fishing in the course of a year than the head of the $1500 country-town family enjoys.

I don't mean that the extra things the $15,000 family has are not well worth while; but in any rational view of the satisfactions and opportunities of life, does the $15,000 family get ten times as much as the $1500 family? Of course it doesn't. Maybe if you could reduce all the intangibles to arithmetical terms, it gets three times as much. In other words, its dollars are worth less than half as much as the dollars of the $1500 family.

Of course, in every actual case it will all depend upon the actual family. But by and large, after you have got a decent living, according to the standards of your community, the value of money is in inverse ratio to the size of the income. Given a decent living, men want happiness, which can't be bought. Fifteen-hundred-a-year thinks $15,000 will buy it, and Fifteen-thousand thinks he might purchase it for $50,000. The rule is that the more money a man has, the less value he gets for it. As you go upward from $15,000 the law of diminishing returns works still more ruthlessly; $100,000 a year means, probably, a big apartment in town and a big house in the country that drive mother to distraction with servant tribulations and introduce a whole library of social rivalries and heartburnings, to say nothing of complicating the problem of the children.

When Dollars Seem Nickels

Fifteen-thousand goes abroad in a stateroom without a bath, a Hundred-thousand goes in a suite on B deck. But they go in the same ship, eat the same food and dance to the same orchestra. A Hundred-thousand's money isn't worth nearly half as much per dollar as Fifteen-thousand's. If you have very few dollars, each one is worth a large premium, for it keeps you alive. Maybe somewhere around $10,000 a year a dollar is worth par. After that it goes increasingly to a discount. We might put it in a diagram like this:

YEARLY INCOME	VALUE OF EACH DOLLAR
$1,000	$2.00
$10,000	1.00
$100,000	.25
$1,000,000	.05

The value of money fluctuates also with the temper of the times. Of course in a time of depression commodity prices will most likely fall, and economists take that into account. But that doesn't measure the whole difference. In boom times, as we have been seeing in Florida, the value of a

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THE CAR YOU CAN RECOMMEND TO YOUR BEST FRIEND

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LAURA LA PLANTE in "POKER FACES"

The fact that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSAL is accentuated by the GREATER MOVIE LIST which UNIVERSAL has created for 1926-27. The stories are chosen from the work of brilliant writers and the players from among the best the screen world affords.

Here is a partial list which I commend warmly to your consideration. In succeeding advertisements, I will give you the others. If you will preserve this list, it will prove a guide to your best entertainment for months to come.

***"Poker Faces"*—starring** EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, one of the funniest men on the New York stage, and LAURA LA PLANTE. Adapted from the popular novel by Edgar Franklin. Directed by Harry Pollard.

***"The Old Soak"*—starring** JEAN HERSHOLT with JUNE MARLOWE and GEORGE LEWIS. From the play by the well-known humorist, Don Marquis. Directed by Edward Sloman.

***"The Marriage Clause"*—featuring** FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, BILLY DOVE and WARNER OLAND. From The Saturday Evening Post story "Technic," by Dana Burnet. A Lois Weber production.

***"The Runaway Express"*—featuring** JACK DAUGHERTY and BLANCHE MEHAFFEY. From the internationally famous stories, "The Nerve of Foley," by Frank H. Spearman.

***"Her Big Night"*—starring** LAURA LA PLANTE, assisted by EINAR HANSON, a newcomer in the world of stars. Picture adapted from Peggy Gaddis' magazine story, "Doubling for Lora." Directed by Melville Brown.

HOUSE PETERS in ***"Prisoners of the Storm"***—a tale of the snow country. Directed by Lynn Reynolds.

Please remember that I am always sincerely glad to receive your comments, criticisms and suggestions. Write me.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson and Laura La Plante

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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dollar tends to fall because everybody, or a great many people, spend it more carelessly. And in a time of depression, aside from the change in commodity prices, people tend to spend money more carefully.

I can give you an illustration of fluctuation in the value of money, aside from change in commodity prices, right here. In three years the deposits in our bank have doubled—grown from $7,000,000 to $14,000,000. But the $14,000,000 isn't so good, dollar for dollar, as the $7,000,000 was. Too much easy money in it, for one thing. That's been the only important trouble with Florida the past three years—too much easy money. Industrially and agriculturally, we're a new state with enormous room for expansion; more or less in the condition of Kansas and Nebraska fifty years ago. Any expanding state needs capital. We used to have need of all the money we could get hold of. If you deposited $100 in the bank somebody here stood ready to borrow about seventy-five of it to buy goods for consumption, or to carry his orange crop through to harvest or to set up a jam factory. In short, the money, by and large, went into local production and distribution. It was worth par, or a premium, to the community.

Then along came this gorgeous real-estate development. Money poured in here to buy lots and build subdivisions. But a commercial bank can't lend money on real estate. So for three years we have been filled up with money that couldn't be used locally. The expansion was one-sided; the money and energy that went into real-estate development were out of all proportion to the money and energy that went into agriculture or manufacturing or merchandising. Money must be put at work somewhere, however; so we had to send the surplus funds up to New York to buy Northern commercial paper or to be loaned on call on the Stock Exchange. Every bank in Florida has been doing that.

Lending Cheap; Borrowing Dear

On the other hand, we have needed money all the while for permanent improvements—roads, hotels, apartment houses, dwellings, and so forth; long-term things that a commercial bank can't put its money into. The result is that we have been lending New York short-term money at 4 per cent interest and at the same time borrowing from New York as many millions of long-term money at 8 per cent interest. I could match transactions from the books of our little bank, where we have loaned at 4 and borrowed at 8 on the same day. We had too much of one kind of money and not enough of another kind.

That's one way of illustrating that the $14,000,000 isn't so good, dollar for dollar, as the $7,000,000 was; but it touches the least important phase of it. Economists distinguish between hard money and soft money; but a more important distinction is between hard money and easy money.

Lord only knows how many men flocked to Florida the past three years to get rich quick in the real-estate line. A great majority of them took to selling lots for somebody else. In 1923, 1924 and 1925, selling lots in Florida was about like selling circus tickets. Anybody could do it. No end of enterprising young men made more money in a month than they'd made before in a year. I know some chaps with no enterprise at all who made handsome incomes selling lots; and others, who would have been first-rate salesmen of anything, who were in the way of making a fortune. I have seen enough of it here in this one spot to know that a lot of that easy money turned out to be stage money.

Some hard-headed individuals may be able to stand easy money, but it isn't good for a community. For one thing, it calls the rats. Wherever there is a lot of easy money there will be a lot of rascals. Every gold rush and oil boom illustrates that. And in spite of all that moralists may say, people, in the main, will always go for the easy money first. The other day a friend came to me with a bitter hard-luck story. He owns and operates a furniture business. Last year was the best one he's ever had—$60,000 net, in round figures.

"But I worked my head off to make it," he wailed. "I've been working my head off on that business for fifteen years. Two years ago I bought a couple of lots on Second Street. I never did anything to 'em or about 'em, except to walk past once in a while and look at 'em. I sold 'em last fall at a net profit of $75,000—25 per cent more than I made working myself to a shadow in the store for a whole year. It makes me feel like a fool."

I sympathized with him. It does make you feel like a fool to work hard for money when you can make more by doing nothing. The easy money comes first in your affections. I've made some money myself speculating in real estate here. It tickles me a lot more than the money I have really done something to earn. That's corrupting, you know. A drink of whisky makes you feel better, for a little while, than going through a set of physical exercises does; but we all know it's not so healthy. Easy money is financial whisky drinking—corrupting.

Regulating Money's Morals

In the end, don't forget, easy money lives off hard money. It's plain enough that no dollar would be worth anything unless somebody had made a dollar's worth of something that a man could eat, wear, play with or otherwise consume. If there wasn't a corresponding dollar's worth of something that a man could eat, wear, play with or otherwise consume, your dollar would be only waste paper, or a souvenir. So if you get a dollar without having made something that can be eaten, worn, played with or otherwise consumed, you are riding on a pass. I can illustrate that for you:

Four and a half years ago Jim Weyburn bought a couple of hundred acres of sand and cabbage palms over on Mackerel Key. He was going to build a bridge across the shallow water—wooden thing, to be sure, but enough for temporary purposes—so the key could be reached from the mainland by automobile. He was going to level the land, build streets, sidewalks, a sewer system, houses—make a town over there. It looked pretty wild to me at the time; but Jim had some money and no end of enthusiasm. He went to work.

Then that Detroit bunch came down here and bought a tract south of Jim's land. They were going to build a million-dollar hotel, and streets, sidewalks, sewer system, and so forth. I knew they had more money than Jim, and maybe as much enthusiasm. Besides, by that time there were signs of a boom. It didn't look so wild. I happened to know of thirty acres on the key that could be bought reasonably, so I bought it. I never did anything to it, but Jim and the Detroiters tore up their part of the key and made it all over—manufactured it out of the raw so it was fit for human consumption. I sold my thirty acres last spring at a very satisfactory profit, all of which I grafted out of Jim and the Detroiters, who did the work. My easy money lived off their hard money.

My money is just as good, in the bank and in the market, as theirs is. Its moral constitution is different, but our crude currency system affords no means of expressing the difference. Many moralists deplore that. Now and then they try to fix up a law that will prevent it or curb it—such, for example, as the laws regulating or forbidding speculation in wheat and cotton. But it is fearfully difficult to draw a line.

All the permanent improvements that have been put on Mackerel Key in the past four years, making it suitable for human consumption—I mean the hotel, the bathhouses, the dwellings, the business buildings, the streets, sewers, and so forth—must have cost, I reckon, at least $10,000,000. I know Jim Weyburn had only $100,000. I doubt that the Detroiters put in as much as $500,000 of their own money. All the rest came from people who bought lots, and about nine out of ten of 'em bought the lots solely for speculation—not meaning to live on them but only to pick up some easy money by selling them to somebody else at an advance. Without their speculative money, the improvements couldn't have been made.

A year ago Northern newspapers and magazines were full of easy-money stories from Florida—the stenographer who bought a lot on Main Street for $1000 and sold it for $30,000. A great many of the stories were true. Reading 'em day after day might give an impression that there had been a cloud-burst of easy money out of the sky down here. But whatever easy money there was in it had to live off somebody else's hard money.

You buy a lot on Main Street for $10,000 and sell if for $100,000. Your $90,000 profit is a mortgage on the lot—just as though you had loaned $10,000 on it and then, when the mortgagor wasn't looking, slipped in another cipher, making it $100,000. The mortgage runs for all time—unless there's a slump in real estate. Whoever uses the lot in the future must pay interest on your $90,000 profit. Finally, however it may be handed along, the interest must be paid in hard money. If there was a simple lease on an 8 per cent basis, the rent of the lot when you bought it would be $800 a year, and $8000 a year when you sold it; that is, 7200 additional real hard dollars would have to be paid in every year for the use of it.

The man who bought the lot of you and put up a shoe shop on it could afford to pay more rent because population grew and there were more people to trade in his shop. He charged no more for his goods than a man with an $800-a-year shop charged four years before, and as there was no traceable loss to anybody, your $90,000 profit might seem to come out of the sky. But it cost a whole lot of effort—a mighty lot of thought, energy and perspiration—to get more people into this town and to provide hotels, houses, bathing beaches, golf links and what not for them. A great deal of work went into that. If you just sat still, you rode on a pass; your easy money lived off somebody else's hard money.

On the other hand, if you bought one of Jim Weyburn's lots on Mackerel Key for a speculation, your money helped him to make those permanent improvements. So you see the difficulty of drawing a hard-and-fast line. Maybe it would be better to cut out all the easy money and give nobody a dollar unless he'd done something to earn it; but I don't know how you could do it—or whether when you got the patent to working, it would give better final results than we get under the present happy-go-lucky scheme, for as it is now, easy money tends powerfully to cut itself out.

The Trouble With Easy Money

I was up in New York the last of January and again the first of April. There was a lot of easy money in January. Stocks had been going up with hardly a waver for months. My wife had grown real sentimental about a young woman with a French accent in a Fifth Avenue dressmaker's shop because this young woman can charm her into forgetting her two last dimensions. Mignon let her know, in January, that she was going to take a long vacation this summer; going back to Paris; she was in a little pool in United Dough. Man at the cigar stand in the hotel was looking up, too; he had something good in Converted Motors. The town was full of 'em.

But along in March Old Man Reality handed the dream three strong kicks and the bloat went out of stocks with a wheeze like a punctured tire. In April everybody was down to earth again, with tremendously increased respect for hard money, the easy money having cut itself out. Of course that's always happening on the Stock Exchange and in every other speculation. Our Florida speculation is better than Wall Street's, though. When a Stock Exchange

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America has its aristocracy of intelligence and culture, of achievement and wealth, of taste and talent. Every community has its leaders of thought and action. And historic Washington—drawing its leaders from every section of the Union—is representative of the aristocracy of them all.

There in the world's greatest capital it is natural to find Packard cars honored by marked preferment—now as for a generation past. That five of the distinguished jurists of the United States Supreme Court own Packard cars is but an indication of this preference among those whose taste and judgment is unquestioned.

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boom is over, nothing is left of it; the stocks are exactly what they were when the boom began; but I reckon that 80 per cent or more of all the money that's been put into lot speculation in Florida has been spent for permanent improvements—that much added to the solid wealth of the state.

The lads who devote themselves most exclusively to the pursuit of easy money seldom have any real coin to speak of. They've been saying for some time that American suckers lose $1,000,000,000 a year through fake stocks and other swindles. I'll bet that if $1,000,000,000 was garnered in that manner in 1924, the fakers haven't got 10 per cent of it left in 1926. Almost always when one of 'em is pinched it turns out that he is broke. They used to say of the stock market that bears all die broke. They didn't say, what is just as true, that bulls die broke, too, if they stick to speculation.

I've often wished our currency system was more discriminating. Sitting in the bank day after day, I see deposits roll in. It all goes down in our books just as so many dollars, one dollar exactly like another. There is no way, under our system, of distinguishing one dollar from another. Yet there often is a great difference between one dollar and another. Month ago I took seven dollars out of the till and bought two tickets to Fritz Kreisler's concert. When I came away from that concert I wouldn't have pushed my wife off a pier for anything. Probably I'd have given her some money to buy a bar pin if she'd asked me for it then. I was anxious about the children's education and pretty humble about myself. I would have been pleased to do something nice for somebody.

Sheep Dollars and Goat Dollars

Well, a friend had been after me to go out to see the dog races, so three or four evenings later I went. Noisy sort of place; big crowd. Took half an hour to get a race started and half a minute to run it. You're supposed to employ the half hour milling around downstairs, placing your bets on the next race. I bet ten dollars and lost it. Incidentally, I saw a couple of our young men from the bank out there and wasn't much pleased. Soon's I got to the bank next morning, after making myself unpopular at breakfast, I began looking around for a mortgage on a widow's only bedstead that I could foreclose.

The Kreisler concert drew $6000. The dog races drew $6000. Both sums go into the bank on an exact equality. Under a discriminating currency system, every Kreisler dollar would be worth a five-dollar gold piece and every dog dollar a nickel. It isn't only the currency system. A wise Government puts both enterprises down under the head of amusements, taxes them alike and gives both the same encouragement or discouragement. Everything has to go in broad sweeps.

We have made a great effort, the past four years, to attract people and money to Florida—any kind of people except the kind that come under the criminal statutes, and any kind of money. But some money is worth more than other money. How is a town to tell which kind is best?

For example, man comes here with a couple of thousand dollars and makes a first payment on a lot on South Main Street, then sits around until somebody else builds a public garage down that way, when he sells his lot at a profit of $5000 and goes home with the loot. He hasn't done much for us, has he?

Another man comes in with a couple of thousand dollars and starts a cash-and-carry grocery on South Main. That's a convenience to a good many people down that way; saves 'em time every day in their marketing. The grocer has a job for a couple of boys, and a girl at the cashier's desk, which helps them. You'd say he earns his passage.

You may take another man with $2000 who buys a bit of that heavy soil south of town and turns it into a first-rate truck garden -gives you good early vegetables where only weeds used to grow. That's better than as though he had put the $2000 in a mortgaged launch to take thumb-fingers out fishing in. No $2000 will be just like any other $2000. Ought to be a chapter in your currency book that would guide a town in its effort to attract men and money.

But none of those people had the kind of money we have been trying hardest to get. The kind we've been after hardest was exemplified by the gentleman—you met him—who came down here with his wife and daughter and took a suite at a large hotel. He stayed four weeks and I happen to know that his hotel bill came to just over $2000. Now that money went first to Northern persons who hold the bonds on the hotel. The hotel buys a good deal of its provender wholesale, so that part of the money went out of town immediately. Also it imports most of its help for the season, feeding and lodging them in the hotel, so part of whatever the gentleman paid for service went out of town.

Doesn't look as though we locally got very much of the man's $2000, but he is a very rich and famous man; therefore he's good advertising. Newspapers all over the country will print that So-and-So is staying for a month at Pearly Gates. That naturally raises an implication in millions of minds that Pearly Gates must be a fine place to stay in, because So-and-So is rich enough to pick and choose his sojourning places. We can afford to meet him with a brass band and print his picture every day whether we get any of his money or not. It's first-rate advertising. We're trying to sell our town to the public, same's everybody else in America is. Who that has anything to sell wouldn't give a glad hand to 5000 lines of pure reading matter? That's what So-and-So is.

He calls tourists. But tourists are an export trade, and I don't believe any export trade is quite as good as domestic trade. I'd rather make chewing gum to sell to Americans than make locomotives to sell to all the rest of the world. By and large, there'll be less bother; you can control it better. I used to grow the best citrus fruit in the world before this boom came along and I cut the grove up for town lots. There was much bother and disappointment in selling the stuff in Northern markets. Finally I canvassed the hotels, restaurants, fruit stands and even homes all around here—within a radius that a truck would reach economically—and got a home market. Sometimes I sold fruit for considerably less than I might have got by shipping it North, but on the whole it was much more satisfactory and profitable.

Wanted—Men With Ideas

There are a lot of little intangibles in selling to your neighbors, as against exporting.

Of course, tourist business is all among us fellow Americans, but something of the same principle comes in; it's a sort of export trade. You're an illustration. I remember you used to come here some winters and go somewhere else other winters. You were an uncertain factor, to be worried about. Then you bought a house here, and we needn't bother any more. Your trade was cinched. You'd changed over from a foreign customer to a home customer. If we can get a tourist to spend his money buying a home, that's better than the same amount of money spent in rent. We needn't worry about him any more. There's no overhead of advertising, and so on, to be charged against him.

But there's more than that. New York, Chicago and Philadelphia have got so big and rich that what they're mostly conscious of, collectively speaking, is indigestion. If you ask them what they want they'll probably say better workingmen's habitations or more children's playgrounds or a new subway. But if you drop in on any other American community, from 500 inhabitants up to 1,000,000, and ask what's wanted, they'll tell you they want their natural resources developed, more and better agriculture and industry—especially industry—manufactures.

Manufactures is the word now. Detroit wants more automobile factories and Lone Oak—whether it is North, South, East or West—is agitated by rumors that somebody is going to start a pickle factory or a barrel factory. Manufactures is the word. Every town wants 'em. We hear it all over Florida especially, and we're looking around for natural resources that are suitable for manufactures.

But the place where the most important natural resources, for manufacturing purposes, are located is under somebody's bald spot. Ideas, not coal or iron ore, are the great resource for manufactures. The right bald spot is just as apt to step off the train here as anywhere else.

The Swiss export goods, mostly manufactures, to the yearly value of $100 for every man, woman and child in the country. They have no coal, iron, copper or any other of the big raw materials of industry. But they have brains and perseverance. If you can get enough ingenious and enterprising people settled in any ten square miles, you will have industry. So it's better for us to get people to settle here rather than simply to visit here. If they've got a good idea under their topknots, and settle here, we shall get the benefit of it.

Acorns of Industry

I'm on a survey committee to look over this part of the state and see where there may be some opportunities for new industries. Nearly every live town has some such committee. We've got a couple of prospects now that are ready to start if we'll help 'em raise $1,000,000. But industry starts with ideas, not with money—always has since the first man chipped a piece of flint into an arrowhead. Anybody can start anything if you'll give him enough money. The man I'm anxious to find is one that can show his goods without charging $1,000,000 admission fee.

To get new industries started, we've got to find the right men and back them up. But I'm not at all excited about the man who wants the community, through private solicitation or advertised stock subscriptions, to build him a million-dollar plant to begin with. If any man has demonstrated a million-dollar ability he can build his own plant. If he hasn't demonstrated it yet, let him begin on a modest scale, as any experiment should.

I'm interested in the so-called small man. Encourage him. Every big industry was a small man once; and every time some blockhead says the days of small beginnings are ended in the United States you can turn to your daily newspaper and read that the man who started making a new kind of hairpin ten years ago, with a capital of $250, has just bought a $250,000 estate on Long Island. I say, watch for the little fellow who has growth in him.

You should devote a chapter of your currency book to conspicuous successes like Rockefeller, Carnegie, Ford, who started with very little capital and ended with a great deal; and then to conspicuous failures who started with considerable capital and ended with none. Fortunately for you, examples of conspicuous failure can be found in every community. Then you can draw up a diagram to illustrate the true ratio of capital increase like this:

1,000 in dollars, multiplied by 1,000 in ability, equals $1,000,000.
50,000 in dollars, multiplied by 100 in ability, equals $500,000.
100,000 in dollars, multiplied by minus 50 in ability, equals $25,000.
1,000,000 in dollars, multiplied by minus 100 in ability, equals $0.

If you are too lazy to do it yourself, you can get somebody to work it out in proper curves. Of course all these are only random suggestions. But I hope you will apply yourself to the subject and make something worth while out of that book.

When Lockhart was flagged in as the winner at the Indianapolis Speedway on May 31, a Champion equipped car had won this great motor classic for the third successive time.

Champion — for cars other than Fords — packed in the Blue Box — 75 cents each.

Champion X — exclusively for Fords — packed in the Red Box 60 cents each.

SUPREME

No matter how fine or well made the motor car you drive, its satisfactory performance is absolutely dependent on its spark plugs. That is why engineers who design the finest cars made, both in this country and Europe, have selected Champions as standard equipment and why two out of three motorists the world over buy Champions regularly.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs render better service for a longer time. But even Champions should be replaced after 10,000 miles service. Power, speed and acceleration will be restored and their cost saved many times over in less gas and oil used

A blade with backbone to conquer whale-bone whiskers!

IT takes substance to give a keen edge—so we make Ever-Ready Blades of rigid, rugged, reinforced steel, tempered to perfection, ground to microscopic fineness.

It takes a blade with backbone to give a clean shave—so we put a backbone of solid steel on each Ever-Ready Blade.

Contrast the Ever-Ready (A) to the wafer-like blade (B). Notice the heavy steel body of the Ever-Ready. Notice the perfect bevel edge which can be compared only to the edge of an old-fashioned straight razor. No wonder Ever-Ready outlasts, out-shaves, out-economizes everything that ever tackled a beard!

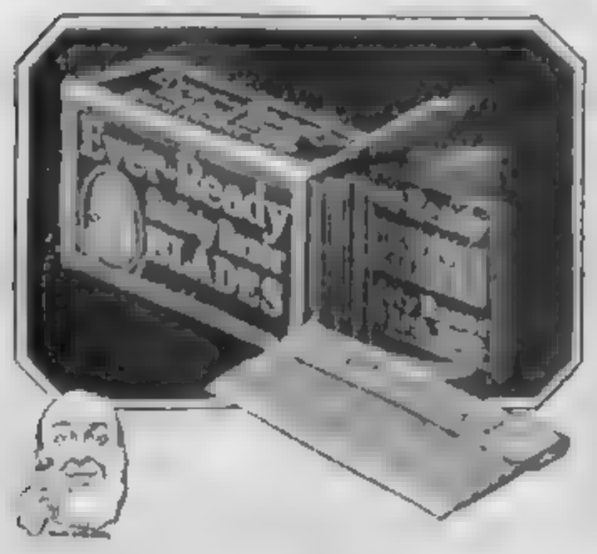
About Ever-Ready Razors

Ever-Ready is the perfectly balanced razor. It gives faster shaves and makes faster friends. If your Ever-Ready Razor isn't batting 1.000, our service department will repair it or replace it! Send it to the

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades



THE ROMAN UMPIRE

(Continued from Page 5)

Che bel dentin!
Che Mussolin'!"
Which, freely translated, means, "Bully for Ben!
You can tell by his teeth he's a leader of men."

The King Grants an Audience to a Humble Blacksmith

One day within the Quirinal the king was sitting pensively,
Reading news and book reviews while sipping cups of tea,
When he murmured to his queenie, "This Benito Mussolini
Has done his bit for sunny It, it rather seems to me.
Don't you think we should invite him to our palace and requite him?
But he's lowly born and wholly strange to regal pomp, 'tis said.
Yet I'll pay his service loyal with approving words and royal,
Though he's humble and may mumble."
Quoth the queen, "Oh, go ahead!"
So they sent the king's equerry to produce the hero hairy;
Entered soon a brawny blacksmith in a uniform quite sweeto.
Said the king, "Pray don't be nervous.
Let me say how well you serve us.
We will treat you as an equal. Please sit down, my good Benito.

"Now, my worthy Mussolini, I was saying to my queenie ——"
"Izzat so?" remarked Il Duce, leaning gently on the throne.
"Sire, my time you mustn't fritter with orations sweet or bitter;
Public speaking I've discouraged—with exception of my own.
Good my liege, I've made this journey with a power of attorney ——
No, you needn't stop to read it. Here's the proper place to sign.
Also here's a proclamation which you're giving to the nation
And awaits your royal signature along the dotted line.
There! Now put your mind to rest, sire.
I admit I've done my best, sire.
I've crushed the malefactors and the Short and Ugs I've beat.
As you doubtless have diskivvered, while the spineless sat and shivered
Your fair country I've delivered—and I'm holding the receipt."

The kingly mouth was opening, but Mussolin' was garrulous:
"Now take my Roman Empire—won't it be a load of fun!
Though the overhead might irk us, we could start a Roman circus,
And we've lots of ruined hippodromes where chariot teams could run.
Each policeman in a tunic with a sword extremely Punic
And our senators in togas, weaving vine leaves in their hair;
Roman flappers wearing sandals, Roman sheiks enacting scandals
And Petronius to write his views on What the Men Will Wear!
We'll revive the ancient glory, do it multo con amore,
And the part of Julius Cæsar must be powerfully portrayed."
"Cæsar!" gasped the king. "What kind, sir, of a man have you in mind, sir?"
Smiled Benito, "I can find, sir, just the model, ready made."

So Benito left his monarch sitting pretty in the Quirinal,
A-blinking and a-thinking of the law of the majority,
And he sighed, "If there is any psycho-analyzing Bennie
We can find this fellow's complex.
Maybe it's inferiority."

The Course of Empire—Continued

The U. S. ambassador, living in Rome,
Was making himself, so he thought, quite at home;
But the empire was giving him pains in the dome.
Day after day marched the new Roman legions,
Kicking up dust round the Appian regions.
Bersaglieri
And carabinieri,
Armed with thick books, were beginning to stammer
Nouns and subjunctives from Green's Latin Grammar.
Round the old rivers with back fires and shivers
Chariot racers in secondhand flivvers
Practiced their stuff
Till the boss said, "Enuf."

Then the embassy shook with a crisis quite rough,
When a very wild Harvard boy, siding with Mars,
Bunched up his paw
And punched in the jaw
A guide named Astrologo, Seer of Stars.
The lad went to jail, where he tried to explain
How he'd taken the name Mussolini in vain.
Pretty soon he was freed, at Benito's command,
To study some laws that I can't understand.

Soon after this the ambassador met
The great Mussolin' o'er a plate of spaghet'.
"Well, Mussolinissimo," thus he began,
"How goes the new empire according to plan?"
"Oh, so-so." Il Duce sat twisting a length
Of that tape-measure food which gives Italy strength.
"Too bad," the ambassador gently pursued,
"That a wild lady Irisher acted so rude
And attempted to shoot
Off the end of your snoot."
"It's all in the day," shrugged the strenuous gent.
"My nose wasn't scratched, but the bullet was bent.
Speaking of empires"—Il Duce looked wistful—
"The fellow who starts one does sure get a fistful.
Twenty-four hours in the day isn't ample.

"Yesterday now—let's take that for example.
Rising at five, I awoke my stenographer,
Dictated notes for my autobiographer;
Dictated speeches to stir up that saucy man
Known to Berliners as Chancellor Stresemann;
Dictated one to the mayor of Venice,
Sternly discouraging gondola tennis.
Two hours of steady dictating, they say,
Is a very good start for a dictator's day.

"Breakfast at seven with twenty-six envoys,
Scientists, poets and newspaper pen boys
Whom I asked for advice in their epigrams speedy,
Limited mostly to, "Yes—yes, indeedy!"
Time being short, I was through at 9:30.
Mentioning some who were doing us dirty,
Rapidly taking a few referenda
On how we could capture some more Irredenta.
'Twas all confidential. By this you may guess
My speech wasn't mentioned except in the press.

"Then to the radio, where I addressed
A million Fascisti, my bravest and best.
Pleasing the boys of the Po and the Arno
With humorous anecdotes touching Locarno.

"I spoke at a Quirinal luncheon at one
And showed how our destiny follows the sun.
Old Gabe D'Annunzio flew in a rage
At the thought of another man's holding the stage.

"Right after luncheon I did some odd jobs
Like posing for statues and drilling my gobs,
Holding my box at a bicycle race
And cornerstone laying all over the place.

"At three, in an airplane which veered like a ship a-lee,
Off through the clouds to my province in Tripoli.
There midst the mullas
And dusky Abdullahs
I uttered a sermon more ringing than Sulla's.
Then gesturing wide o'er the landscape so palmy,
I thundered, 'Che bel!
With a summer hotel
And Addison Mizner and land salesmen balmy
We'll have a Miami!'"

The Course of Empire—Concluded

He paused momentarily, spooned zabaione
And looked like a bust of Napoleon Bony.
"My!" the ambassador said. "You're sublime!
But what do you do with the rest of your time?"
"I wait," he remarked, "till emergencies rise,
Then trust in my talent to spring a surprise.

"But"—here a small shadow obscured his bold gaze—
"My empire is baffling in several ways.
I've standardized glory and subsidized wealth,
Stabilized schools and a new board of health;
I've fitted our banners with S. P. Q. R.'s,
Opened the temples of Neptune and Mars,
Taught each policeman to stick out his beezer
And flag all the traffic with cries,
'Ave Cæsar!'
Yet spite of my plan
The average man,
Milanese peasant or Florentine yeoman,
Looks 'bout as much like a classical Roman
As Governor Smith like the Prince of Sudan.

"Now, signor, you see what the need of our race is—
Efficiency worked on a quantity basis.
A man with a dream
And a practical scheme
To turn all our lung power
And throat power and tongue power
Back into steam.
A two-fisted fighter who's out for the pennant
And able to be Mussolini's lieutenant.
Now who in America can you suggest?"

The U. S. ambassador pulled down his vest.
"The job you require
Is plenty for two, sir.
I think I might wire
And see what I can do, sir."
"Bellissima!" fearless Benito exclaims.
"What are their claims?
What are their names?"
"The one is our champion human gorilla,
Sniffing fresh blood so you think it's vanilla.
His name's Giovanni—Jack—Dempsi.
And Lordy!
The other's adroit,
For he lives in Detroit
And is known to the neighbors as Enrico Fordi."

Rated great tires by a great and growing public endorsement.

Distance Lends Enchantment

THERE may be finer points in other departments of The Grand Old Game, but nothing gives the average golfer such joy as does distance on his shots from the tee.

There are finer points in the competition of making and selling tires, but regularly to deliver tires that will out-distance rivals is the greatest source of satisfaction to those who make and sell them.

There may be real art in the design of a tread, real engineering in the construction that enables a tire to flex properly for comfort, but if it fail to deliver distance—mileage beyond compare—there is no joy in the making of it.

The great Hardware Wholesalers who first sponsored Mansfield Tires made distance—the ability regularly to deliver more mileage—the prime requisite of Mansfields.

And they gave us an advantage with which to work for distance—the lowest cost distribution ever enjoyed by a maker of tires.

Mansfields are now rated great tires by a great and growing public endorsement because they do regularly out-distance their greatest rivals.

On the practical side, since they cost you no more per wheel, they cost you less per mile and turn out to be not only the most satisfactory but the least expensive tire equipment you can have on your car.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords *Truck Cords* *Heavy Duty Cords* *Regular Cords* *Fabric Tires*

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

SMOOTH ROAD
WET RUBBER
Crash!

Mid-summer, no snow or ice this side of Yukon Territory. So you sail along over smooth concrete roads with never a thought of anti-skid chains—even after the first drops of rain turn into a steady shower.

But remember: *Wet rubber always slips,* and it isn't only when you jam on your brakes that you'll start skidding. It's the unexpected side slip—the terrible skid—that catches you unawares and throws your car out of control.

Don't take a chance! Put on WEED Chains and drive a little slower at the first drop of rain. . . . (you can't hurry once you land in the hospital).

WEED Chains have stopped wet rubber from skidding for 23 years. You can identify them by their red connecting hooks, galvanized side chains, and brass-plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

Don't risk a skid—use
WEED CHAINS
Standard for 23 years

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, *Limited,* Niagara Falls, Ontario
District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco

Makers of Weed Bumpers and Weed Levelizers

THE ROLL OF HONOR

(Continued from Page 19)

and the bacon crisp. Mr. Tutt laid the trout in the fat and held the pan over the fire. A delicious smell of bacon, coffee and wood smoke filled the air. The young man had thrown himself at full length on his back, his hat over his eyes.

"This is the life!" he sighed ecstatically. "What does anybody live in the city for? I'd rather have a morning like this than a whole winter of plays and movies and jazz parlors!"

Mr. Tutt lifted the frying pan off the fire, poured out the coffee and took from his waistcoat pocket the bottle containing the opaque liquid—condensed milk.

"Hash pile. Come and get it," he said. "Chow, I suppose you'd call it."

"How'd you guess that?"

"Way you hold yourself, and—well, I know a soldier when I see one."

Reuben Hayes sat down cross-legged before the fire and unwrapped a paper parcel.

"That's right! I was top sergeant for eighteen months. But a lot of good the war did me! I came out as hard-boiled as those eggs."

He did not look it. There was nothing cynical in his expression, which was rather that of discontent. Mr. Tutt offered him a stogy. "Come from around here?"

"Yep. My folks have always lived in Pottsville. I went to school in that old red shack on top of the hill—Number Three. It's all fallen to pieces now."

Mr. Tutt passed him the so-called malt extract again.

"That's the real stuff!" Hayes wiped his lips with the back of his hand. "I had a girl here, too, but I never came back after the war. It filled me up with a lot of notions. Seeing the world—all that sort of rot, you know. I wish it hadn't. I married and—oh, hell!—I know now the country's the only thing I care for! I haven't had a vacation—a real one—since I went into the insurance company. I've had my nose to the grindstone now for seven years. I'm sick of it!"

"Any kids?"

The young man's face lightened.

"Yep. Two—boy and girl. They're all right. But I hate to bring 'em up in the city. It's no place for children."

He lifted his lancewood rod affectionately. It was badly warped, the brass showed through the nickel of the ferrules, and the most of the varnish had disappeared.

"First time I've used my old rod since I left here. It used to belong to my dad. He was a great old scout. I keep it in the corner back of my bed in the flat. My wife wanted to chuck it out."

"Is she a country girl?"

Hayes grunted.

"Minnie? She can't breathe out of the Subway. But I must hand it to her for the way she put it over me, pretending she was all for the big open spaces where men were males. She had some poetry she used to shoot at me:

"'*Under the wide and starry sky . . . ,*
Gladly did I live and gladly die. . . .'

"To hear her talk you'd have thought that she was the original simple home-loving country girl, with domesticity for her middle name. Spends most of her time at the movies. She'd have me out to a cabaret every night in the week if I'd let her."

"Don't you like to dance?"

"Me? I'm usually too dog-gone tired! Besides, I object to the way the women get themselves up nowadays. I hate to see her with practically nothing on above her waist and her legs showing from the knees down. I like some hair on the head and clothes on the body. Too much paint!"

"Weren't you in love with her when you married her?"

"I suppose I was."

"How is she with the children?"

"Oh, all right enough. They're fine kids. But this is what they ought to have! It would give 'em the right start." He leaned back luxuriously against a stump. "And I ought to be able to get away every once in a while—have a little fun! A fellow wasn't intended to spend his life like a squirrel in a cage, running round and round until he dies. Ain't this great? I could lie here all day—but I can't!"

He had taken apart his rod and now he got up and held out his hand.

"I spoiled your sport this morning, Mr. Tutt. You go ahead now and fish the rest of the stream by yourself. I've got to go back anyway. So long!"

II

WITH a wave of his hand Hayes plunged into the woods. He had no fear of getting lost, for he had shot and trapped through them from boyhood. Instinctively, turning away from the brook, he soon came upon a disused path—the path he had once habitually taken when a boy as a short cut to school. How wonderful to be looking up through the trees at that immaculate blue sky again! It was almost as if he had never been away at all.

The heat and the weight of his catch soon slowed his pace, and by the time he had reached the edge of the pond he was ready to rest and smoke a pipe. A patch of grass invited him. There was something familiar about the spot. That big canoe birch over there seemed like an old friend. And then he remembered. Somewhere on the trunk of the birch he and Mary Smith had carved their initials. Could it have been ten years ago? First he had carved his and then she had borrowed his knife and cut hers. He was sure that day that she cared for him, although nothing had been said. Nevertheless, he had not dared to carve a heart around the initials. If only he had, how different everything might have been! Yet how could one tell? She had never answered his letter! Curse the war; it had played heck with everything! She was married now and lived in Chicago; that was all he knew about her. Resting his head against a trunk, Reuben Hayes fell asleep.

He was awakened by the snap of a twig. Someone was coming through the woods, following the path. It could not be Mr. Tutt, for he was in the other direction. Then he caught a flash of color and perceived that a woman had come out from among the trees and was standing beside the birch. For a moment the illusion was complete. He was positive that it was Mary Smith. Then he realized, although her back was turned to him, that this woman was considerably older than Mary. She had not seen him, and in order that she might not be startled when she did so, he rustled the leaves beside him and coughed. The woman turned round. There was no mistaking the tilt of that chin. It was Mary!

Reuben Hayes scrambled to his feet. He felt as though he were drowning; his lungs about to burst.

"Hello, Mary," he said, walking slowly towards her. "It's me—Reuben." Even at that distance he could see the flush that spread like a magenta stain across her oval face. She put her hand, palm down, quickly against the birch trunk.

"Why, Reuben, what are you doing here? I thought you lived in New York!" She might be older, but her voice was unchanged.

Her obvious embarrassment gave him back his self-possession.

"I do," he answered coolly. "I just came back to give the old place the once-over. Some time since we met! I hear you're married."

"Yes."

She was looking at him with a pitiful, appealing stare.

"Well, so am I! What's your new name?"

(Continued on Page 44)

An Interesting 5 Minutes

For People who would know how a truly fine car is made

If you would have a car that escapes monotonous conventionality

—if you would have a car built to do things that no other car can do, and does them

—you can hardly fail to appreciate these rather interesting and characteristic points about Marmon.

1] The New Marmon overhead valve engine, with double-fire ignition, pioneered by Marmon, is the most highly developed motor of its size in the world.

2] Marmon 112-pound crankshaft is the heaviest and most rigid in any motor car, thereby eliminating "whip" and vibration.

3] Diamond-cut engine bearings, considered a marvel of manufacturing precision, contribute to practically inexhaustible long life of engine.

4] System of lubricating bearings under pressure not duplicated in any other car: from 8 to 10 gallons of oil per minute pass through hollow crankshaft, cooling as well as lubricating the bearings.

5] The most accessible engine in the fine car field, contributing to low cost of maintenance.

6] Patented two-piece pistons, produced without regard to expense, but only with a view to results, combine the advantages of both cast iron and aluminum.

7] Three-Way Oil Purifier, introduced by Marmon, keeps the engine constantly supplied with clean, pure oil. Positive and fool-proof in operation. Saves the owner the annoyance of frequent oil change.

8] Exclusive, patented shock-resisting frame, 10 inches deep with built-in steel running boards ("side bumpers") one of the reasons why Marmon is the "safest car in the world".

9] Compensating rear springs, exclusive with Marmon—the most advanced of all American spring construction—one of the chief reasons why Marmon is the "easiest riding car in the world".

10] Safety steering gear, made by Marmon, is thirty times stronger than engineers consider to be actually necessary.

11] Quiet, permanently adjusted rear axle, made in the Marmon plant, is the strongest for its weight in the world.

These are but a few of the high points of design and painstaking care which go into every Marmon car—technical details of course, but typical of the Marmon policy of building to an ideal—not to a conventional mould—or to a price.

To make certain that every car is up to Marmon standards, the chassis is completely manufactured in the Marmon plant. In fact, Marmon goes further in this vital respect than other American builders of fine cars (*15,859 operations are performed in the Marmon factory to build one standard Marmon Car*).

If you would know more of Marmon's distinctive and unusual construction we suggest that you look over a Marmon quite carefully in the nearest Marmon salesroom.

Cars sold, if desired, on convenient Credit Plan
Twelve distinct models to choose from

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · INDIANAPOLIS

M A R M O N

"*The* Business of Buying a Heating System"

—written to help you solve a vital, complex problem

WHICH heating system? Among all the decisions which confront the owner or prospective owner of a residence or other building, none is more important than this.

For the home owner, the heating system is usually the largest single investment for equipment. For the industrial or commercial owner, it is a vital economic factor. It affects the permanent value of any structure probably more than any other one factor.

"The Business of Buying a Heating System" has been prepared for those who wish to approach the problem with the thoroughness its importance deserves. We have tried to clarify its complexities, to dig down to fundamentals, to distinguish between the applications of steam, vapor and hot water to buildings of different types and sizes, to present concise facts on the fuel question, to cite definite comparisons of economy in operation, definite examples of convenience and efficiency.

It is a thoroughly readable book, written from the layman's viewpoint, interesting as well as informative. We suggest that you send for it now, while there is still ample time to study the problems from every angle. A request will bring you your copy

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY

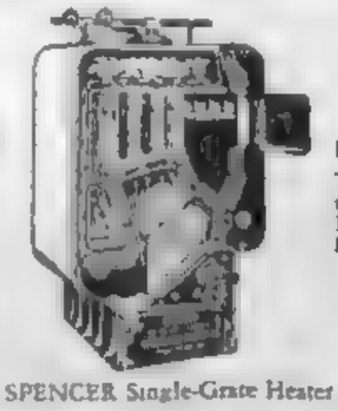
Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa. *Offices in Principal Cities*

DIVISION OF LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

"How Much Should the Heating System Cost in Relation to the Total Building Investment?"

What part should it play in the operating budget?

Heating systems for the home and for other kinds of buildings.



Fuels — their cost and available.

These are a few of the important topics covered in "The Business of Buying a Heating System" Write for a copy of this book.

SPENCER Single-Grate Heater

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal — Averages $7 less per ton — Less attention required

(Continued from Page 42)

"Hammerton."

"Hammerton!" he repeated. "Hammerton! Sounds kind of funny, doesn't it? Mary Hammerton!"

He came close and looked down at her. She was prettier than ever. At two inches she was a million miles from him.

"That was a nice trick you played me," he said.

"Trick! What trick?"

"Dumping me that way. Not answering my letter!"

The blood left her cheeks.

"I never got any letter!"

"Never got my letter! Not the one I mailed from Camp Upton?"

"I never received it!" she told him in a frightened voice. "I thought—I thought—you weren't—interested in me!"

"Not interested—after walking out with you all those years. What did you expect?"

"You never said anything!" Her eyes hung on him, pleading.

"I guess you knew how I felt all right," he grumbled. "The last time I saw you was right under this very tree. You were leaving next day for a month's visit to your aunt in Troy—that's right, isn't it? I wanted to ask you to marry me, but somehow I didn't have the nerve. We carved our initials—yours just under mine. I remember wondering what you'd say if I took the knife and carved a heart around 'em—whether that wouldn't be a good way to propose to you. But I was too much of a saphead! So I wrote you instead—to Troy! And you never answered!"

She put her hand to her breast. "You—you—wanted—to marry me!"

"Sure! And when I didn't hear from you, I enlisted. Now I'm married myself. Curse the luck!"

Her eyes filled, and removing her hand from the birch, she felt in her pocket for her handkerchief.

"Oh, Reuben!"

She had gone dead pale. Her hand slipped from the trunk and he caught her in his arms.

"Mary, darling, if I'd only known!"

She clung to him, sobbing. It was the first time they had ever embraced and he strained her to him fiercely, as if to compensate for what he had lost. His lips sought her temples, her eyes, her hair.

"Mary!"

"Reuben!"

Over her shoulder, indelibly cut in the curled and blackened bark of the old birch, as if forever, he saw the initials which their hands had carved.

R H
M S

Around them someone had carved a heart.

"Who put the heart there?" he demanded. "It wasn't there before!"

"I did," she whispered, "after I came back from Troy that time—and found you'd gone away. I always hoped that you'd come back!"

For a brief space there was nothing to be heard except the tinkle of the brook. Overhead a Peabody bird was calling to its unseen mate.

"Well, I have, Mary!" he assured her. "Here I am!"

III

IT WAS half-past six o'clock before Mr. Tutt unjointed his rod, and lighting his last stogy, turned his back on Chasm Pond and started homeward through the woods. He had had a long day; but though his basket was heavy, his heart was light. Could it be that already he had compassed the allotted span of years? It seemed no time at all since he had been a barefoot boy wading the brook on his father's farm and trudging the dusty road to the old schoolhouse. It was all so much more vivid than the years between. That village school had shaped his life, such as it had been. And now that life was nearly over, sinking like the sun which was flooding the trees all about him with a mellow amber light. Just such a mellow light flooded the old man's soul as he tramped along the path toward the highroad, and the song in it was not unlike that of the flutings of the hidden veeries and wood thrushes among the branches above his head.

"A fellow has got to quit sometime," he thought. "After all, it's not when you die, but how you die. I've beaten my Egyptian namesake by fifty-eight years already."

Soon he reached an open field across which the path led into the full glory of the sunset. Tier on tier, the blue ridges melted away, one behind another, into the blazing furnace of the west. The world, drenched with gold, was spread out like a map, the red and green fields taking the place of counties—a map tinted by a Leonardo, opalescent, glowing—with ladders of mystic light leaning against the open windows of eternity.

Mr. Tutt pulled down his hat brim and crossed the field to where the sagging ruin of old Number Three stood on the crest of the hill, just above the road. Surely it had been an inspiring place for a schoolhouse! What child, gazing down upon the brimming ocean of field, farm and forest that lifted to the horizon's edge, but must have felt his heart flutter in answer to the flag above the ridge pole.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

Obviously, it had been abandoned a long time, for the windows were empty of glass, the roof had partially fallen in, and alders and burdocks had crowded up about the open door. A shaft from the sun, now on a level with the old man's eyes, shot through the windows and illuminated the interior. He pushed through the shrubbery and gazed sadly upon the desolation of education within, which reeked with the odor of animals and decay. Was it possible that the children of Turkey Hollow had ever studied and played in such a tiny box? The timbers and baseboards had been gnawed by woodchucks and the floor was littered with the evidences of their presence, as well as with empty cans, broken bottles and bricks and mortar from the chimney, while in one place it had rotted away entirely and a poor little desk lay upside down in the excavation with its legs in the air.

Mr. Tutt, stepping gingerly among the débris, made his way to the platform on which had stood the teacher's desk. There were no windows here and this had allowed space for the blackboard, which was intact and still bore tracings of names and figures. In the center was a rude attempt at decoration in scrolls of colored chalk:

ROLL OF HONOR
July 4, 1912

The names were there, faint but still legible.

Honor! His mind flew back over sixty years to the schoolhouse of his own boyhood. It had vanished long ago to give place to an edifice of marble, brick and Indiana limestone, with auditorium, laboratory and sick room, a trained nurse with a diploma in dietetics, an athletic instructor and a moving-picture machine. Did these perfectly equipped buildings stand for an equally elevated set of ideals? Did such a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar institution teach a higher standard of honor than the little old red schoolhouse at the crossroads?

He put on his glasses and studied the names—pioneer names from Vermont and Massachusetts, whose owners had trekked west in their covered wagons a couple of centuries or more ago. He shook his head doubtfully. Were we holding up? Were the rugged virtues of our forefathers being undermined by material selfishness under the guise of individualism? Did ideals hold their place in a world where everyone seemed to be for himself and the devil after the hindmost? Where the children frankly declined to accept any responsibilities because they had not been consulted about being brought into the world; and where

(Continued on Page 46)

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Low to the road—gracefully poised—modeled with expert artistry, it's a *MASTERPIECE* of fine body craftsmanship.

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(Continued from Page 44)

the parents, having brought them there, refused to acknowledge any duty on the ground that they themselves were entitled to live their own lives! What sort of lives were the boys and girls on that roll of honor leading now?

The sunlight faded as he stood there, and by the time he made his exit the bonfire in the west had sunk to smoldering embers.

A hundred yards down the road Sheriff Moses Higgins was waiting in his flivver to take him back to Pottsville.

"Any luck?" he asked, as Mr. Tutt climbed in beside him.

"Well," answered the lawyer, "as the old Nantucket skipper said, after a three years' cruise, 'We didn't get no whales, but we had a darn fine sail!' I didn't get no whales, but I had a grand day."

"Folks most always gits something at Chasm Brook."

"There were trout enough—only I didn't hook 'em. There was another fellow just ahead of me. He got a fine string."

"Who was the son of a gun?" inquired the sheriff.

"A young man who sayd his name was Hayes."

"Rube! I heard he was in town. Well, I guess he deserves a day's sport. He's had tough luck. Everybody thought he was going to marry Mary Smith—Doc Smith's daughter—over to Patterson Corners. They was just about the same age and always together—childhood sweethearts, you know. But the war come along and turned everything topsy-turvy, and Rube, he ran into a flibbertigibbet of a girl over on t'other side—one o' them war-workin' vamps in uniform that handed out cigarettes—and married her. She's led him a fine chase ever since, they tell me!"

"What happened to the other girl?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Oh, she hung round awhile and finally married a dry-goods man named Hammerton from Chicago. I kin remember when she was the prize scholar back there on the hill in old Number Three and pretty as a picter. She's had a rough time, too, I reckon. This here feller she married is one o' them fly guys that knows it all. Wants her to doll up all the time and go caperin' round with him. Mary was always the quiet sort who liked to stay home with her folks. She'd never been to the city before she got married. I guess it kind of surprised her."

"The city surprises a lot of people!"

"Her dad says she's mighty dissatisfied in spite of the fact she's got a couple of nice babies. Says she wants to live in the country, but natcherly her husband won't let her."

It was nearly dark and the stars were beginning to glitter above the saffron of the afterglow as they passed a two-story brick schoolhouse at the foot of the hill, on the outskirts of the town. The sheriff waved his hand. "That's the new grammar school. Cost forty-eight thousand dollars."

"How long has it been built?"

"Thirteen years next autumn. The old one top o' the hill was just halfway between Pottsville and Patterson Corners. We had a typhoid scare the summer of 1912 and held school in the P. of H. Hall the next winter. Follerin' spring the folks over to Patterson concluded they'd build one of their own and we decided to do the same thing, and they just let old Number Three fall to pieces the way it is now. Kind of a shame, ain't it, to see the old landmarks go?"

Ma Best was standing on the front steps of the Phœnix Hotel.

"Supper's waiting for you. Thought you must 'a' fallen into the pond and drownded yourself or suthin'!" she declared. "Where on earth have you been all day? Ketch any fish? Won't you join us, sheriff?"

But the sheriff had other engagements, and after shaking hands with Mr. Tutt, began his customary series of attempts to start his car.

Above the uproar, ma called to him, "Who do you s'pose I saw git off the train this mornin'? Mary Smith! She looked just too sweet for anything! Said she'd come for a three weeks' visit to her father."

Sheriff Higgins abruptly shut off the gas and turned around.

"Holy crickets!" he ejaculated. "You don't say! Did you know Rube Hayes was in town?"

"No!"

"Well, he is! Mr. Tutt ran across him fishing up on Chasm Brook."

Ma Best shrugged her stout shoulders.

"I don't see what business it is of ours if they both are here together!" she protested. "The poor things!"

IV

NEVER, since the trial of Skinny the Tramp for the murder of the Hermit of Turkey Hollow, had the town of Pottsville boiled with such excitement as that generated by the simultaneous arrival of Mary Smith and Reuben Hayes. Villages like Pottsville are apt to be hotbeds of suspicion, and in this instance events seemed to justify it, for the two former sweethearts made no concealment of the fact that they were passing most of their time in each other's company. They had both been popular in the town as young people, so long as they had lived there, but now the fact that they had deserted the home of their youth was held up against them as an added cause for resentment.

There were, in short, but two opinions among the inhabitants as to the supposed action of Mary Smith and Reuben Hayes in utilizing their native place as a rendezvous—on the one hand that it was indiscreet if not indelicate, and upon the other that it was simply scandalous. Even Cy Pennypacker, who in view of his historic adventure with Zaida, the zingaro vamp, might have hesitated to juggle with moral eggshells, ventured the unabashed assertion that considerin' Pottsville hadn't been good enough for Reuben Hayes and Mary Smith to stay in, their joint return under the circumstances was an insult to the religious and ethical sentiment of the community in general and of the Sacred Camels of King Menehk in particular.

Gossip, constructed like the magpie's nest of straws and mud, related how Reuben and Mary had been engaged, quarreled and then had each married out of pique, only to find that they still loved each other; that they had continued to correspond, had met surreptitiously in other places, and had now selected Pottsville as the safest place to carry on their secret liaison. Indeed, Toggery Bill Gookin, secure in the knowledge that there would be thirty-eight good and true Camels at his back, seriously proposed during a fodder that the Abyssinian Brotherhood, having adorned Reuben Hayes with a coat of tar and chicken feathers, should ride him out of town upon a rail. To which, during the pause following the suggestion, Mr. Tutt had replied:

"Nonsense, Brother Gookin! If you are going to ride on a rail every man who would like to go out walking with an attractive young married woman, you'll have to begin with me!"

This state of affairs had continued for about a week, when one evening just as Mr. Tutt, thoroughly tired after a long day's fishing, was about to go to bed, he was informed by Ma Best that Reuben Hayes and Mrs. Hammerton were downstairs and wished to see him.

"And they're up to no good, in my opinion!" she remarked, eying him severely. "I suspicion what they're after is for you to fix it up somehow so's they kin get married. Now, don't you do it! This is a respectable town and there ain't never been a single divorce in it, so far as I know, and no misbehavin' neither, exceptin' that old Cy Pennypacker, and I reckon his wife made him pay good and plenty for whatever antics he cut up with that gypsy woman."

Mr. Tutt, who had removed his shoes and waistcoat, and was sitting with his white-stockinged feet crossed upon the table, laid

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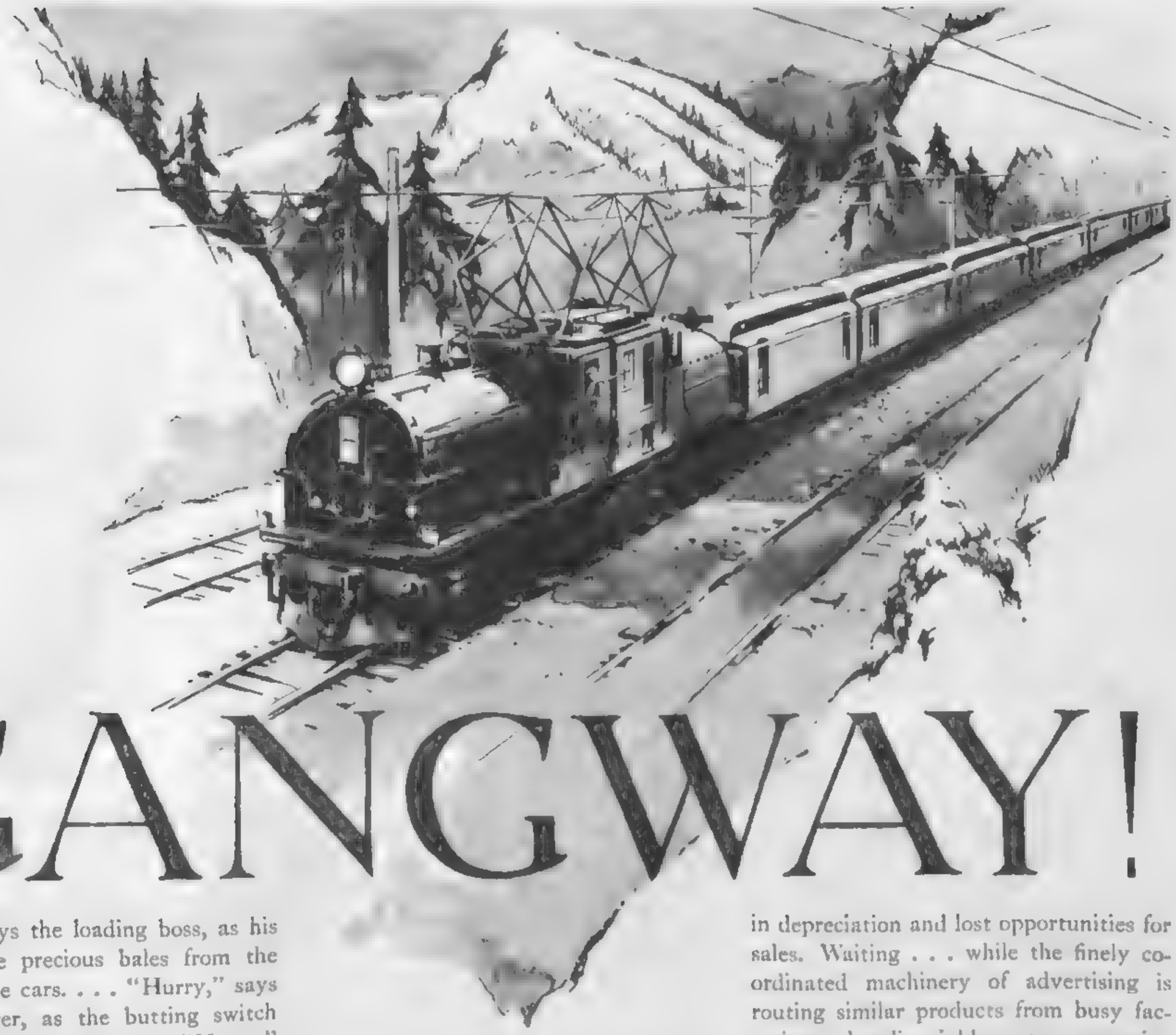


GANGWAY!

"HURRY," says the loading boss, as his men rush the precious bales from the steamer to the cars. . . . "Hurry," says the yardmaster, as the butting switch engines make up the train. . . . "Hurry," says the engineer, as he waits for the orders that clear the tracks.

Gangway for the Silk Special—the word runs from division to division. And out from Seattle, across the continental divide, and down the long, long slope to the Atlantic, the best men and the finest rolling stock available take their priceless cargo to the New York market. Passing mixed freights and milk trains. Passing locals waiting on sidings. Taking the right of way even from the haughty, brass-bound limiteds, the Silk Special hums on. Running against time. Taking no chances. Making few stops.

The value of the merchandise carried by the Silk Special runs well into the millions. And every hour that this merchandise is in transportation represents a dead loss to its shippers. Not only in interest on the amount invested, but also in insurance and in lost opportunities for sales. No wonder that one of our largest railroads extends itself to the utmost to save its customers the time that saves their money.

In factories, in warehouses, in thousands of retail stores, merchandise worth millions is waiting for buyers. Losing huge sums daily in interest, in insurance, in depreciation and lost opportunities for sales. Waiting . . . while the finely co-ordinated machinery of advertising is routing similar products from busy factories to hustling jobbers, to progressive retailers, to millions of consumers.

It is the special ability of advertising to clear the tracks to new markets and to create or increase a demand for any product of real merit. Directed by long experience with the buying habits of the public, planned with an intimate knowledge of the needs of wholesalers and retailers, advertising can and does move merchandise. Slowly at first, perhaps, then gathering momentum, gaining speed . . . and finally making sales records whose results are entered on the advertisers' ledgers in larger amounts each year—*in black ink*.

N. W. AYER & SON
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 46)

down his book and stretched his long arms ceilingward.

"Why do you think so?" he asked.

"I can tell by the way they look at each other. Anyhow, it's only natural. You can't blame 'em much. Only you mustn't let 'em. I know Mary's husband, and while he ain't nothin' to set the world on fire, he's a nice enough young feller and awful fond of her. As fer Rube's girl, I guess she's all right, only she ain't just his kind of folks. But she's crazy about him too! I guess it ain't that they don't like the ones they're married to half so much as they wish they was married to each other!"

"And then, it's spring!" ventured Mr. Tutt. "Where can I talk with them?"

"Anywheres you like."

Mr. Tutt glanced round the room. Although it was strewn with rods, creels and rubber boots, and smelt strongly of dead trout, it offered a privacy impossible on the floor below, where whatever was going on in the hotel drawing-room was plainly visible from the main street.

"Well, show 'em up!" said he, pulling on his Congress shoes and dumping the contents of the ash tray into the stone cuspidor behind the stove. By the time his callers had climbed the stairs he had made the room quite presentable, and stood awaiting them at the door, arrayed in his old frock coat.

"Good evening, Mr. Hayes! . . . I am delighted to meet you, Mrs. Hammerton. Won't you walk into my parlor? Take the rocking-chair, won't you, my dear? You'll find some of the sheriff's maple sugar in that saucer. . . . Have a stogy, Mr. Hayes?"

The young man thanked him awkwardly. Mr. Tutt closed the door and sat down.

"Have you been having good luck?" he asked.

Hayes gave an embarrassed laugh.

"I haven't been fishing since I met you on Chasm Brook. The fact is"—he hesitated and looked at his companion, who had mustered enough courage to nibble a piece of maple sugar—"the fact is ——"

"Yes?" assisted Mr. Tutt. "Let me give you a light."

"We want your advice—if you'll give it to us"

"That is what I'm for," answered the old lawyer. "What's your trouble?"

"I don't suppose we'd be here at all, if I hadn't met you fishing that day," went on Hayes, gaining confidence from the stogy. "It seemed sort of providential. You see, I'd always heard of you, and you were so exactly like what I supposed you would be, that right off I felt sort of as if I'd known you always. You must have known it, I guess, the way I opened up to you."

"I confess I took a liking to you, too," admitted Mr. Tutt. "You can't go fishing with a man and not get a line on his character. I saw at once you were all right."

"Guess I must have sounded kind of nutty! I didn't know what was the matter with me. I just felt life was a failure. Seeing Mary again has opened my eyes!"

He laid the stogy on the ash tray.

"I suppose you've heard the talk that's going round about us two. Most of it is lies. I had no more idea that I'd see Mary here than she had that she'd meet me. I thought I'd lost her forever. I hadn't heard from her in eight years. It's God's own truth!" He paused. "We grew up together—Mary and me. We weren't engaged. But folks took it for granted and so did I although I'd never spoken to her. When the war started she was away visiting her aunt in Troy. I wrote her that I was going and asked her to wait for me, but she never got my letter and thought I didn't care. I supposed it was t'other way round. Of course I ought to have known better, but we were both only kids and I was sore. My outfit was sent right up to the front to relieve a French division that had been eight months in the line, and inside of three weeks I was so sick of gunfire and cooties that I'd have sold my immortal soul for a package of cigarettes. Well, as it turned out I did. If she'd only got my letter, everything would have been all right. I'm only twenty-eight! Mary here is only twenty-six! It isn't right that both our lives should be ruined by a mistake. We want to make a fresh start; and the only way is to get a divorce and marry. Then we'll settle down somewhere in the country and be happy. You know all about such things and can tell us how to do it. That's what you want, Mary, isn't it?"

The girl lowered her eyes.

"Perhaps she would rather talk to me alone," suggested Mr. Tutt. "These things are embarrassing to discuss until the ice is broken. You and I made a start up on the brook, but Mary ——"

"I guess that would be better," replied Hayes. "I'll step out and give her a chance. But don't take too long."

The door closed behind him and Mr. Tutt was left alone with Mary Smith. His heart went out to this dazed child. If he could only have had a daughter like that!

"So you don't like Chicago?" he asked.

She raised her eyes again. "I loathe it! I hate the dirt and noise and the traffic and the soft-coal smoke—everything about it. I long for the country all the time. There are days when I don't think of anything else. Especially in the spring. Herbert, my husband, is crazy about the city. He never wants to go away, not even for the sake of the children."

"How old are they?"

"Seven and five—both girls. I'd give anything to be able to bring them up in the country, the way I was. I've tried to persuade Herbert to move out into the suburbs, but he won't. He says he couldn't stand commuting and there wouldn't be any society. He's wild about society. It wouldn't be so bad if he wouldn't try to drag me into it."

"No doubt he's proud of you and wants to show you off."

"Perhaps."

She moved her head impatiently.

"Now I've met Reuben again I know I can't stand it any longer. I'm entitled to my happiness. I want to be free. I made a mistake, but there's no reason why I should pay the penalty for it all my life. I don't want to live with my mistake forever. Even if I was brought up in the country I've got modern ideas. I think it's wrong for two people to live together if they've ceased to love each other. It makes a mockery of marriage."

"But are you sure you don't love each other?"

"Herbert likes me well enough—at least he claims he does. I don't love him any more."

"When did you find that out?"

"A long time ago. The first year."

"And so now you're in love with Reuben Hayes?"

She looked straight at him. "I've always been in love with him. Ever since we were children. I only married my husband because I thought Reuben had gone back on me. Of course that was wrong. But it's never too late to mend. That's why we've come to you. Can't you get me a divorce?"

"Not without your husband's consent. Would he give it?"

"He would if I surrendered the children to him."

"Have you considered that possibility?"

"Yes," she reluctantly conceded.

"Well, how about it?"

She shivered.

"I don't know what to do. If I don't take this chance to free myself I'll have to go on until I die, tied to a man I don't love. And the man I do love will have to do the same thing. We would be prisoners for life. Yet it would be terrible to give up the children. It seems wrong either way. Still, I guess they'd be all right. They would have their father to take care of them. While any other way it's the end for Reuben and me—it will ruin both our lives!"

She rested her forehead on the table.

"Oh, what shall I do? Tell me what to do!"

Mr. Tutt laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Poor Mary!" he said. "When have you got to decide?"

"Tomorrow. Reuben has to go back to New York."

She sat up and wiped her eyes.

"I mustn't be silly," she said. "I have come for your advice and I want you to give it to me. Of course I had hoped I could get a divorce which would give me the custody of my children."

Mr. Tutt shook his head.

"Neither of you have any ground for divorce which the law recognizes as of enough importance to justify breaking up the family. Of course it would be possible for you to dodge the law in some way, either by a collusive proceeding arranged beforehand, or by going to Mexico, where one can get a decree merely by asking for it. But such a divorce would not give you custody of your children unless your husband consented, and would be inoperative in the state of your domicile, where you would still be married in the eyes of the law. At best it would only serve as an excuse for living with a man who was not lawfully your husband; under the claim that you had been divorced. Miserable business always! At best it spells boredom and disgrace; at worst hatred and suicide. You're not that kind of people!"

He patted her hand as he would a child's.

"Take another piece of maple sugar, Mary. I know just how you feel!" he added thoughtfully. "The world sometimes seems a pretty tough place to live in; the penalties for our unwisdom so disproportionate to the offense. We call it unjust. Perhaps it is. Yet we do have to live with our mistakes. Why shouldn't we, if we insist on living with our successes? We have to live with both! We can't have our cake and eat it too. You both seem to think your children are rather nice. But don't forget that they are yours by another man and woman, to whom you have each promised to be faithful, and whose children they are exactly as much as they are yours.

"How about your husband? Suppose there was some way of your getting your children from him against his will simply because you want to marry another man. Would it be fair to him? Would you feel justified in doing so?

"Those children are your successes. You want them. You say you are trying to escape the consequences of a mistake—your marriage. Well, the children are the most important of those consequences. They entail obligations. You can neither honorably surrender them nor keep them entirely for yourself.

"Why is it you want to bring your children up in the country? Not for mere reasons of health, certainly. I don't seem to notice any more influenza or croup or measles or whooping cough or mumps in New York than in Pottsville.

"You want them to grow up in the country because you want 'em to be loyal and high-minded and courageous—able to meet the crises in their lives and make right decisions, as well prepared as yourselves to face the problems of existence. Well, my dear, unless you yourselves are able to, why should you expect it of them? You were brought up here in the country, you walked up the hill to that little red schoolhouse every day, you acquired there the ideals of honor that are going to control your future lives. They are the same ideals you would wish your children to have, are they not? And yet, if that sense of honor does not control you now, how could you expect it to control them? Suppose your children should ever find themselves in the same situation that you do now, how would you wish them to act? Would you want them to abandon the innocent babes they had brought into the world? Would you want them to desert, for their own selfish pleasure, those whom they had sworn to love and cherish, and who still loved them? Would you want them to surrender their principles, trail their honor in the dust? If they were going to do that, what would be the use of schoolhouses or parents?

"We all make our mistakes and we have to pay for them. We have to take the sour with the sweet, but the sweet is still there. There's a lot in life besides what we call romance. Folks can get along without it, just as they can without riches or health or amusements. There's only one thing we can't get along without, and that's our own self-respect. Funny thing, isn't it? The way we can't be happy unless we do what we know to be right—the same kind of right we teach our children!"

She was sobbing against the shoulder of his old frock coat.

"Of course, you're right! I knew it—all the time."

"Good girl," he whispered.

There was a sharp knock. Mr. Tutt opened the door. Hayes stood outside.

"Well," he exclaimed, "you certainly took long enough." He looked from one to the other. Then, at the sight of Mary's tear-stained face, he crossed the room quickly and put his arms around her.

"It'll be all right, dear!" he assured her. "Everything will come out fine! Mr. Tutt will fix us up!"

The lawyer turned away. He would have given all that he had accumulated in his half century of law practice to make the two young things happy. His own life had been starved for love and out of the abundance of his heart he had distributed his affection among all sorts of strange beneficiaries—from beggars and bootblacks to burglars and bishops. Reuben and Mary already seemed to him like his own children.

"You'll straighten us out, won't you, Mr. Tutt?" repeated Reuben confidently.

Mr. Tutt shook his head. "There are some ailments no doctor can help."

"You mean we can't be divorced?"

"Not so that you could safely remarry."

The boy disengaged himself and stood up. "Isn't there any way the law can set us free?"

"None that I know of."

"Then to hell with the law! Do you think I'm going to let Mary spoil her whole life? Not much! There's nothing wrong in our loving each other. Love is the most wonderful thing in the world, and our love is the finest thing in our lives!"

He lifted Mary's hand to his lips and kissed it reverently.

"Then keep it so," said Mr. Tutt.

Hayes reddened under his sunburn.

"I guess Mary and I will have to decide this for ourselves. How much do we owe you?"

"Nothing," answered Mr. Tutt.

"I don't understand," retorted Hayes. "Of course we want to pay for your advice, as we would any other lawyer."

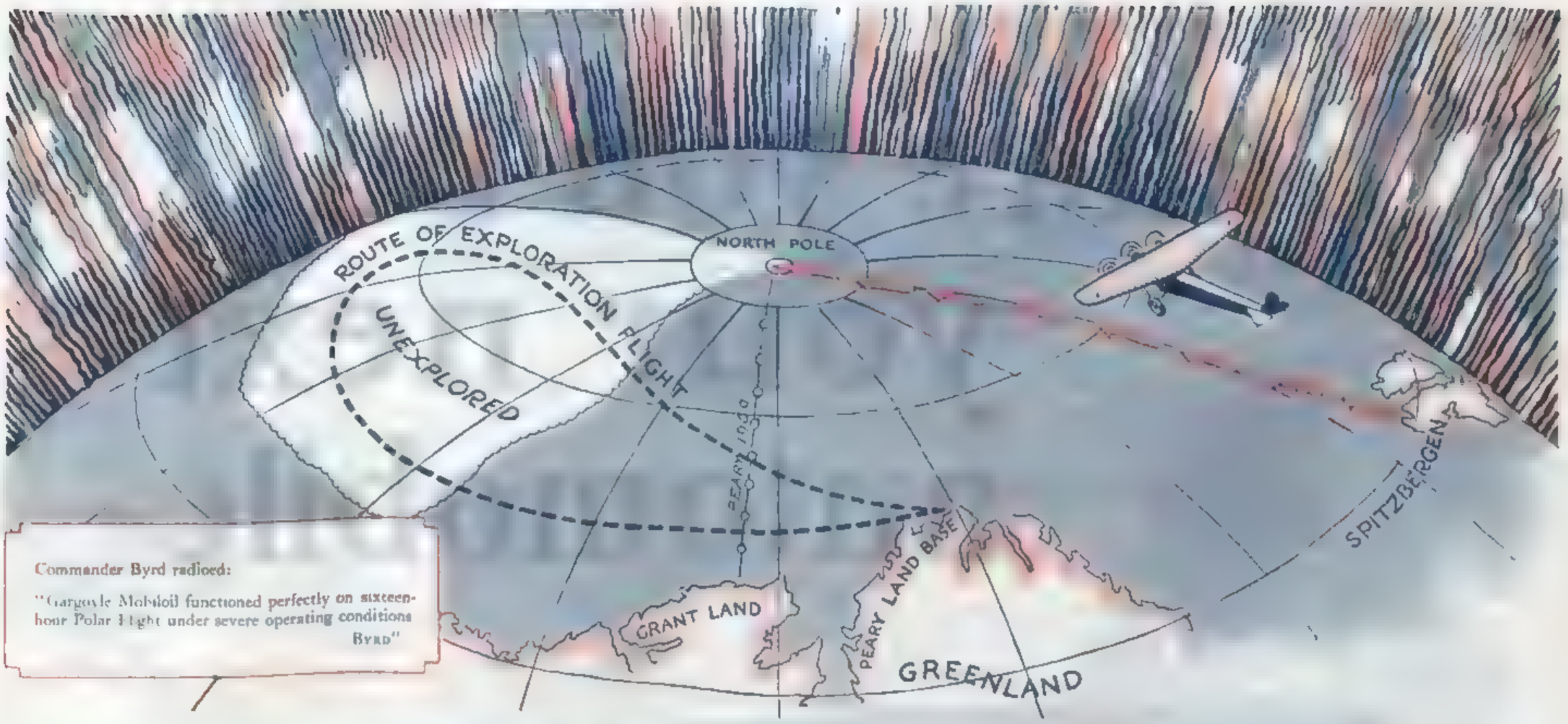
Mr. Tutt looked down at them with sad eyes.

"That's all right," he said. "Unless I help my clients I don't charge them anything."

He watched them from the window as they disappeared up Main Street. He was keenly disappointed at the outcome of their visit. What a terrible and overwhelming thing love was! Do what he could, his plea had been of no avail against the strength of Reuben's passion, which had swept Mary off her feet. The boy would make the most of his advantage, crush down all her scruples and induce her to elope with him. They would join the army of those who claimed the inalienable right to do as they liked, and by so doing extinguished every hope of happiness. What a pity!

He knew exactly what would happen. He had seen that same look in men's eyes too many times to mistake it. Reuben would know that he must not give her time to reconsider, and he would snatch her away on the first train to the East. Perhaps she was packing her bag at that very moment. Once they had boarded the train they would be lost. Poor Babes in the Wood! His mind reverted to his first meeting with Reuben Hayes on Chasm Brook. He recalled the episode of the trout, their campfire breakfast, the boy's courtesy in surrendering the upper stream to him. He had

(Continued on Page 53)



Commander Byrd radioed:

"Gargoyle Mobiloil functioned perfectly on sixteen-hour Polar flight under severe operating conditions
BYRD"

To the top of the world with Byrd

Mobiloil-lubricated plane safely flies over Polar regions

THE Byrd Arctic flight marks another great achievement for flying, for a Naval aviator, and for a Mobiloil-lubricated airplane.

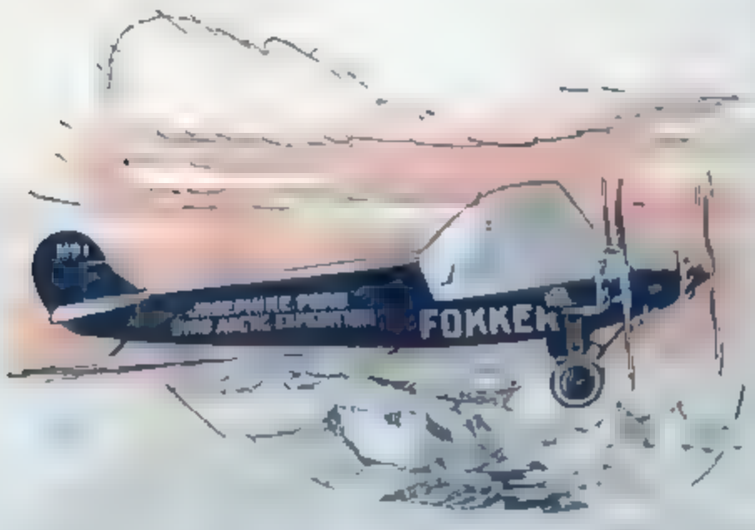
Facing great hazards in the Arctic ice, fog and winds, Commander Byrd could take no chances on faulty lubrication.

To the ordinary perils of flying over dangerous country was added the biting Arctic cold which made engine operation, and especially lubrication, extremely difficult.

Commander Byrd chose Gargoyle Mobiloil as the one oil supremely qualified to meet the unusual demands made upon the Wright engines of his Fokker plane. He knew correct lubrication would be perhaps the most important single factor in the reliable operation of the airplane's motors. Once again, Gargoyle Mobiloil has played a vital part in a history-making venture.

It was Gargoyle Mobiloil that lubricated the U. S. Army Round-the-World flight in 1924—perhaps the most famous of all adventures of the air. In many other famous flights Mobiloil has played its important part.

The Mobiloil used in these flights was not special oil prepared for such feats. It was the same Gargoyle Mobiloil that is on sale by good dealers everywhere. Sixty years of specialization in lubrication have given Mobiloil the qualities that caused Commander Byrd to select it. These same high lubricating qualities recommend the use of Mobiloil in your automobile.



The Fokker Monoplane, Josephine Ford. Motored by three 200 h.p., 9-cylinder Wright engines. Consumes about 1¾ gallons of Mobiloil and 28 gallons of gasoline per hour. Cruising radius about 1,400 miles.

Kings Bay, Spitzbergen. Northernmost port open to navigation—a Norwegian possession. Byrd left *S.S. Chantier* here.

Lieut. Commander Byrd dressed for the Arctic.

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Be guided by the experience of over two million owners who have discovered—

that it is possible to obtain in a Chevrolet all of the advantages of a truly modern gear-shift automobile at the lowest cost. And if you consider what you get for the price you pay, you, too, will learn that a Chevrolet is your most economical purchase.

The comforts and conveniences of modern motoring are based on many features developed by engineering progress during the past 12 years—all of which are a part of Chevrolet design and need not be purchased at extra cost.

The price you pay for a Chevrolet enables you to enjoy the superior flexibility of a modern 3-speed transmission—

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—the beauty and lasting qualities of genuine Duco finishes in attractive colors—

—and on all closed models, the superior riding qualities of full balloon tires.

Whether you select an open model or a closed car with body by Fisher, your Chevrolet gives you all the satisfaction of driving a car of modern appearance with graceful proportions and stream-line effects.

The longer you drive your Chevrolet, the more you will realize its remarkable economy.

Thousands of owners have proved that it is most economical in gasoline and oil; and that Chevrolet quality construction assures very low maintenance costs and small depreciation.

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Find out the delivered price! Investigate the time financing charges! Know what it actually costs you to become the owner of a car that is equipped as you want your car equipped—

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When it comes to the care of Your Car

The MOST Important Man In The World

—is the Man Behind Veedol

TIMES CHANGE! In 1900, the most important man in the care of your car was a chap with a stout tow-rope and a team of well-fed horses that weren't too auto-shy.

In 1910, the most important man became that rare person who could take a motor apart and put it together again with few, if any, parts left over.

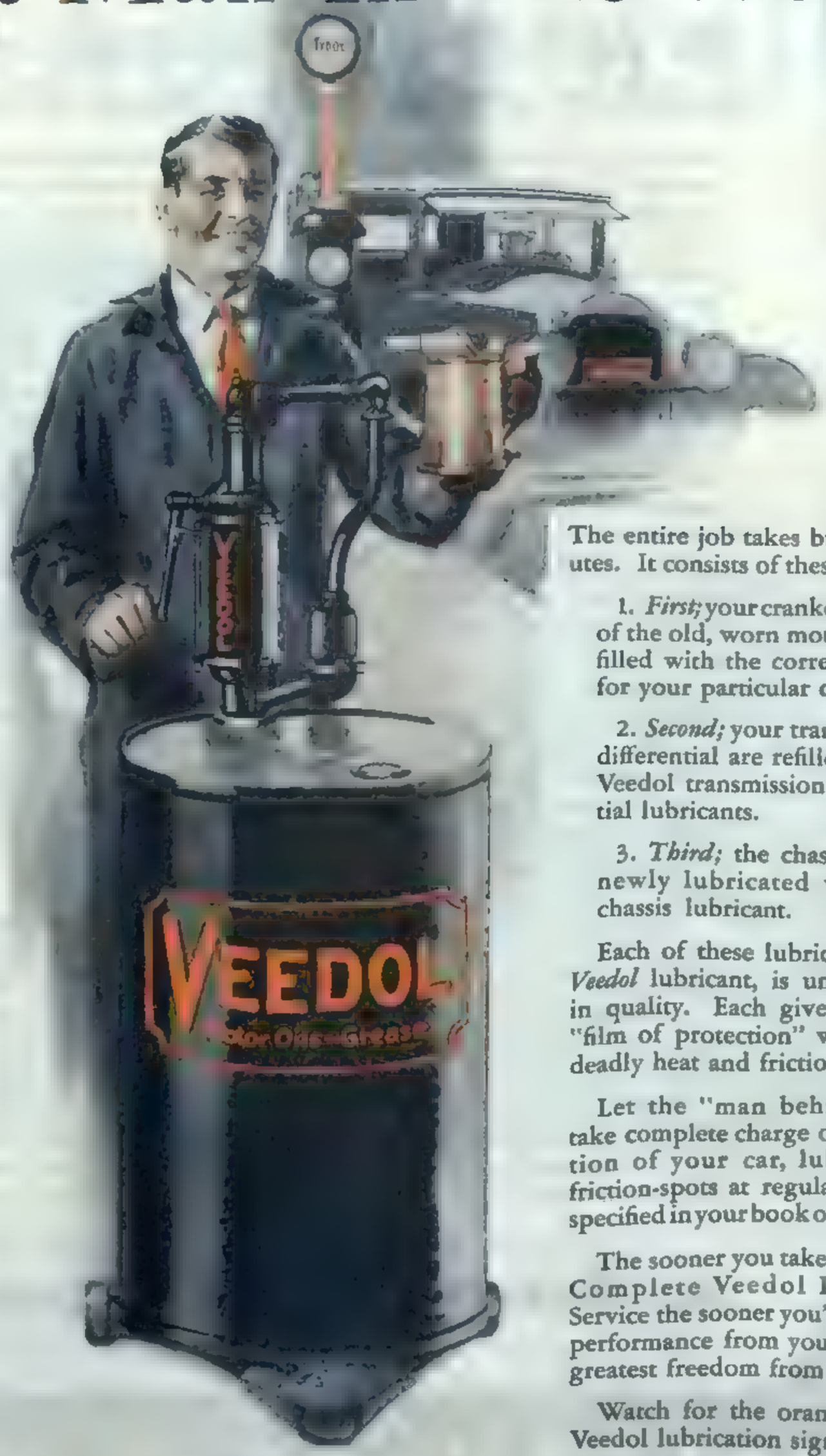
* * *

AND now, in 1926, when all cars are masterpieces of engineering skill, there is still another man, more important in the care of your car than all the others. Instead of *making* repairs he *prevents* them.

He knows every friction-spot in your car, the places where trouble starts. And he knows exactly how each one of those friction-spots should be lubricated and just what lubricant is best.

He is the man behind Veedol. He specializes in Complete Veedol Lubrication Service.

Drive to the filling-station or garage in your neighborhood that gives complete Veedol Lubrication.



Let the Man Behind Veedol take complete charge of the lubrication of your car

The entire job takes but a few minutes. It consists of these three steps:

1. *First;* your crankcase is drained of the old, worn motor-oil and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your particular car.

2. *Second;* your transmission and differential are refilled with fresh Veedol transmission and differential lubricants.

3. *Third;* the chassis-points are newly lubricated with Veedol chassis lubricant.

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Let the "man behind Veedol" take complete charge of the lubrication of your car, lubricating all friction-spots at regular intervals as specified in your book of instructions.

The sooner you take advantage of Complete Veedol Lubrication Service the sooner you'll get the best performance from your car and the greatest freedom from repairs.

Watch for the orange and black Veedol lubrication sign today.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

(Continued from Page 48)

seemed such a decent fellow. Too bad! Too bad!

Mr. Tutt lit another stogy and reseated himself under the electric bulb, reliving the scene of that first day's fishing, the climb up the ridge in the afternoon, his wonderful catch at Chasm Pond, the sunset view from the crest, his visit to old Number Three, where Mary and Reuben had gone to school together so many years ago. What a sad ending!

Was there nothing he could do to save them from their suicidal act? If only he could swear out a habeas corpus or a capias—an ad testificandum—an incommunicado—a quo warranto—or something! If they went, it would have to be over his dead body!

He looked at his watch—a quarter to one. The world was asleep. Lighting a candle, Mr. Tutt descended to the office and inspected the time-table nailed on the wall by the cigar counter. The New York express came through at 5:26 A.M., stopping on signal. That was the train Mary and Reuben would probably take. In the natural course of events they would be coming over the hill by old Number Three at about a quarter to five. He returned to his room. Two o'clock! It wasn't worth going to bed. Mr. Tutt got out his collapsible stove, boiled some water from his pitcher and made himself a cup of coffee. Then having crossed his legs in a proper legal attitude upon the table, he lit another stogy and went on reading The Compleat Angler.

V

ALL the shadows lay in just the wrong direction, as, three hours later, Mr. Tutt dragged himself up Schoolhouse Hill. Behind him the lights still shone along Main Street and here and there he could see the flicker of a lantern in the door of some distant barn. The air was fresh and full of the smell of earth. In the near-by cedars the birds were singing their heads off.

"Gosh," thought the old man, "it's good to be alive."

It was broad daylight when he reached the schoolhouse. What a pathetic little ruin it was! Yet what an incalculable influence for good it had doubtless once been! Did that influence continue to affect the lives of those who had been scholars there, he wondered?

He sat down on the dilapidated stone wall and hungrily consumed the doughnut which he had rifled from Ma Best's pantry. Of course he might be doing both Reuben and Mary a grave injustice. But he was on the safe side. "And anyhow I'm seeing a fine sunrise," he consoled himself. He had hardly taken three puffs from his stogy, however, before a faint put-put-put from over the brow of the hill told of the approach of a motor. From where he sat he could see a flivver, containing three people, struggling up the hill. As he expected! The battle was going against him; Beelzebub was for the moment in the ascendant, and it would take all his skill and diplomacy to counteract him.

The car jerked upward toward the schoolhouse, and reaching the crest, came to a stop. The steam was rising in clouds from the radiator. Mr. Tutt waved his stovepipe hat.

"Good morning!" he called out cheerily. "Isn't it a glorious sunrise?"

"Good morning," replied Reuben gruffly. Mary averted her face.

The driver climbed down and unscrewed the cap of the radiator, which discharged a small geyser skyward.

"She's so gol-blasted hot—if I can't find some water around here she'll choke!" he declared.

"There's an old well up by the orchard," said Mr. Tutt, indicating a pile of stones behind the schoolhouse. "Good morning, Mary! So you wanted to see the sunrise too?"

"Good morning," she answered, in a voice that was hardly audible and without looking at him. Reuben had jumped out and was impatiently watching the driver as he climbed the wall and plodded across the field.

"Don't be all day, Si!" he shouted after him

"You won't find a finer sunrise anywhere else, Reuben," commented Mr. Tutt. "Or a finer view. That's why they put the old schoolhouse here, I guess. Don't you want to get out, my dear, and limber up a bit?"

Reuben glanced surreptitiously at his watch. Si, poking among the alders, had not yet located the overgrown and abandoned well. Mr. Tutt opened the door of the flivver.

"Do get out for a minute, Mary. I want to show you the view from in front of the schoolhouse."

His manner was so courtly that it would have seemed rude had she refused; and she gave a hand to each of them as she leaped to the ground. Mr. Tutt led them to the aperture in the wall through which the path led up to the knoll, and pointed to the valley at their feet. The sun had pushed up through the mist that enshrouded the meadow land along the river bottom and was flooding the world with light and warmth. The wide arc of the sky was a fathomless blue, dotted with white-edged clouds, and the breeze bore with it the sweet odor of sun-dried grass and flowers. The earth seemed bursting with fullness. The woods rang with song.

"A pretty good old world! I suppose this is what you had in mind when you said you'd like to bring up your children in the country, Reuben." The old man's voice was very tender. "It would be a fine place for them, but few of us can live exactly where we'd like to. If you can't give your children this sort of thing, you'll have to make it up to them some other way—by trying to have the same sort of influence yourselves. Those kids are the one thing I envy you both for. They're a priceless possession. You're millionaires!"

He turned, and slipping a hand through the arm of each, strolled toward the open door.

"I attended just such a school as this," he said, "sixty years ago. Whatever I am I owe to what it taught me. You hear a lot of rubbish these days about individualism and self-expression, but it doesn't seem to help people to be any happier. The old values—the old virtues—are what keep the world going. And love—the unselfish love of parents for their children is the finest of all."

They reached the threshold which Mary and Reuben had crossed so many hundred times in their childhood. Under the spell of its associations they paused there in silence.

"Go in," said Mr. Tutt, impelling them gently through the door.

Si had found the well and was engaged in attempting to dip up some water by means of a canvas bucket lowered on the end of a piece of twine. Mr. Tutt accompanied him back to the car, finding, as he had suspected, that it contained the suitcases of both Mary and Reuben. The driver emptied his bucket into the radiator, screwed on the cap and climbed back into the front seat.

"They can't hang around much longer if they expect to catch the 5:26," he asserted. "Guess I'll holler to 'em."

"Let them be!" admonished Mr. Tutt, offering Si a stogy. "What they are doing is more important than catching the train."

Reuben and Mary were gone a long time, during which no sound came from the schoolhouse. From his seat on the stone wall Mr. Tutt could see, far up the valley to the westward, a sinuous white line which marked the approach of the train. Si gave a series of frantic toots. A second or two later Reuben Hayes came out of the schoolhouse alone. Without looking at Mr. Tutt, he hurried down to the road, jumped into the flivver and drove off towards Pottsville. There was no sign of Mary, and presently Mr. Tutt followed the path to the open door and looked in. She was sitting, with her chin on her hands, at one of the little desks that still remained upright, staring at the blackboard behind the teacher's desk. A shaft from the sun fell through one of the windows, turning her hair to gold and illuminating with faint glory the faded letters on the wall:

ROLL OF HONOR
July 4, 1912
MARY SMITH REUBEN HAYES

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 4)

He just sighed, and we went on talking about something possible. I had a debt scheme that I told him off that I thought would have gotten us out with more money and more friendship than the course we have followed. It was this. Before anybody started to settle, why, let America agree on the lowest possible amount they could afford to take—that is, how much could they charge off. We will say, for example, we would be willing to take 50 cents on the dollar, at a small rate of Interest and to be collected over a course of years. Then announce to the World our terms: all the same, no favorites. Nobody would have any kick about the other getting better terms. That's the way a business does—finds out what it can charge off and does it and has it over with.

Well, Dawes agreed with me, and that showed right there that he is a pretty smart man. But he said that a funny thing was that you couldent deal with Nations like you can with business men. That's on account of having what they call Diplomats. A Diplomat is a fellow to keep you from settling on a thing so everybody can understand it.

I had Lunch with Dawes. I would have come up to your house, but I dident know whether you had any help or not, and keeping up a big house when you have always lived in a small one is quite a problem. Then I dident know but what you might charge me. Does Stearns pay Board or does he just live on you? I ate alone with Dawes. I was like Colonel House when he agreed to see the Kaiser. He only did it on condition that it be alone.

Well, that is the condition I implored when I was asked to dine with Dawes. The reason I did it was I dident want it to get out that I ate with a Vice President. You remember the trouble Roosevelt got in one time by letting everybody know who he ate lunch with. After having eat with the Furgesons, I dident want it to get out that I had got down to eating with only a Vice President. One thing, if it ever gets out, will be in my favor. They won't know who the Vice President was that I ate with.

But I am plain that way, and I know you are too. We don't either of us ever hold a man's low position against him. I remember one time you let a lot of Actors in there with you for breakfast. They had to stay up all night to be early enough for it. Now that was always a good example you set then. I think if more outsiders fed Actors we would have better acting. It's awful hard to do good acting on an empty stomach. And when they get back in there again during the next Presidential Campaign it will be another great thing. The only trouble is that once every four years is sorter scarce eating.

The New Idea in Men's Hosiery
~invisibly reinforced all over

IT'S all very well to have hosiery protected at toe and heel—but what of instep and leg? When a hole appears above the shoe-top, the *world* knows it!

Bi-Spinning, an amazing new process, by doubly strengthening every thread, invisibly reinforces Trufab hosiery all over—producing longer wear, greater beauty.

Men who see them, buy them—and wear them many months beyond their expectations. In the newest colors and patterns of the season—smart, trim, colorfast—and fully guaranteed, Bi-Spun Trufab socks are an unusual value at prices ranging from *35c to $1*

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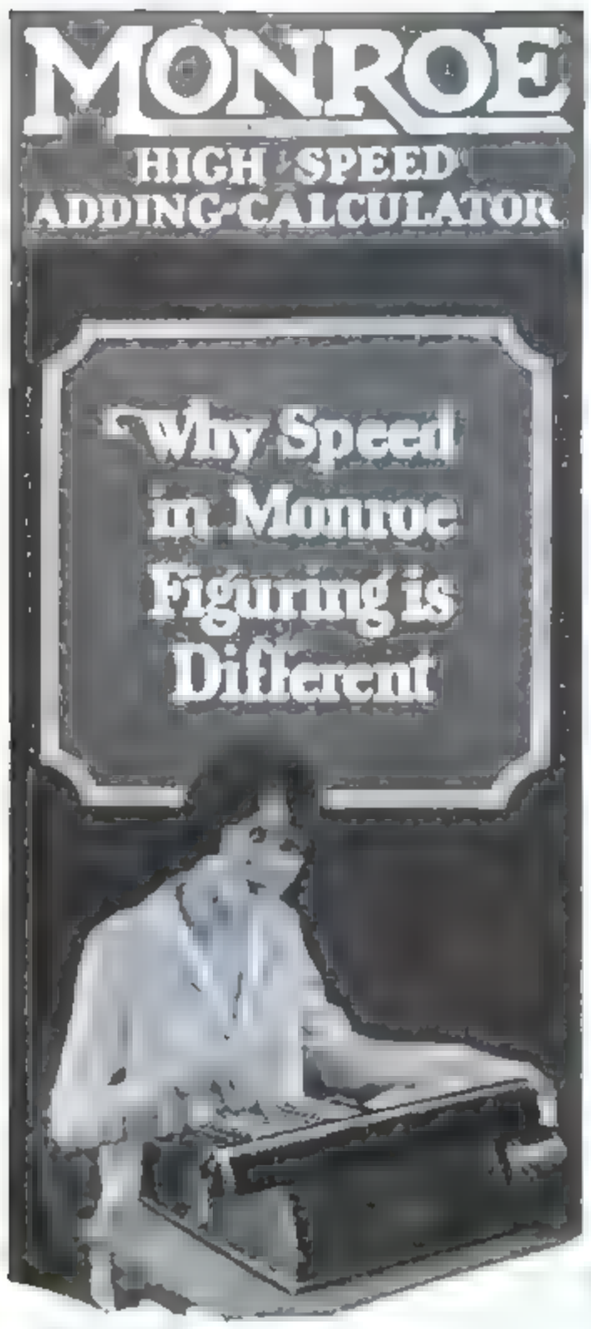

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But to get back to Dawes and why I went slumming around with him. I wanted him to give me some tips on Europe. You know, he was over there during the Dawes European Campaign. He has two plans—his European Plan and his American Plan. The European one worked. I got along fine with him. I dident mention the words "Senate Rules." You know, if you get him off that subject he is pretty near sane as anybody. He surprised me. He eats right there in his office by the Senate door. He said he don't take any more chances on being caught asleep away down at the Willard. He sleeps while he is presiding in the chair. He says Jim Reed is his best nap.

Well, he gave me letters to everybody in Europe that was on that Dawes Plan over there with him. So if there is any little thing that he dident settle, why, I will take it up when I meet them. I hope he settled. After I left Dawes I went down to see Borah. I mean Up to see Borah. We had quite a talk. I told him I was going to Europe. But I dident mention your name. I dident want to have to stop to explain who you were. I made him think that the trip would be in behalf of him. So he gave me a letter; just one of those "To Whom It May Concern." Now can you imagine me pulling that letter over in Europe—say, France for instance? I would be incarcerated in the Bastile from now hence. I asked him how he had everything running here in this country, and he said, "Oh, things are going along pretty good here now if some President don't butt in and spoil it. But in our foreign affairs, we meet and vote more money to Europe every day."

Went out to Alice's for dinner that night. Nick and the Wadsworths were the other Guests. Alice asked how your strength was all over the country. I replied that outside of the Corn Belt you were pretty strong. She wanted to know why they couldent raise corn everywhere. Nick brought his Violin, but I got away before he could start to play. Jim Begg called up while I was there and told Nick what time to be at work in the morning. Garner and Garrett had quite a heavy schedule layed out for him the next day.

Wadsworth was worried more about the coming election than he was the welfare of the Commonwealth. He suggested I take Al Smith with me to Europe. In fact he offered to defray the expenses of it if I would include a year's travel.

They all gave me an informal note to Ambassador Fletcher at Rome, as I was desirous of being present at the next open-air shooting in Rome. Alice and Mrs. Wadsworth and all of them informed me that I was fortunate in going to Italy, as this Fletcher was not a Stuffed Shirt. There is one for Slang hunters—you on Broadway and Main Street that think High Hat is the latest thing in the way of slang about a fellow who takes himself kinder serious. Alice comes to our rescue again with "Stuffed Shirt." Mrs. Wadsworth pulled a good one. She said, "Now you might be disappointed when you meet Fletcher. He wears Spats. But they don't go any further up than his ankle," meaning that he wore them, but that he dident mean that he wore them. Well, we had a very pleasant time, as you can always have out there. And Alice also gave me a letter to Lady Astor over in the House of Commons in England. She is the Alice Longworth of England.

On leaving the Longworths I started to come by and see you; but it was nearly 9:30 and I knew you were in bed, so I went by Sol Bloom's instead. Congressman Bloom was entertaining a big Party of distinguised friends, including the Members of the Italian Embassy, and they gave me letters to various officials in Italy, as I want to see this Mussolini. He is the Red Grange of Europe now, and I want to see him before he turns proffesional.

The Minister from Greece was there. He wanted to know if I dident want to go to greece too. So if anything comes up here over the Restaurant situation that needs fixing, why, I am at your command to go immediately to Athens. A Cable "paid" will always reach me in care of the American Express Company.

Well, I got back to New York this morning, and that is about all of importance that I can think that happened yesterday. Have sent my laundry out and will be ready to sail Friday night on the Leviathan. Have enough money, so don't bother Congress with another appropriation. But, however, will do as you say and draw on Melon if nessasary. Am going down today to get passport. Devotedly yours.

COL. WILLIAM ROGERS.

P.S. Am sending this Spaecial Delivery by Secretary New.

NEW YORK, April 29th.

My Dear President: A matter come up which I think is of the gravest importance, and I think you should know of it, as it is things of importance that I know you want me to find out for you. Well, I said I would like to get a Passport to go to Europe: "Here is the application and here is an affadavid that someone that we know will have to swear that they know of your birth and you will have to produce your Birth Certificate."

Well, I told her Lady I have no birth certificate; and as for someone here in New York that was present at my birth and can swear to it, I am afraid that will be rather difficult. "Havent you somebody here that was there?" she asked. You know the old-time Lady's of which I am a direct descendant. They were of a rather modest and retiring nature, and being born was rather a private affair, and not a public function.

I have no one here in New York that witnessed that historical event, and I doubt very much if even in Oklahoma I could produce any great amount of witnesses. My Parents are dead, Our old Family Doctor, bless his old heart, is no more. So what would you advise that I do? Will it be nessasary for me to be born again, and just what proceedure would you advise for me doing so? I remember Billy Sunday once remarking to us just before a collection that "we must be born again," I dident take it so literally untill now. Billy had evidentally been to Europe. You see, in the early days of the Indian Territory where I was born there was no such things as birth certificates. You being there was certificate enough. We generally took it for granted if you were there you must have at some time been born. In fact that is about the only thing we dident dispute. While you were going through the trouble of getting a birth certificate you could be raising another child in that time.

Having a certificate of being born was like wearing a raincoat in the water over a bathing suit. I have no doubt if my folks had had the least premonition at my birth that I would some day wander beyond any further than a cow can stray, they would have made provisions for a proof of birth. The only place we ever had to get a Passport for in those days was to go into Kansas. And I looked to have the average amount of intelligence of a child of my age and they knew that I would never want to go to Kansas.

Well, then the Girl finally compromised by saying, "Who here in New York knew your Parents? We know you, Mr. Rogers, but it's a form that we have to go through with before you can get the Passport. We have to have proof that you are an American Citizen."

That was the first time I had ever been called on to prove that. Here my Father and Mother were both one-eighth Cherokee Indians and I have been on the Cherokee rolls since I was named, and my family had lived on one ranch for 75 years. But just offhand, how was I going to show that I was born in America? The English that I spoke had none of the earmarks of the Mayflower.

She asked, "Are you in Who's Who?"

I said, "My Lord, I am not even in the New York Telephone Directory, and that is perhaps without a doubt the most ordinary collection of humans ever assembled in America." I asked her, "Would you suggest waiting for a Passport untill I have done something to get into Who's Who? If you do, I can see my trip to Europe fading. I will be dead of old age before making that Press sheet." But I was advised to go ahead and make out my application and that I would have to have a Picture of myself. She directed me to a place around there where I could get one taken quick. Well, that was the way I wanted one taken—quick

The fellow as I walked in said, "Want to get mugged?" I replied, "Yes, sir."

"Sit down, hats off, heads up. You moved. I will have to shoot another one. Keep still."

My goodness, what speed! I thought I would get time to fix my tie or comb my hair, but not in that place. They shot you looking As Is. "How many do you want?" I asked him if I could see them first, as if by accident they were good I might take a dozen and have a Crayon enlargement made in addition.

I took the Pictures back and they pasted two of them on the passport and said, "$10.00 please." You see, with the application it cost you $10.00 to get out. In other words, they bet you $10.00 that you can leave the Country and you like a fool bet them that you can't. It's like betting a Life Insurance Co. that you will die, when they have every available information from Doctors and everybody that you will live. If it looks like you will die, they won't bet you.

Well, the Girl then said, "Now how about this sworn statement of someone who knows your Parents?"

Here is what I was up against: I not only couldent prove that I was an American but I couldent think of any other American in New York to vouch for me. It was as hard to find an American in New York as it was to get a Passport. I told the Lady, "If you think I wasent born here and will name me the country that you think I was born in, I will be glad to go there. It makes no particular difference to me where I go, so if you will just tell me where I might have originated from, why, that will be my destination."

You see, I was doing all in my power to be agreeable. So I finally went to a friend of mine—Sam Kingston—assumed name—General Manager for Mr. Florenz Zeigfeld, and I told him my troubles and he said, "Why, sure I knew your Father well, and I know that you are an American. Not 100 per cent ones like the Rotarray's and Kiawanises and Lions, but enough to pay taxes." Now Sam had never been west of the Hudson River in his life and my Father had never been east of the Mississippi, so it was really one of the longest distance acquaintanceships on record. I thought it was funny Sam had never mentioned knowing Father before to me. All he had ever spoken to me about was reduction of Salaries. Anyway I hope nothing comes of it in the way of hanging or shooting Sam.

So I took Sam's statement back and they won my $10.00. But one nice thing about the whole thing was the good nature and courtesy that the people in that Department showed—Mr. Hoyt, who was in charge, and Miss Baer and all of them. If it hadent been for them I would have felt like going out without one and trusting to luck to never get back again. So if you Foreigners think it is hard to get in here, you ain't seen nothing. You ought to be an American and try to get out once.

So as you sail down the Mayflower tomorrow to keep away from the Congressmen, I will be on the Leviathan with my oldest son of 14—who is also a naturalized American Citizen. So as one Ocean traveler says to another, Bon Voyage, Calvin.

Yours cheerfully and well till we reach Sandy Hook.

Your devoted Envoy without papers or sense. COL. WILLIAM ROGERS.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of letters by Mr. Rogers. The second will appear in an early issue

NOW it is Surprisingly Easy to Secure Charming and Livable Room-Effects at Small Cost!

a helpful book on home beautifying

IN "COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME," Anne Lewis Pierce tells how the right use of color, and simple re-arrangements of furniture enable you to beautify your home easily and inexpensively. Pictures in color illustrate this handbook which has been prepared to enable women with no professional knowledge or experience to be their own interior decorators. You can get a copy, free, by sending in the coupon below. Why not do it now?

For beauty does not depend on expense when you utilize "color-magic"—

NO need to wait "till your ship comes in" to make prettier, homier places of the rooms you want to improve. For, by simple changes in the color schemes, it's quite easy and not at all costly to bring new charm and individuality into your home. Nor must you have decorating experience to be successful!

"Any woman can employ color magic," says Anne Lewis Pierce in *Color Magic in the Home*—a friendly, helpful handbook written especially for women who must do their own decorating. Using this handbook as her guide, any housewife can accomplish wonders with a very small outlay of money.

Of course you can't make much headway against the handicap of old, worn floor-covering. But this difficulty too can be remedied inexpensively, for it is so very easy to find a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug in an appropriate design and with just the right coloring.

This is not surprising, for Congoleum Art-Rug patterns are created by master-designers and so possess an artistry and distinction which helps immensely in working out charming, harmonious room-effects.

And the easy-to-clean advantages of these flat-lying, non-absorbent rugs are a vast relief from the labor of trying to keep old-fashioned dust-collecting floor-coverings fresh, clean and sanitary.

Next time you go shopping ask your dealer to show you the new *Gold Seal* Art-Rug patterns.

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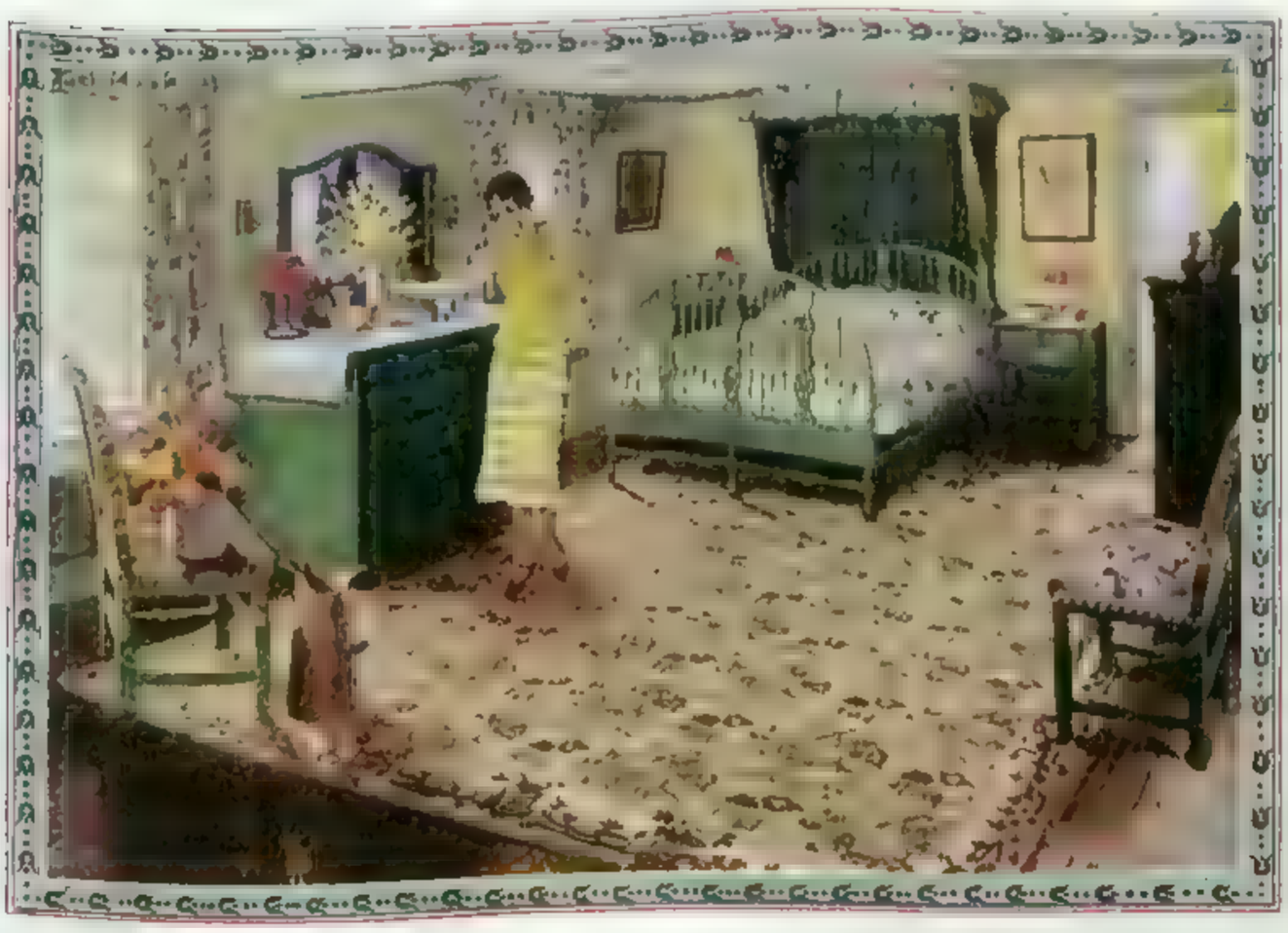
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Always look for this Gold Seal!

FOR *many years Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs have been sold on the basis of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." Millions have used them. Millions have found them satisfactory in every particular. Only rugs which bear the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the pattern offer such clear cut assurance of value and durability. Be sure to look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy.*



Is it a simple or an elaborate design you are looking for?

These two pictures, left and right, show you the two extremes in the wide variety of patterns offered in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs.

"NIPPON," the all-over Japanese design in the bedroom, for example, is one of the several suitable for rooms where a richly decorative effect is the keynote. It's *Gold Seal* Art-Rug No. 578. Simpler floral and Oriental patterns are likewise available for bedrooms, dining rooms and living rooms.

And then we come to the geometric and trim tile effects, of which the "MOSAIC" design, No. 408, shown above is an example. In this design all sizes are to be had from small mats up to room size rugs.

Your dealer has color cards showing all the patterns in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs! If he hasn't the particular design you prefer, in stock, he will be glad to get it for you.

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Foot Troubles

affect the whole system

IT is amazing how a painful foot condition winds its way through the entire nervous system. Rheumatic-like leg pains, backaches, even stomachaches and headaches are often the direct result of ailing feet. That is why so many persons seek in vain for the cause, never dreaming it is the *feet*.

If your feet hurt, don't neglect to have them attended to at once. Dr Wm. M. Scholl has perfected a *specific* Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for every ailment. Go to the leading shoe dealer in your town, who *specializes* in Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, for there you will find relief worth many times the trifling price you pay.

Relieves tired, aching feet

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *stop the pain in one minute. Then, healing, antiseptic, 15c, at shoe and drug stores.*

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Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer *instantly relieves bunion pain. Reduces enlargement and preserves shape of shoe. 75c. each.*

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Write for free sample and book

On request, we will mail you a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for corns, and Dr. Scholl's Book, "The Feet and Their Care." Address, The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

TRIAL MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 32)

"You love me," he questioned sternly, "but you don't love me enough. Is that it?"

Her patience snapped. She felt her good nature had been imposed upon.

"I don't love you enough," she declared briskly, "just to shut my eyes, and bury my head in the sand, and hope if I don't look at unhappiness it won't see me."

"Then you never intended," he asked, slowly, "to live up to the conditions of the trial? I mean honestly to make an effort to adapt yourself to my life, and to what I could give you?"

"What was the use? I knew how it would all turn out. The only way it possibly could. Please be nice, Thor! Think how much better work you could do if you weren't worried about money, ever!"

"You talk exactly like Rita!" he exclaimed, carried away by his bitter disappointment and anger at being tricked. "And if I accepted your point of view, no doubt you'd treat me as Rita would treat an artist."

"And how is that?" she asked coolly.

"You'd tell me exactly what to paint, and how to paint, though you don't know one damn thing about it!"

"If damn were still swearing," she replied, coolly, "I should tell you not to swear at me, but not how to paint."

"Then your father would. Someone. And they'd have the right to—whoever supported us. I'd just become an employe of your father's—a salaried son-in-law, paid to make you happy."

"Darling, don't boast."

He ignored her flippancy.

"I'd be expected to produce fame, and friends' portraits, and create a nice artistic atmosphere for parties."

"We aren't quite such a dumb family, Thor! You ought to know that."

"Well even so—no matter how sympathetic and charming you'd be—all of you! No, I couldn't! I wouldn't."

She stared at him with hard, brilliant eyes

"Even—even if it came to a choice?"

"A choice?"

"Between me and your silly pride."

"Between you and my work, Constance," he pleaded earnestly. His eyes begged her to understand. He blushed for the pretentiousness of his phrase, but he uttered it doggedly, bravely. "The—the absolute integrity of my work."

"Well, then, do you care more about your work, or about me?"

Her tone was triumphantly assured of the answer.

He hesitated an instant, and then—foolishly or bravely—told the truth. She received it in blank, incredulous silence. Her eyes refused to believe what her ears had heard.

Then her voice came out in a whisper, "More about your work—than me? Than—me, Thor?"

"I didn't want to say it," he muttered wretchedly. "You made me."

The telephone bell rasped through their dismay. Tollie's car was waiting.

XXIX

WITH an expression triumphantly funereal, as if to say "I told you so! But, man and brother, I'm sorry!" Mike rolled the big easel out of Thor's studio, the next morning, and carried it down one flight to Charlerot's place—which was for rent while its owner was abroad. Thor, meanwhile, packed his personal possessions, and gave up his hotel room. For he had mapped out a schedule of incessant work, and it would be more convenient, as well as cheaper, to live where he was working.

He explained his intention to Constance as soon as she was up—the party had lasted until five—and he also issued an ultimatum. There were to be no more parties while he was at work in the evenings. He had borrowed money on his apartment to pay her bills, and meet their current expenses. His bank had refused the loan, he had been forced to get it from a company which charged a ruinous rate of interest. And, now, he must work day and night, to pay it back as quickly as possible. Then they would start all over again. In the meantime, he was sorry—he knew she'd be bored—but he couldn't take her out himself, and he couldn't, and wouldn't, endure the torture of jealousy. He didn't care what her friends did, what they thought, what she herself thought, he simply wouldn't have his wife play around with other men. So Constance might as well get used to it now.

Finally—this was the ultimatum, delivered in a rather low, nervous voice—finally and forever—if Constance wouldn't give up other men for his sake, then—then she must give him up!

Constance was quite thrilled, impressed, and flattered. She submitted with a docility that amazed Thor—who, like most tamers of the shrew, was secretly trembling in his boots—and the new régime began.

Thor rose at seven, prepared his own breakfast, worked all morning, and went upstairs to lunch, or, if he was so absorbed that he forgot about eating, Gay took his luncheon down to him. At four o'clock, rather grimly and impatiently, and just for the sake of exercise, he went for a walk. Gay accompanied him. Constance thought walking was silly unless you were going somewhere—and then she preferred to motor. Thor, with his head down, frowning, absorbed, silent, marching with long strides; Gay trotting along, somewhat breathlessly, in the manner of a loyal puppy. Sometimes they circled about aimlessly, sometimes forged ahead straight through the park, all the way up to One Hundred and Tenth Street and back. Occasionally they stopped at the Metropolitan Museum, or had a cup of tea somewhere, but usually it was just tramp, tramp, tramp and little conversation. However, you can't walk, every day, with anyone without feeling a special bond grow up between you. At any rate, you both belong to the ancient order of walking brethren of the world, and though you may not exchange many words, you have shared the sensations of wind on the cheek, rain in the face, sunshine, and the dancing delight of the eye. You have mutually, though mutely, observed the human parade—everyone so much funnier, so much crazier than ourselves! And you begin to exchange secret signals of lifted eyebrow and quick smiles, almost equal in significance to the sign language that goes on continually between husband and wife. Until, one day, perhaps, you and your brother of the road become shy with each other. On a path in the park, a baby stumbles against your knee, and clutches for safety with trusting hands, and lifts blue swimming eyes to yours. And you laugh, and pretend to be too old, and manly, and worldly wise, to be touched by so sentimental an appeal. You say, "Silly baby! What a dirty little frog face it had!" And you walk very fast, and talk very artificially, all the way home. But, that night, in your dream, you are wandering through spring meadows, until all at once, to your incredible, aching delight, you discover that the first flower has opened in the grass—a blue flower, heavenly blue as a child's eyes misted over with tears.

In the meantime, though, somebody had to cook dinner, and of course it was Gay. She had learned to be very clever about it, and prepared the vegetables, and made the dessert in the morning, and the roast was ready for the oven or the steak for the broiler. So that there was time, after the walk, for Gay to change her frock, and set the table, and mix the salad, and put the finishing touches to the meal. And Constance would come down, at the last moment, looking perfectly lovely in a lovely frock, and Thor would come up from his studio looking terribly tired, for he had been working again.

After dinner, Thor wanted to help with the dishes, but Gay made him lie down on the sofa for an hour before he went back to his studio. Constance couldn't help, of course, her frock and her hands were much too nice.

"Besides," said Gay, "Thor wants to talk to you," and she held her chin up gallantly, and went away into the kitchen, and shut the door honorably tight.

Constance and Thor, left alone, had surprisingly little to say to each other. There are always kisses, of course, but if you have worked hard for eight or nine hours, and have three or four more ahead of you, somehow, kisses are not the absolute necessity they once seemed. I am afraid that, once or twice, Thor was so tired he suddenly fell asleep, and even snored a little, before he woke up again, as suddenly, and apologized.

But Constance was being amazingly good, amazingly patient, and docile. In the evenings, she went to the neighborhood movie with Gay, or read the more inflammatory of the new novels at home, or practiced the Charleston to the music of the phonograph, or took all her stockings and handkerchiefs out of one drawer, and put them into another—this latter occupation she regarded as being very domestic. And she did all this, or rather abstained from all doing, for two whole weeks, almost three. And then, one night, her endurance snapped off short, and she paced up and down the studio, up and down, like a lovely black panther in a cage, and in a voice that positively thrilled with despair, she cried:

"Good heavens, Gay! What do poor people do in the evenings?"

"Is it a riddle?" asked Gay, looking up from her sewing, where the lamp cast a bright circle on her fair hair, a shadow on her white, absorbed forehead.

"It's a riddle to me!" cried Constance. "Oh, I am bored! Bored! Bored!"

She flung herself prone on the sofa, and lay with closed eyes, faintly breathing, like a poor caged animal that has given up the struggle to break the bars.

"You haven't enough to do," remarked Gay, under her breath.

With one angry motion, Constance flung herself upright.

"But that's just what I say! There's nothing to do! What is there to do? People can't live like this. Even if they are poor. They don't! They can't! It simply isn't possible!"

"If you had cooked breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and washed all the dishes, and made the beds, and swept, and dusted, and waxed the floors ——" Gay began mildly.

"Oh, that's all right for you! You're domestic. Like that sort of thing. I don't. Never could!"

"You could, too, just as well as I!" cried Gay, with a sudden flare of anger. The color rose in her cheeks. "I used simply to shut my eyes, and shudder, when I first had to wash dishes! My hands are nice, if they aren't so pretty as yours, and I was brought up to be just as useless as you are!"

"Why, Gay, how amusing!"

"Until I got ashamed of it," finished Gay sturdily. "And you needn't think housekeeping is just done with your hands, either, Constance Bannester! You've got to use your bean. And it takes loads of imagination to cook well. And it's simply your own fault if you let things be disgusting, and disagreeable. Go look at my kitchen! It's as clean, and pretty, and dainty ——"

"I think you're wonderful, Gay!" Constance soothingly interrupted. "But the point is I could never ——"

"Yes, you could too," declared Gay implacably. "You are either a vertebrate or an invertebrate animal—that's all. And if I'd been born and brought up without a

(Continued on Page 61)

Before the Village Smithy Became a Garage

LONG years before the first clumsy "horseless carriage" careened its noisy but triumphant way down the street, G & J had earned a leading position in the tire industry.

The science of tire building was "old stuff" to G & J when the practicability of the motor car was generally accepted back in 1902.

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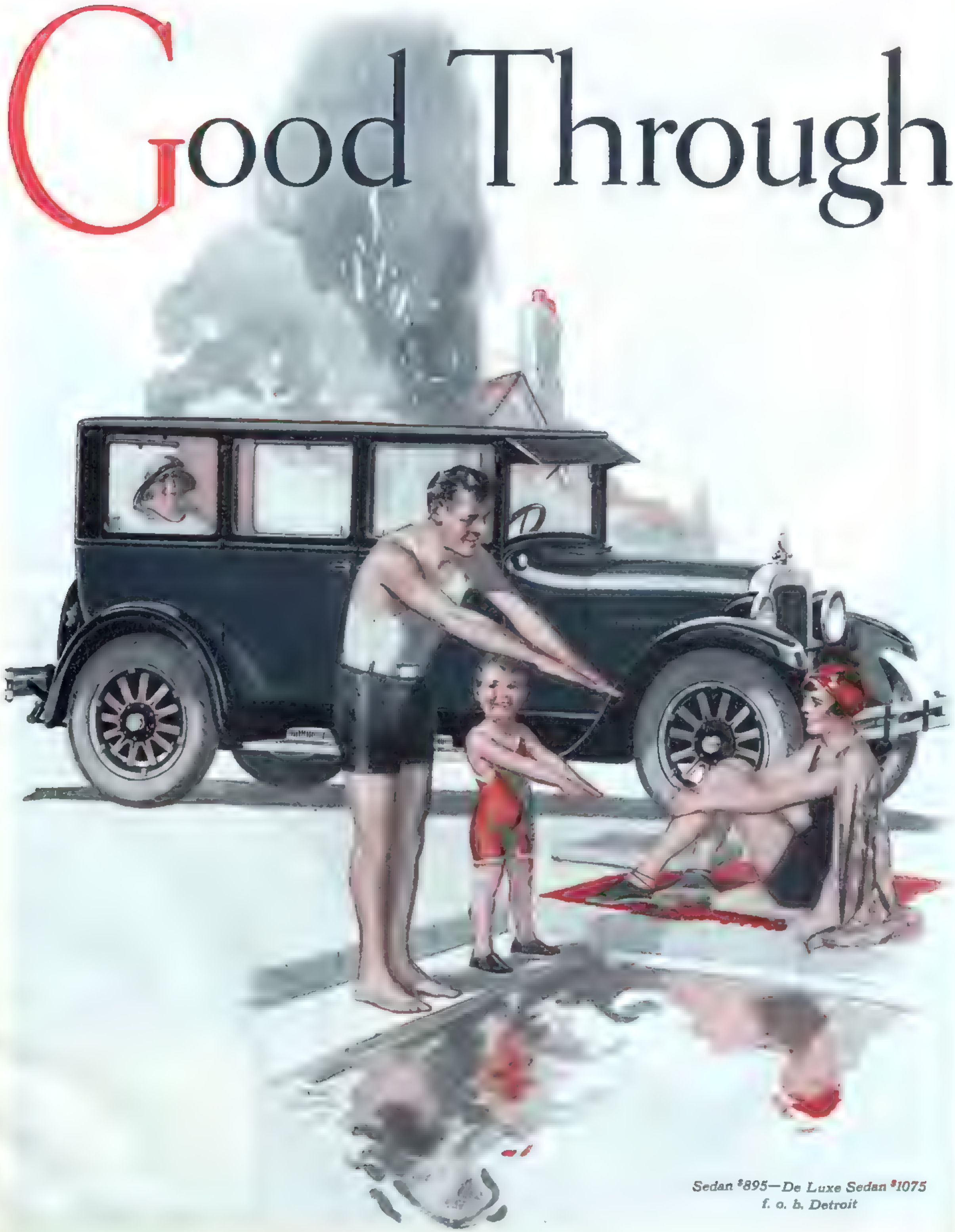
Good Through



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Greater beauty and comfort than ever before—*but greater dependability, too.*

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Quality not sacrificed on the altar of Price.

Supremacy, as always, in drop forgings. Supremacy, as always, in fine steel. Supremacy in the goodness of those numberless details that in their sum total constitute the car itself.

Drop-forged spring brackets, for instance, instead of the usual malleable iron....Every leaf of every spring costly chrome vanadium steel....The only one-piece chrome vanadium front axle on a motor car ....The same fine steel in crankshaft, camshaft, axle shafts and connecting rods....Big, oversized ball-bearings. Bigger than strictly necessary. *Better* than strictly necessary, as are all working parts ....Starter and electrical equipment the most dependable money can buy....Genuine leather seats and cushions, wherever leather is used....Genuine mohair velvet....!

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Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adaptable for Industrial Machinery

ALEMITE-ZERK
for Fords

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(Continued from Page 56)

spine, I'd be so ashamed of it, I'd get me one, somehow!"

Her voice changed from its stern and practical note, grew husky and shy, like a boy's who speaks reluctantly of love.

"Oh, and I guess it's caring about someone enough, too. Wanting to help them. Well, anyway, I read about some famous man who called his housekeeper an 'architect of happiness.' That's a pretty good job, if you think about it that way. Isn't it?"

Constance closed her eyes, as if exhausted.

Then she murmured, "'An architect of happiness!' But, Gay, there are so many different styles of architecture. And, really, I am afraid that dear little cottages are not quite in my line. Villas in Spain, perhaps ——"

"Love nests, I suppose," Gay supplied crisply. "But nearly every woman is convinced she's talented in that direction. You'll have a lot of competition there. Better come over to a field that isn't so crowded." She grinned. "Darn' few women who can keep house, and keep their tempers."

"I don't see why you bother, though," remarked Constance. "You aren't going to marry a poor man."

Her tone was rather envious.

"How do you know?" retorted Gay placidly. "Nobody thought you would, either."

"The thing I can't understand," Constance burst out, "is why Thor doesn't want to make money!"

"How can you say that? When he's downstairs, this very minute, slaving away ——"

"Yes, I know. Temporarily. But as soon as those debts are paid, he will go right back to the same old way of not caring whether he ever makes a cent. My goodness, nobody minds marrying a poor man. But you don't expect him to stay poor! Thor has absolutely no ambition."

"Why, Constance Bannester, you must be crazy!"

"You'd think I was crazy if you knew what I've been doing for the last two weeks."

"Well, what have you? I've wondered where you were every day."

"I've thrown away all my pride!" declared Constance, dramatically. "And I've begged—yes, begged—everyone we know—all our friends—for jobs."

"Jobs! For you?"

"No, for Thor."

"Why, Constance Bannester! How horrid!"

"Yes, it was horrid. But I was willing to do anything to help Thor."

"Holy cow!" groaned Gay. "You're always helping him, aren't you? What sort of jobs?"

"All sorts. I went to everybody. Daddy's business friends—men I scarcely knew. But they were all perfectly lovely to me. I don't see why people say big business men are so hard to approach. They nearly all asked me out to luncheon. And Thor could have had any kind of job he wanted."

"But he doesn't want any job except his own!"

"That's what he said," replied Constance bitterly. "He threw away every opportunity! Then I told him about a friend of Caroline's, a man who owns an art gallery, and has made millions. Of course he made some of it on the stock market, too. His customers gave him tips. You see, I thought Thor wouldn't mind a business that was connected with art, but he said an art gallery wasn't. And in the dull season—no one buys pictures in the summer—Thor could paint as much as he liked. But he was so nasty and sarcastic about it. He said: 'Any extra time I'd have left over from selling pictures, and playing the stock market, could be devoted to art? Is that your idea?' So I told him my idea was simply for him to start out in something and make a lot of money, and then he could go back to painting. He said heaps of people had tried that, but if they made money, their wants grew with their income, and they never went back. Oh, I was so provoked, Gay! After all I'd done for him. 'Well, then, what if you didn't go back?' I said. 'I suppose there'd be enough painters left in the world. You can't be the only living genius!'"

Gay turned quite white.

"Oh, you didn't!" she gasped. "Constance Bannester, you—pig! You couldn't say that to Thor!"

"Well, I did. He shouldn't have made me so angry. And then Thor's so stubborn and selfish. Utterly selfish! We have scarcely spoken to each other since," she added coolly.

"Yes, I noticed something of the sort at dinner," remarked Gay. "Pleasant for me."

"You don't have to stay. Why do you?"

Gay flushed, and her eyes fell beneath Constance's steady and cold stare.

"I'd like to know how you'd get along without me," she stammered.

"I might bring Thor to his senses much sooner," replied Constance, "if you didn't spoil him. You're making him believe that it's possible to have everything very nice and pleasant without money."

"It is!"

"But, Gay, that sort of thing keeps a man from wanting to be a success."

"That's the sort of thing that will make him a success. You'd better take a tip from me."

"I shall never make a slave out of myself, as you are doing. Don't think it for one instant, Gay!"

"Oh," cried Gay, "you aren't really in love with Thor, or you couldn't talk like that!"

Constance considered the matter.

"I was just crazy about him in Midland," she said, "and sometimes I am now. But Thor's changed."

"He hasn't! You didn't know him, and—he didn't know you."

"Oh," said Constance, with a superior smile, "I don't mean he's changed toward me. Thor's mad about me. So don't worry. I can make him give in, finally."

"Do you want to spoil his whole life?" cried Gay.

"Well, I certainly don't want him to spoil mine," retorted Constance, very reasonably.

She rose, yawned, stretched her arms above her head, and let them fall in a graceful gesture.

"I think I'll ask Caroline to come over and play bridge, if she isn't doing anything. And, oh, Gay, you might call up Tollie to make a fourth."

"Call him up yourself, if you want to see him."

Constance frowned, and turned an impatient face toward her little sister.

"For heaven's sake, Gay, why have you been acting so queerly about Tollie? Are you jealous of me, by any chance?"

"Jealous—of—you?"

"Yes. I mean, I can't see any other reason for your refusing to see Tollie for the last two weeks. You're perfectly free. Thor can't make you promise to stay at home, or not see anybody. I think you're awfully silly, and rude, besides."

"Rude?"

"To Tollie! He's been awfully nice to you—to both of us. You can't just suddenly cut him, for no reason. He must have telephoned at least twenty times in the last two weeks. I don't know what he must think of you, Gay."

"Look here, Constance Bannester, don't try to use me as your cat's-paw!"

"I don't know what on earth you mean," declared Constance with dignity. "I was only thinking of you."

"Darling," murmured Gay, satirically, "I could kiss you right on the mouth. You're too good to me."

She went on with her sewing. Constance wandered about restlessly. Then all at once, with an air of brisk competence, she moved toward the telephone.

"After all," said Constance, reasonably, "we've got to have a fourth for bridge. I don't suppose even Thor would deny that!"

xxx

THOR, who had been dreaming for some time that his head was a drum, on which a heavily rhythmic measure was being pounded, now woke with a start. He had gone to bed at half-past ten, so tired he'd slept like one drugged. His brain was in a fog, and refused to respond to a persistently troubling impression that still nagged from the fringes of sleep. He clicked on the light. Two o'clock. He listened intently, and everything was perfectly still. Of course it had only been a dream. But, no, there it was again! A high, piercing scream, and directly overhead!

He flung himself out of bed, and into a dressing gown, and, with his heart in his throat, was hurdling up the stairs. "Gay! Gay!" he was whispering, without being aware of what he said. He threw himself at the door of his apartment, expecting to find it locked. He lunged with the full weight of his body, steeled for resistance, but the door yielded instantly, surprisingly and sickeningly. And he was thrown, staggering, into a strong glare of light, and a murmuring hum of voices. And stunned, completely bewildered, hair wild and eyes dizzy from sleep, clothed only in pajamas, and a striped-flannel dressing gown, Thor found himself in his own studio, and in the midst of a group of people rather more conservatively dressed in dinner coats, and evening frocks.

Well, surely this was a dream. One of those mortifying dreams everyone has now and then. Except that—thank heaven!—he was a little more fully clothed than you usually are. But a scream again roused him. And, this time, no doubt about it, a real one. A girl's voice, high pitched with intense surprise, and amusement, and perhaps elevated half an octave, too, by champagne. For there were bottles about everywhere, and nearly everyone had a glass at their lips. Only one girl let hers fall, with a tinkling smash, at Thor's entrance, and that was not Constance, but Gay.

And it was Gay who ran to him, and cried out ever so contritely, "Oh, Thor, did we wake you?"

Then there was a shrieking chorus of laughter, and the hum of voices broke up into glittering, stinging bits of laughter, sharp as broken glass. And blushing furiously, angrier than he had ever been in his whole life, Thor, now fully awake, stared about him. All about him laughing faces—some he knew, dozens of strangers. And all about him, all over the room, glasses, and sandwiches, a great hamper, flowers, and chocolates, and cakes, and stuff in flaming chafing dishes. And, over in one corner, by the phonograph, a drum, and traps—that accounted for his dream—and grinning negroes, with guitars and banjos. While flung carelessly on the sofa, like one of those preposterously long-legged and limp dolls you see insolently sprawled in shop windows, was a long limp woman, who surveyed Thor with cool admiration. For even in his dressing gown, with his thick fair hair tumbled, he was extraordinarily handsome.

Getting better looking, too, every minute, as his color rose and rose, and his blue eyes fairly blazed.

"I do hope you aren't too dreadfully annoyed with us, Mr. Ware," murmured the lady on the sofa. But her tone indicated that she really didn't care a bit if Thor was annoyed, in fact, found it amusing. "You don't remember me? I'm Tollie's sister."

Tollie came up, then, as composed as ever, but with a note of sincere regret in his agreeable, impersonal voice.

"I'm afraid I owe you an apology, Thor. Frightfully cheeky of me—this is my party, you know. I should have asked your permission, of course, but Gay said we mustn't, on any account, disturb you."

"Oh, so this was Gay's idea?" said Thor. His lips felt stiff, as if he could hardly open

(Continued on Page 63)

The immensely likable Jack Buchanan starring in Charlot's famous English Revue

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Post Toasties Double-Thick Corn Flakes *stay crisp in milk or cream*

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them, and a cold, determined anger took the place of his first fury.

"No, it's my party," Tollie repeated, "and absolutely all my fault. I insisted on coming."

"And bringing all his guests," supplied the lady on the sofa, feebly waving a limp arm. "We were dining at Tollie's, when they telephoned. It was too fearfully insipid. But it's been marvelous here." She raised her head a little to look at Thor, but let it drop back instantly on the pillow, and again her voice died away, as if nothing in all the world was worth talking about, really. "So Bohemian," she whispered.

Tollie put his arm through Thor's, and tried to draw him out into the hall.

"Come along, old chap, and I'll tell you all about it—exactly how it happened," he began soothingly.

But Thor resisted, stopped short, and stared intently at a young lady who, a few paces removed from them, was coolly pretending that nothing at all unusual had occurred.

"I think I'd prefer to have Constance explain, if you don't mind."

"Darling!" Angrily conscious of all eyes upon her, Constance moved toward him, her face a mask of polite scorn. "Darling!"—she even managed a light laugh—"hadn't you better get into a more appropriate costume, first? As soon as you have on a dinner coat, you will be more in the mood for a party. And as soon as you have had a glass of Tollie's champagne," she added, with a mocking smile, "I can explain anything!"

With the shout of laughter that greeted this retort, there was a simultaneous burst of jazz from the negroes. With impromptu vocal accompaniment, and the aid of the phonograph, and a cowbell, and cymbals, and drum, and with the exuberant good will of their race, they pretended, quite successfully, to be a whole orchestra. Everybody instantly forgot Thor, and his unusual appearance, and clutched someone else. And Thor, deserted in the midst of the party which still raged—and still without permission—in his own studio, and observing, once more, the elaborate equipment which Tollie had assembled in order to play host here, reflected resentfully, "I'm surprised they didn't move in a grand piano!"

Then, all at once, and to his further amazement, Thor saw the door of a little cupboard under the stairs swing outward, and staggering forth, bent double from the confined space, a flushed and disheveled youth and maiden, who finished, in public, an embrace begun in the extreme privacy of the cupboard. And still ecstatically close clasped, they dived into the jazz stream, jostling, and jostled, while the floor of Thor's studio shook, and seemed visibly to bend, beneath the thundering onslaught of the heavily rhythmic Charleston. Perspiring, and wide grinning, the negroes ululated melodious yells of encouragement to the dancers, and the dancers, those who were most visibly exhilarated by Tollie's champagne, at any rate, responded, each with his own particular brand of yodel.

The noise was simply terrific. Thor wondered how he could have slept through it so long. Then the same shrill scream he had heard before—the one he had to thank for waking him—thrilled out again. Though, this time, seeing its cause, Thor recognized the scream as one of pure pleasure. Dickie Lawrence, slight of build, but magnified mentally, in the well-known heroic stage of stimulation, was attempting to imitate a Russian dancer, and throw his partner, a robust and solidly constructed young golf champion, over his shoulder. She was resisting, pleasurably, and screaming with delight, and when Dickie's foot slipped they went crashing down together, with the very healthy young lady on top.

Dickie was rescued, pale and breathless, and somewhat flattened out. His partner was unhurt, but Dickie's ankle was sprained. The dance stopped, and there was a great chattering of excitement and sympathy.

The Countess reluctantly got off the couch, and allowed Dickie to be placed there, and he was just demanding, indignantly, of his equally indignant injurer, her exact weight, when Thor, who had been quite forgotten, pushed once more into the limelight.

Wrapping his bath robe about him as majestically as a toga, he declared in a loud, peremptory voice, "I think this has gone far enough!"

"Oh, don't be a prude!" A quick, angry whisper from Constance, at his side. She put one hand on his arm, and drew him away from the crowd. "Go and get dressed, Thor! Or else go back to bed, and don't spoil the party."

"The party is over."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't intend for this to go on."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Thor, hush! They'll hear you."

"I want them to hear me!"

"You can't order people out of your house."

"I can, and will."

"Are you absolutely crazy?"

"I'm crazy mad. I can tell you that!"

But, by this time, she had maneuvered him into the breakfast room, and shut the door, and she spoke in a low, furious voice.

"If you insult my friends, my guests ——"

"So it's your party? Tollie said it was his. I'd like to get this straight. Who planned all this?"

"Oh, Thor, I was so bored tonight! I simply couldn't stand it any longer. But I didn't intend it to be a party, really, at the time. It just happened. Wait until they've gone, and I'll tell you all about it."

"They're going now."

"Thor, if you—Thor, if you do that, I'll never ——"

"Don't say you'll never forgive me. Because I shall never forgive you."

"But what for? What have I done? Can't I have a little innocent amusement ——"

"I don't know whether it's so innocent or not. But, at any rate, it doesn't amuse me."

"And you don't care a bit whether I'm bored to death!"

"And you don't care whether I'm turned out of this building—asked to give up my studio—this hell of a racket at half-past two in the morning! Working people here—everybody works hard all day, and wants to sleep at night. I'm surprised Mike hasn't been up before this; and if he should report me to the directors ——"

"Oh, so that's what's troubling you?"

"No, not altogether. Not principally. It's you! Breaking your promise again."

"What promise?"

"You know very well you promised not to have any parties, while I ——"

"No, not to go out on parties, Thor! That's what you made me promise."

"Oh, don't stoop to quibbling! You understood well enough what I meant. This amounts to the same thing, and you know it! Playing around with other men ——"

"But, we're chaperoned, Thor! Besides, you can't prevent Gay from having a good time, I suppose."

"Gay! Why do you drag Gay into it? Was it Gay who ——"

"I only meant that she's perfectly free, anyway! You've got no control over her, and can't say that she's not to have her friends here."

"No. All I can say about Gay is I'm disappointed in her." And he was surprised at the bitterness of his own tone, the sudden bitterness that welled up in his heart.

"Disappointed in Gay? Why?"

"Because I thought she had a sense of honor, even if you haven't."

"Oh, you and your 'sense of honor'! Honor! Promises! I'm absolutely sick of those words! I've heard nothing else since I came here. And I'll tell you exactly what it amounts to: Your sense of honor is nothing but a puritanical fear of doing what you really want!"

He recoiled as if she had struck him a blow on the mouth with her open hand. And on both their faces the same memory was reflected, with shame and scorn, and the desire for revenge on hers, with contempt, and cold fury on his. And he spoke coldly, but with the furious rapidity of one who is drunken with anger.

"My sense of honor keeps me from what I want? Why don't you speak the truth, and say it keeps me from doing what you want?"

"Oh!" The color fell away from the warm ivory of her skin, "Oh, you unspeakable—cad!"

He took a step toward her. She drew back, slimly forbidding as a sword. His remorseful hands fell to his side.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "Wasn't true, either. What we both wanted, of course."

But her white, scornful face flashed away from him, like the glint of a sword, and then he heard her voice from the next room, her voice white and flashing, too, in its suppressed scorn, its pretense of light amusement.

"I'm really terribly sorry!" she cried to her guests. "But I'm afraid we shall have poor Thor put out of the building, if we don't stop. The superintendent has just telephoned up about the noise!"

A confused clamor of exclamations and laughter, as the guests made ready to depart. Then Constance's voice, again, soothing and caressing.

"Oh, Tollie, of course it's all right. Don't say another word to Thor. He isn't really cross. But you know how it is when you're suddenly waked up ——"

And then, in answer to a girl's laughingly unintelligible remark, Constance's voice, simulating great amusement:

"Yes, aren't we rowdy, my dear? I feel exactly as if we'd been raided, don't you? A night club, or something! Isn't it too thrilling! And wouldn't Thor look simply stunning in a policeman's uniform?"

Even while he stood there disliking Constance, Thor admired her a little, too. Then, he heard Gay's voice, comforting, and directing, as they moved Dickie Lawrence—some of the men had volunteered to carry him downstairs. And a curious, almost voluptuous thrill of hate, a more convincing authentic hate than he had ever felt for Constance in his blackest moments, shot through Thor, surprising him, thrilling him, causing his hands to clench as if he wanted to hurt someone.

He did want to hurt someone. He wanted to hurt Gay. He strode into the room, empty now of all its revelers. Even Constance had fled upstairs. Gay, alone, was left, picking up things, straightening things, as usual, after a party.

"Gay," said Thor in a cold, hard voice.

And she turned a trusting and joyous face to his. And, just for a second, his whole heart, all his body, his flesh, cringed, as if he were about to see someone else give a child a cruel and brutal blow.

He stood aside and watched himself, amazed and aghast, but he went on, this strange self that had sprung up suddenly within himself.

"Gay," he said, in a harsh, strange voice, "I want you to pack up your things in the morning, and go."

She just stared at him.

"I thought I could trust you," he said, "but, now—well, anyway, I can still trust you to tell the truth, I suppose. I want to know whether Constance broke her promise! Was it Constance who telephoned Tollie, or was it you?"

Gay opened her mouth twice before she could speak. Then she said, quite childishly, and ungrammatically, "Me."

She stood there so little and defenseless, with her hurt, wide eyes, so like a puppy faithful unto death, so like a brave child who waits to be punished, that even the stranger within Thor almost wavered. But, somehow, the thought of Tollie, and the thought that Gay had wanted to see Tollie even enough to be treacherous to him, caused those vibrations of hate again to

(Continued on Page 67)

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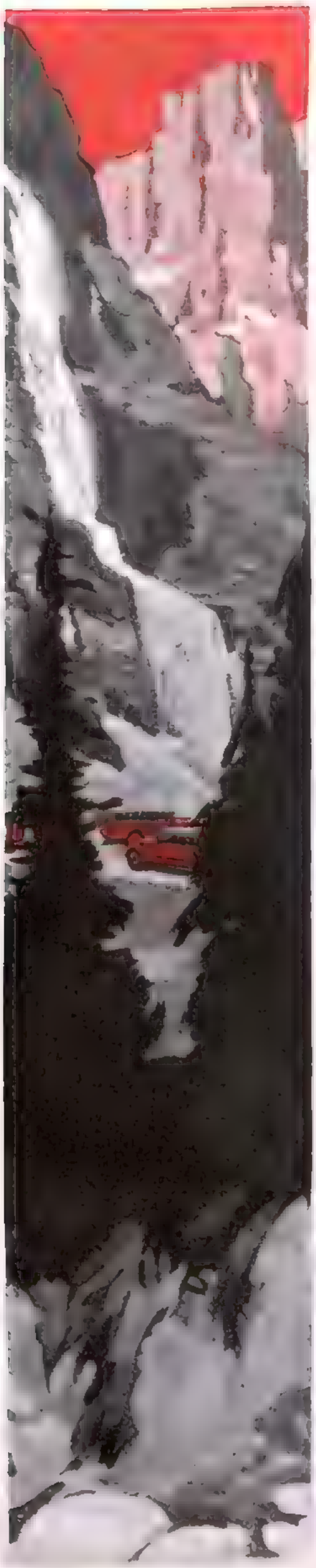

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quiver in Thor's heart, and his voice was frozen with anger as he said:

"You are free to do as you please, of course. Call up Tollie as much as you like!"

Again that curious thrill, so painful it was almost pleasure.

"But you're making trouble between Constance and me," said Thor, with an odd feeling, though, as if he were not telling the truth. "So you'd better go."

"All right, Thor."

Her voice was steady, her eyes, though they suddenly brimmed with tears, were full of loving-kindness. They reminded him of something -those tear-filled blue eyes—that baby they'd seen in the park.

"Gay!"

But she was running upstairs, stumbling a little.

"*Petit Asticot!*" he called, desperately, filled with a desperate need to see her again. She looked down at him from the balcony.

"It's all right, Thor. You're absolutely right, of course."

Her kind face, her good little loving face, looking down at him, for a moment, smiling through her tears, comforting him for the hurt he had done her.

A story he'd read somewhere, heard somewhere, long ago—something his mother had told him long ago—he could scarcely remember—Griselda—patient Griselda.

XXXI

DUSK in the studio, and Gay sitting alone there, not bothering to turn on the lights, for, in only a few minutes, she was going away. "Forever," said something, solemnly, inside of her. But she was all through crying. Besides, she was too tired to care, now. She had worked so hard all day, determined to leave the apartment spotlessly in order—not on Thor's account, of course, but for her own reputation as a housekeeper. She had got up at six-thirty, and it must have been half-past two or three when she went to bed. Coming upstairs after the party, trying to hide her own tears, she had been amazed to find Constance crying, too. Crying, and flinging things furiously into a suitcase, and as furiously muttering:

"Fool! Fool!"

"Are you talking to me, or about me?" asked Gay.

"No! Thor! Insulting me! All my friends! Making a fool out of me. He hasn't the slightest idea of how civilized people behave."

Gay bestowed a quizzical glance on her elder sister.

"Well, he certainly ought to have learned something from that bunch tonight," she commented.

"Oh, don't be as prudish as he is! I don't know what's happened to you, Gay! You always liked a good time at home."

"Yes, at home," replied Gay, thoughtfully. "But isn't that a little bit different? I mean, honestly. Adelaide's a darn' good sport, you know, but I don't believe she'd have cared much for our party tonight, either. You'll tear that dress!" she remonstrated, as Constance continued to snatch clothes from her closet, and hurl them in the general direction of her luggage.

"I don't care! I won't stay here another minute, and be insulted."

"Well, Thor can't very well insult you any more until tomorrow," replied Gay. "So you might as well wait, and let me do your packing."

This consideration visibly swayed Constance, who loathed having anything to do with clothes except wear them. She quieted down, and accepted the news that Gay was returning to Midland with the most unflattering equanimity. For she had already decided to go to Caroline's, in order to punish Thor, as she had done once before, and now this disposed of the problem of little sister. She didn't even ask for an explanation of this sudden departure, and though Gay would have died rather than tell the true reason, still she was hurt at Constance's indifference. For, after all, she had done quite as much to make Constance comfortable as Thor, and it did seem that Constance might have expressed some little gratitude, or regret. However, that was not Constance's way. Nor was it Gay's habit to brood over grievances, and cherish resentment. And, the next morning, when she took up the breakfast tray, she decided that Constance was rather fond of her, and quite considerate, after all. For the elder sister, who was just finishing a telephone conversation, turned to say that she had arranged with Tollie to take Gay to the station.

"Oh, but that wasn't necessary!" Gay protested. "I'd just as soon get a taxi."

"Had you?" retorted Constance. "Well, I hadn't."

"You?"

"Of course I'm going down to see you off, Gay," replied Constance, with the dignified air of one who always does her duty, "and Tollie will see about a drawing-room for you. So you've nothing to do now."

Masking a smile at this information, Gay hastened downstairs. She had already cleaned most of the apartment, and she would have to do the packing after lunch. Thor had not appeared as yet, but he might come up to lunch. Oh, surely he would come up to lunch. Even if he were still so very angry, he was surely coming up to say good-by. Just for a minute, anyway, to say good-by. But Thor did not come up, either for food, or farewells.

Gay ate her lunch alone, with tears perpetually running down her cheeks, and being angrily mopped up.

"Darn' fool! You little darn' fool!" she raged, digging her handkerchief into her eyes. "Stop it! Stop it, I tell you!"

But the tears kept rolling down, rolling down, and she was as powerless to prevent them as to stop rain falling. Oh, how she thanked all her lucky stars that Constance had gone out to lunch somewhere—rather mysteriously, and hastily, whisking through the hall, all dressed up, and just calling, as she passed the kitchen:

"See you later, darling. Lunching out"

"You'll come back in time, Constance?" Gay called, rather anxiously—punctuality not being one of Constance's virtues.

"Now, Gay, Tollie and I will put you on that train in plenty of time! Don't worry. Lie down and rest, sweetie!" her voice floated back, amiably.

"Yes, fat chance!" thought Gay, hurriedly, but neatly, folding her own clothes, and Constance's. Packing steadily, getting rather desperate as the time slipped by faster and faster, growing a little dizzy—she had cried so much—suddenly longing above all things to be in Midland, and with her mother. Oh, how glad she was that Adelaide had come back from Palm Beach. She could cry as much as she liked in the comfort of those fragile, electric arms, and no questions asked. "She's a gentleman, a perfect gentleman!" thought Gay. "Perfect lady won't do—that only means refined, and refined people can just snoop the life out of you."

Cheered by thoughts of the comforting Adelaide, Gay finished her packing sooner than she expected. There was time, after all, for a cold bath, and ice rubbed on her swollen eyelids, and a few minutes' rest, and she didn't look so frightful as she should have, with all that crying. She was pale, and there were lavender shadows under her eyes, but the eyes themselves were bright and blue again, and the little green tweed traveling dress and coat she wore were really most becoming. Just in case Thor should happen, even now—but he didn't know, of course, what time she was going! He hadn't even telephoned—he might have telephoned just to say good-by.

Heavens, though—what time was it? The clock in a near-by tower was chiming. She looked at her wrist watch, and discovered that there were only twenty minutes before her train left. Wasn't that just like Constance? But perhaps Tollie would come without her. Anyway, if they didn't appear in five minutes she'd take a taxi.

There'd been a Busy sign on Thor's door when she took his lunch down to him.

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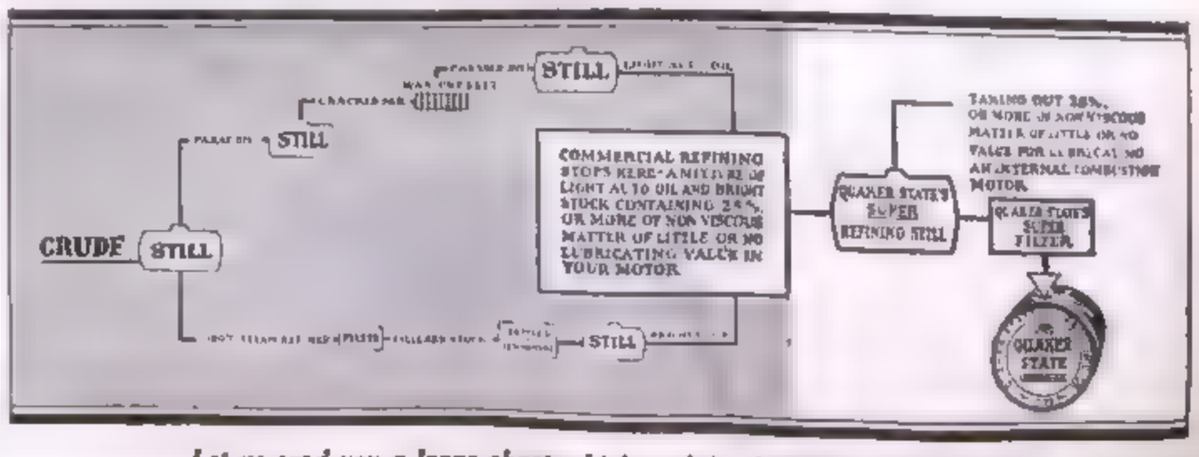
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Ask your dealer for red diving girl sticker or send 4c for two; or 6c for four sizes of paint transfers of same for tire covers, rain slickers, etc. And send for catalog and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric.

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The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

Busy, Do Not Knock. She had set the tray down outside the door, tiptoed upstairs, looking back over her shoulder, though, just in case he might have heard the dishes rattle as she set the tray down, but his door had remained tight shut.

She wondered, now, if he had ever discovered the tray. He would have an awful headache if he worked all day without eating. Perhaps she should have knocked anyway, in spite of that forbidding sign. No! Then Thor might have thought she was making an excuse to see him—to tell him good-by.

But why hadn't he wanted to tell her good-by? Surely—surely, even if he were still angry, after all this time together—their walks—everything. Well, she would just slip down quietly to see about the tray, and in case the sign had been taken down, perhaps ——

But when she reached Thor's door, the sign still hung there, as if frowning—Busy, Do Not Knock—and the tray still remained outside. She picked it up, and moved slowly toward the stairs, hesitating, not knowing what to do, not even knowing what she wanted to do. Her heart throbbed so heavily, so painfully, that she could scarcely breathe. At one moment, she felt that she must see Thor, just once more, just for a second, just to see him, though neither of them uttered a word. And the next instant, she had such dread of seeing him, such fear that he might suddenly open the door, that she felt quite sick and faint. And this inexplicable fear so overcame her longing, that she began to run upstairs, though her knees threatened to crumple up under her, any second.

When she reached the top of the stairs, she heard the telephone ringing, with that long, exasperated snarl which means that the goaded operator has been trying, in vain, for some time, to reach you. Gay hastily set down the tray in the kitchen, and ran to the telephone, breathless. Perhaps Thor, even now—but when she lifted the receiver the bell kept on ringing, whining and buzzing in her ear, and she had to shout against it:

"Yes! Yes! Hello!"

No answer at all for some time, and then a very faint, far-away murmur, quite unintelligible. And Gay, who suddenly remembered her train again, was just about to hang up, thinking there had been a mistake, when Constance's voice came over the wire quite clearly, and with a distinct note of annoyance.

"Gay! Is that you, Gay?"

"Of course it's me."

"Well, for heaven's sake, why didn't you answer?"

"I did! There's something wrong. Where are you?"

"Greenwich."

"Village?"

"No, Connecticut."

"Connecticut! For crying out loud! How do you expect to take me to the train, then?"

"Oh, darling! Oh, Gay, I'm sorry! I forgot all about your train!"

"Well, if that isn't just like "

"Oh, don't fuss, Gay! I'm so happy."

"Who cares? And how about me? Do you think I'm happy to miss ——"

"Gay, darling, listen!" There was a slight pause, and the voice came over the wire rather breathlessly. "Listen, Gay. I'm—married."

"Wha-at?"

"Married."

"You're joking!"

"I hate jokes, and you know it. We motored out here right after lunch, and got married."

Suddenly the entire world whirled around. Gay clung to the wall to keep herself from falling.

That explained Thor's mysterious absence—the sign on the door. They had slipped away—hadn't wanted her to know until it was over. Oh, how cruel! What a cruel trick!

"Congratulations," she remarked in a small, thin voice.

"I've wired mother!" Constance went on, happily. "Of course I'm terribly sorry not to see her, before we go ——"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I forgot. There are so many things—I'm so excited—it was all so sudden! We're sailing tomorrow on the Berengaria. Wasn't it lucky Tollie could get something for us, at the last minute?"

"Tollie? Why, did he see about it for you?"

"Of course."

"He certainly is obliging," remarked Gay dryly. "I just wish he'd been as efficient about getting me down to my train."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Gay! There are plenty of trains to Midland. You can go in the morning."

"I'm going right now," declared Gay. "Maybe I can make it, if I ——"

"Wait! Listen, Gay!" Constance's voice was now almost a wail. "Don't hang up!"

"Well, what is it? Hurry!"

"Listen—are my things packed?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll send for them. And listen, Gay. You'll just have to wait until Tollie's chauffeur can get there."

"You certainly don't mind helping yourself to Tollie's possessions!"

"Why should I?"

Constance's laughter rang over the wire, and, before Gay could answer, a new voice joined the conversation, a man's voice, as evenly pitched, as agreeably impersonal, and cool, as ever, but with an overtone of triumphant delight.

"Hello, little sister! Let's be sentimental!"

"What?" gasped Gay. "Is that you, Tollie?"

"In person. Give us your blessing."

"Oh, God!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said God. I meant good. I mean it's awfully good. I mean—did you marry Constance?"

"Yes, it's quite legal. Don't worry. Hastily, but thoroughly done. Sorry you couldn't be the maid of honor, Gay, but we hadn't any of the usual adornments. We suddenly decided, at luncheon. A clear case of love at sixteenth sight. That is, with Constance. I was bowled over, of course, the first time."

"Oh, shut up, Tollie!" Constance's voice, again. "And go away. Please! I've got something important to tell Gay."

Her tone, so blithe and confident, became tense.

"Listen, Gay—about my clothes. You won't go away, will you, darling, until the chauffeur has come for them? You promise?"

"Why, yes, of course. But what makes you so nervous?"

"Well, I just thought it would be rather dreadful if no one was there when the chauffeur came, and he'd have to ask Thor ——"

"Oh, I'd forgotten Thor!" Gay's voice was a wail of self-reproach. "Oh, how beastly! Poor Thor! Oh, what are you going to do, Constance?"

"Why, what can I do?" replied the bride, briskly. "I mean—of course I've wired him"

"You—wired Thor—about this!"

"Yes, at once. Naturally, I didn't want him to find out from the newspapers."

"But, Constance ——"

"My goodness, Gay, you surely didn't expect me to telephone Thor? That would have been embarrassing, for both of us."

"But, Constance, how could you!"

"How could I what?"

"Marry Tollie."

"Why, I've been in love with him for ever so long, only I didn't know it, I suppose. And he's been simply mad about me ever since ——"

"But, I mean, why didn't you tell Thor first? Oh, I think you are a darn' little sneak, Constance Bannester, and—and I hate you!"

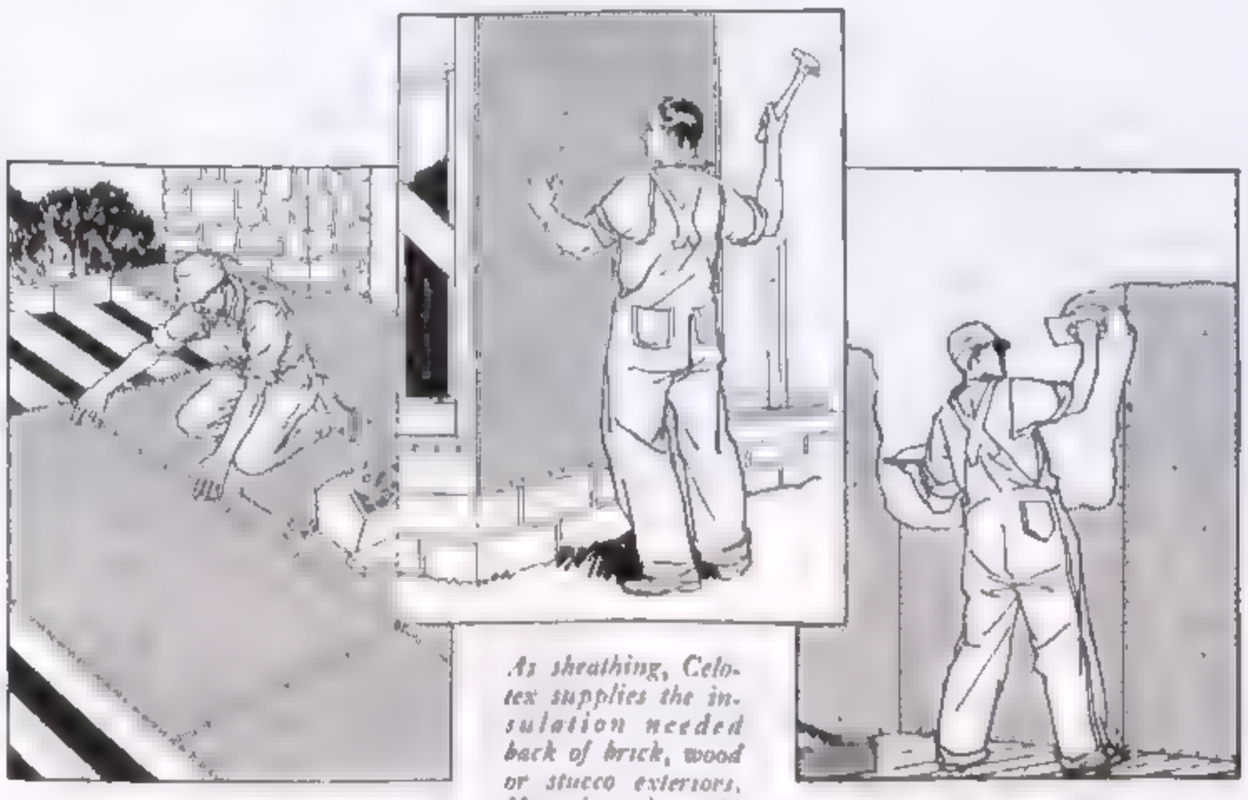
The receiver clattered into the hook, and Gay stood there pale, and breathless, and

(Continued on Page 70

Amazing Lumber stops heat and cold

. . . actually saves money

Now.. Every home can be summer-cool, winter-warm, quieter, at a saving. Celotex is practical for *old* and *new* houses alike. . . .



Most heat beats into the house through the roof in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through the roof in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. Both uses are recommended.

As sheathing, Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here, it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath marks.

AN amazing heat-stopping lumber has made house insulation practical! Architects and other building authorities urge its use. People everywhere are adopting it. In five years, more than 80,000 homes have been erected this modern way.

These homes are cool in summer . . . warm in winter . . . healthful . . . quieter . . . stronger . . . economical to keep up. They mark a new standard of American building practice.

For modern builders realize that wood, brick, plaster, concrete, etc., alone, do not effectively keep summer heat from beating in, or furnace heat from leaking out in winter. A special insulating, or heat-stopping, material is needed.

To meet this great need, Celotex Insulating Lumber was produced five years ago.

Celotex is not cut from trees. It is manufactured from the tough fibres of cane into broad, strong boards. These Celotex boards resist the passage of heat and cold many times as effectively as wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials. Celotex shuts out wind and moisture . . . quiets sound.

CELOTEX *saves you money.* Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building.

It *replaces* wood lumber as sheathing, eliminates building paper, gives greater wall strength and adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick and stucco exteriors *at no extra cost.*

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy. It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks.

With the walls and roof of your house covered with Celotex a smaller, less expensive heating plant and smaller radiators will keep you comfortable. And year after year, Celotex will *save from 25% to 35% of your fuel bill!*

In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little.

LOOK AHEAD! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete: harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

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S E P [illegible]

(Continued from Page 65)

aghast at what she had said. For, deep down in her heart, she knew that her sudden fury was against herself, not Constance. It was she who was a little sneak, and she hated herself. Because she had been glad—savagely, triumphantly glad—when she learned that it was Tollie who had married Constance, forgetting all about Thor's suffering when he should find out. Perhaps he already knew. They had wired him. He must know. She had been glad, while Thor was suffering. He was alone there, suffering, now.

XXXII

GENTLY, gently and cautiously, Gay pushed the door, and it yielded. And, on tiptoe, she crept through the dark, narrow hall toward the studio. Empty. Unlighted. Only a faint gray fog indicating the north window. Everything else in deep shadow.

But, now, from the blackest of all the shadows, there came a sound. A sound so strange, so terrible, that Gay's heart leaped up in her throat, and she stood frozen. Was it someone laughing? Laughing in a strange, strangled, and dreadful way? Or gasping? Thor—gasping. Thor was hurt! Wounded! Perhaps he had tried to kill himself.

She couldn't look. She wouldn't.

And then the low, strange, sound again. And Gay flew toward it. Thor, flung face downward on the couch, his head in his arms, his shoulders moving.

"Thor?" she whispered, awe-struck.

No answer.

"Thor, are you sick? Are you hurt? Thor!"

"Go away!" he cried, in a muffled and savage voice, flinging his arms out wildly. His elbow caught Gay's shoulder, as she bent over him. She was thrown aside.

For a second, she stood motionless, dismayed. That strange, gasping sound that came from Thor, that shaking as of fever. Now she knew. He was crying. Thor was crying. Oh, how horrible! And he was horribly ashamed.

She crept toward him softly, knelt down by his side. She did not try to touch him, now. Dared not touch him in his agony. But, in a voice that was shaken with tenderness, she whispered:

"Hit me again, Thor."

That brought him upright. He sat up, and stared at her, horrified.

"I didn't!"

"You did. Hit me again. I don't care. If it'll do you any good ——"

He flushed darkly.

"Oh Thor!" she wailed. "I want to help you."

Then, as he only continued to stare, darkly hostile, drawing back from her.

"I love you," she whispered, still on her knees before him. "Thor! I love you. I love you."

For a long moment, there was silence. They stared at each other, in silence. Then, in a voice that was weak with wonder, he said:

"You, Gay? You?"

Uncertainly, his arms went out toward her. With the sweetness of a docile child, she came into them. And, docilely, she lifted her lips, and gave him a sweet child's kiss.

"Oh Gay," he whispered, as her lips met his, so generously, so innocently. "I love you. I've loved you for a long time."

But her reaction was most surprising. She tore herself out of his arms, flaming with anger. And quivering with anger and hurt pride, her voice.

"Oh! For God's sake, Thor! Don't be a gentleman!"

XXXIII

FIVE minutes after Gay had fled upstairs, refusing to listen to anything that Thor might say, there was a knock on the door, and Mike handed Thor a telegram. He opened it and read:

"Tollie and I married this afternoon stop please try to forgive me stop Constance."

And, at once, Thor's thoughts flashed back to that night, less than two months ago, when his infatuation for Constance had been at its height. Less than two months ago, and yet it seemed so far away as to resemble a dream. They had come home together from Rita's party, walking through the snow, and he had carried Constance upstairs in his arms. Then, he couldn't remember very clearly—a delirium of fevered kisses, and tightly clinging arms, and the desperate feeling that it was impossible for them ever, ever again to part. And suddenly Constance's voice murmuring against his cheek, so softly that he had to ask her what she had said. And she said again:

"Let's not wait, Thor. Let's run away and be married now!"

He had found, somehow, almost incredibly, the strength to refuse to break his promises to Adelaide, his word of honor. And Constance had hated him for it ever since! Acted, ever since, in the traditional manner of the woman scorned, failing to see, or refusing to understand, what a battle he had fought against himself that night, what a victory he had won over his own desire. For he had been terribly infatuated, then. He saw his love for Constance, now, only as an infatuation. A sort of fever and illness, a delirium out of which he had come back safely to health, and the recognition of his own true love. For it seemed to him, now, that he had always loved Gay—always!

And, yet, he had thought, only today, before the arrival of this blessed telegram—wouldn't Constance be furious, though, if she knew how readily he forgave her—he had thought that he would have to let Gay go away, without even seeing her again. And, his nerves frayed from overwork, and his heart lacerated by its problem, he had yielded to a mood of utter despair. The future had looked so black—he'd made such a mess of his life—the future with Constance, the inevitable succession of bickering, and wrangling, and poisonous quarrels, money troubles always hanging over them like a storm cloud, threatening his work, his career. And then Gay had found him—he blushed hotly as he remembered his weakness—and she had thought, of course, that he was grieving over Constance's elopement. Gay had thought, of course, that he had only declared his love for her out of pity and chivalry. Oh, how was he ever to convince her? And suddenly this problem seemed as hopeless as the other. For Gay was such a proud little devil—so loving, so generous, so tender and kind—but horribly proud, too. And how could he make her believe that he had loved her always? Always!

"If I only knew something about women!" groaned Thor. For he was that rarest of all rare creatures—a man who will admit that he doesn't know all there is to know on the subject.

"And I learned about women from 'er." He found the words and tune unaccountably on his lips. Well, wasn't there something he had learned from Constance that might help him with Gay, even though the two sisters were so entirely different? Then, oddly enough, his thoughts jumped back to that night in his studio, after Rita's party ——

All at once, Thor smiled broadly, happily, a little derisively, but very tenderly. Women, he thought, are the practical sex. It's deeds, not words, that convince women.

XXXIV

THAT they were conspirators, Adelaide could see at once, as soon as they stepped off the train. Gay's smile, alone, was enough. That mischievous, yet shy, and secret smile she gave her companion, as Adelaide exclaimed in surprise at seeing him.

"Why, Thor, how nice of you to bring my child all the way home!"

But was this really her child? That pale and woebegone little mouse she had taken to New York, was transformed into a young woman so glowing that she seemed to radiate light from within. And Thor had the slightly sheepish, and altogether dazed, manner of a man who realizes that he must look idiotically happy. People on the station platform turned around to stare, and to smile sympathetically, yet regretfully, at the young couple.

"Darling, you're too enchantingly pretty for words! Frankly, I didn't know you could look so beautiful!" Adelaide murmured, squeezing her daughter's hand—no longer a cold little hand—all warm and vibrant.

Thor heard, and his eyes agreed—those gray eyes which he couldn't take away from Gay for one second—eyes spilling over with such bright light that they seemed to send out vibrations like a violet ray.

"Gracious! I don't know whether I can bear it," thought Adelaide, seated between them, in her town car. "I wonder if, at my age, so much electricity is good for me."

And, of course, she was conscious that, though they were absolutely silent all the way home, they didn't, on that account, hear one word of her chatter. She was just some sort of an object, a barrier, placed between them, and over her apparently oblivious head, and past her smiling and talking face, they were constantly exchanging wireless messages, nods, and smiles, and those swiftly veiled glances which, from their very secrecy, betray the secret. So Adelaide was not surprised, though she politely pretended, when Gay, after all the greetings and small talk of their arrival were over, clutched her hand, and whispered:

"Mommie, I want to see you!"

And, with her other hand apologetically squeezing Thor's:

"Darling, do you mind if I run up to mommie's room, just for one minute?"

And Thor whispering against her ear:

"You may have two minutes, but you've got to kiss me first."

In Adelaide's sitting room, Gay curled up on a sofa, with her arm round her mother's waist.

"Mommie," she said bravely, though concealing her face still against Adelaide's shoulder, "I s'pose you're just terribly surprised about Thor—and me."

"Well, surprised," replied Adelaide, smiling, "but I wouldn't call it just terrible."

"Oh, I'm so glad," Gay breathed, lifting her face now, and meeting Adelaide's eyes bravely. "And—and you don't think it's terrible about Thor and Constance?

"I mean, you don't think he's awfully fickle, or anything, mother? I mean—getting over Constance so soon. I know it looks that way! But, honestly, Thor was—he cared about me a long time, before that, really! Do you believe that, mommie?"

"My darling, I don't think anyone could help loving you!"

Gay breathed a deep sigh of relief, sat up straight on the sofa, and plunged into more practical matters.

"Look here, mommie, I don't think it's a bit fair, do you, for Thor to have spent all that money on Constance?"

And then she told the whole story of Constance's extravagance, and how Thor had given up his own work to pay her debts, and Adelaide agreed that that was not fair.

"Besides, darling," she said, "it was in the agreement, you know, that if the trial failed, daddy was to pay for everything."

"I suppose," said Gay, with a return of her old impertinence—"I suppose you and daddy thought it was worth any price not to have Thor for a son-in-law."

Adelaide laughed.

"And now you are going to give him a trial?"

Gay's smiling face sobered.

"Well, you know," she said, "that was a very good idea of yours, mother. There was just one thing wrong with your plan."

"And what was that?"

"It wasn't a fair trial, because—they weren't really married."

"Gay!" cried Adelaide. "Gay?"

"Yes. Thor made me! He wouldn't wait! Oh, darling, are you frightfully angry?"

"I am—a little bit—stunned, I think!" declared Adelaide weakly. "I've heard of double weddings before, but never a double elopement."

Then she burst out laughing. Fortunately, Adelaide could appreciate a joke on herself. She had not added the fillip of parental opposition to either of her daughters' romances, and yet they had both eloped, just as she herself had done, and both—this was really the cream of the jest—both just as suitably as she, and more suitably than she could have chosen for them. Because it was plain, that Constance and Taliaferro—Tolliver—and Gay and Thorvald had been, as the saying goes, "just made for each other."

"I am afraid we have a family curse," mused Adelaide. "It seems to run in our blood to be happily married. And," she added, "without many trials either!"

(THE END)

Polite Partner—"Shall We Sit Out This One?"

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear Dredging Sleeve typical of G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Sleeves for Jahncke Service, Inc., New Orleans, La.; inset photograph of a typical Jahncke plant

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"We use dredging sleeves and suction hose ranging in size from 10 inches to 18 inches in diameter," writes Mr. Paul F. Jahncke, Vice President. "We have found that when we take up our requirements with your Technical Department, a careful analysis of conditions is gone into before recommendations are made, and almost invariably with satisfactory results."

As high as 400,000 to 600,000 cubic yards of sharp, flinty material have been handled through the same set of Goodyear sleeves on one of the Jahncke lines. That means eight months of sleeve life at 50,000 to 75,000 cubic yards a month. "This is practically double the average sleeve life," says Mr. Jahncke. "It is most satisfactory to us, and we unhesitatingly recommend Goodyear sleeves and hose, as well as Goodyear service."

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You can drive the Overland Six at a road speed of 45 to 50 miles an hour without wear or strain on the engine... it reaches its "comfortable driving" peak at high speed and has been especially designed for modern highway traffic conditions.

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The radical difference between the Overland Six and other cars built today is this new type of unit-engineering.

All parts are co-related with other parts. Chassis and body are designed with strict regard to their inter-relation. Thus greater operating safety has been obtained ... easier control of the car ... far easier steering is particularly noticeable plus greater speed and power.

The Overland Six ... and out-perform ...

It is an actual fact that this big sturdy Six will out-pull, out-... out-perform anything else of its size, or weight price-class.

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out-pull, out-run ar of its class

Nothing has been spared to make this car a positive comfort-revelation. Owners accustomed to more expensive cars tell us this is true.

An artist created it

The distinguished, smart-looking Overland Six you see in the illustration above is not a chance result. An artist created it. Every line, every curve and contour is the result of painstaking craftsmanship and study.

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And it possesses a singularly happy color-combination you'll surely like.

Practical men call it "a superlatively handsome car." And women revel in its unobtrusive smartness, its beautiful Velour upholstery. Do you wonder that we urge you to see this car? That we ask you to find out what it offers before making up your mind?

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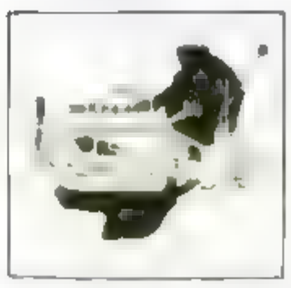

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IT PROBABLY NEVER HAPPENED

(Continued from Page 7)

"Heaven," Miss Hilton said without emotion, "help me!"

Then he found his hat. "Be very careful," he said at the door. "Remember, plenty of sleep and fresh air—and no late hours. No parties, remember—eh, doctor?" He shook a playful finger at her and was gone.

They sat, then, Miss Hilton and Doctor Sewell, looking at each other. Presently Miss Hilton's mouth lifted one corner tenderly.

"He's just too, too young," she said.

"But—thyroid inefficiency!"

"He needs help."

Doctor Sewell spoke disgustedly. "Thyroid inefficiency! Such rot! However," he added, "I'll try to see if there isn't some way to talk to him. Are you ready?"

"One minute," she said, rising.

As Doctor Melrose mounted the steps at Miss Joyce's home, to call on what would be his second patient, little birdies sang in his heart, sweet melodies rode down the two thousand miles of capillaries in his system and his ventricles throbbed merrily. Nona herself, mastering an incipient cardiac convulsion, opened the door.

"Doctor Melrose!"

"Ah!"

He entered briskly, laid his hat and gloves on a table and preceded her into the living room.

"Ah!" he said again. "And where is our patient—your father?"

Nona caught her breath. "Why—why ——" she stammered. "Why, he's here. You—you wish to see him?"

"Yes, indeedy!"

She hesitated, distressed, and then catching up her nerve, left the room. Two minutes later she returned.

Doctor Melrose was wearing his new stethoscope. He advanced to shake hands with the rather shaggy, puzzled old gentleman who followed Nona, a newspaper still in one hand.

"Ah!"

"How do?" Mr. Joyce mumbled.

"Well!"

Mr. Joyce looked at his daughter questioningly. Nona's lips were tight-clinched, tense.

"In a week," Doctor Melrose promised cheerfully, "we'll have you on your feet again. The pulse, please?"

Bewildered, Mr. Joyce extended his hand. Doctor Melrose thought deeply. "Slightly dicrotic," he announced, "as I expected. My usual experience," he explained to Nona, "is to find the pulse dicrotic. I've never known it to fail in a glandular case."

"I got a liver ail," Mr. Joyce suggested doubtfully.

"Ah, the liver!" He uttered the word warmly, as though it brought back to him happy memories of dear dead days among the livers. "A very, very interesting study, that of the liver. Yes, indeed! It converts," he explained to Nona, "glucose into glycogen and then the glycogen back into glucose."

"Why doesn't it leave the glucose alone in the first place?" Nona asked, puzzled.

Doctor Melrose looked thoughtfully at her and then addressed himself to Mr. Joyce. "How's your temperature?" he asked. "If your metabolism has diminished, as I suspect it has, it should be subnormal."

"It's my liver," Mr. Joyce insisted. "I had seven doctors. All said it was my liver. All of them was liver specialists. It's a liver ail I got."

"No, no!" Doctor Melrose laughed indulgently. "Not much room for doubt here, Mr. Joyce. Now that I recall it, I have another patient with just the same symptoms you have—dicrotic pulse, subnormal temperature, puffy hands—let me see your hands." Mr. Joyce presented his hands. "Ah, you see?" Doctor Melrose pointed. "See that puff?"

Mr. Joyce peered at it. "It does look a little puffy, don't it?" he asked. "It certainly does look a little puffy."

"Of course! Do you know what that means?"

Mr. Joyce looked startled. "No," he admitted worriedly. "Ain't it my liver?"

"Mr. Joyce, as I suspected, you have myxœdema!"

Mr. Joyce's face went ashen and Nona was prepared for him to swoon.

"It ain't my liver?" he asked pleadingly.

"By my professional reputation," Doctor Melrose declared flatly, "that's myxœdema."

For two minutes Mr. Joyce seemed unable to speak. Then his lips moved. "Myxœdema!" he repeated in a dead voice. "Myxœdema!" It had just never occurred to him, it seemed, that he, Arnold Joyce, should have myxœdema. Nona watched him compassionately. Then presently he rose, as one might who is very tired and suddenly very old.

"Nona," he said, "tell your ma to make the bed down. And if you don't mind, dear, will you telephone the office and tell 'em I won't be in maybe for months? Tell 'em, dear, I got myxœdema."

He moved toward the door with feeble steps. A trembling hand caught the door jamb for support. Nona reached his side. When she returned to the room, Doctor Melrose was trying out his new stethoscope on the clock.

"Ah!" he greeted her. "And now where is your mother?"

"She—she's not in just now."

"And Joe, your brother?"

"He's out too."

"That's too bad." His face showed his disappointment. "Well, it hasn't been a bad day."

"They're both out," Nona repeated. "We're alone."

"First, Miss Hilton, and now ——"

"They won't be back for hours," Nona said. "We're alone."

"Yes?" He nodded understandingly. "Doctor Sewell called me in for consultation on Miss Hilton's case. I told him about the cachets of potassium permanganate."

"What did he say, dear?" The word slipped out probably accidentally, and Doctor Melrose started and looked at her in a new way. Nona reddened.

"What," he asked, "is your first name?"

"Nona."

"He said leave them with him."

He leaned back on the divan, this time to reflect comfortably on a picture of Miss Hilton swallowing a cachet of potassium permanganate. Nona moved softly to the door and switched off the wall lights. In the corner, a floor lamp allowed a soft orange glow to fall over the room. She sat down on the divan beside him.

"Do you like," she asked presently, "blue eyes?"

He meditated a minute. "Blue eyes"—he approached his answer scientifically—"indicate scanty pigmentation in the connective cells of the iris. Eyes are blue for the same reason that the sky is ——"

"Eyes," Nona explained, remembering something from somewhere incorrectly, "that are two spoonfuls of sky?"

"Yes," he replied simply, "I think I do. I believe, though I have no authority for it, that a study of glaucoma in its relation to pigmentation ——"

"Eyes," Nona insisted, "like mine—maybe?"

He turned to face her. "Yes," he said, "I was noticing your eyes. Do you have any trouble with them—from the vision, I mean?"

Nona sat back. "No," she said briefly. "There's nothing the matter with my eyes." And there wasn't.

"Miss Hilton," he said after a pause, "has brown eyes."

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"For all I care," Nona said, "they can be plaid."

He looked at her in surprise. "There are," he said, "no plaid eyes."

Little Miss Joyce studied him and sighed. "Haven't you ever," she asked, "seen a human being? Not," she added quickly as he showed signs of interrupting, "a composition of cells, but a human being, a person with a heart that is not all valves, and eyes that are not just things to see with, and hands that are soft and warm and -and not just bones covered with—what do you call it?—epidermis? Haven't you ever seen a person, a person that breathes and thinks things and feels things ——"

His eyes widened. "Why—why ——" he stammered. "I just don't understand ——"

"I'm explaining," she said. Her two spoonfuls of sky were level and cold. "You didn't meet, just now, a nice old man who worries about his liver, nor the father of a -- a girl with blue eyes, nor a human being at all. He was just a nice happy example of myxœdema ——"

"It is myxœdema," he interrupted.

"And I'm not a human being to you. I'm just a composition of cells that you suspect has astigmatism and is cockeyed."

"Nona!"

"It's true! It's true!" She almost wailed. "Only Miss Hilton, only her—she's myxœdema, too, but she does get a little break. She's myxœdema with brown eyes—brown eyes—not scanty pigmentation—but brown eyes."

"That means," he said, "abundant pigmentation."

"She's an abundant pig!" If she had been a little more normal at the moment, she would never have said such a thing.

Much distressed and a great deal bewildered, Doctor Melrose stood. "I'd better call her," he said helplessly. "I have to keep in touch with her. I don't understand—don't quite understand ——"

"Call her," Nona snapped, "and I hope you find *rigor mortis* has set in!"

He looked shocked, but said nothing. The phone was at his elbow. Presently he got an answer. "Miss Hilton?" he said. "Doctor Melrose speaking."

His voice was crisp, professional. Nona, watching him, felt her bitter anger subsiding almost at once. He had pursed his lips impatiently and was frowning, and she felt again the peculiarly respectful awe of the dinner party at Natalie Unger's. She wondered ——

"What?" It was a sharp, horrified exclamation, and his face lost its color. Affrighted, Nona caught her breath.

"When?"

"Dear—dear!"

"Good Lord!"

"What—dear—what—what has happened?"

Limply, slowly, he hung up the receiver. His eyes were old when he faced her, and at that second it was as though she had known him ten thousand years—that, somehow, she was his mother, he her hurt baby.

"Dear—dear ——"

"She's just been taken," he said slowly, "to the hospital."

For an instant she felt relief. She was puzzled too, at his concern. Then, in a flash, she caught the fear that lay behind his dulled eyes.

"The cachets!"

"I'm sure," he said miserably—"I'm pretty sure, anyway, that they were all right—just as Nott said—one-eighth to one-half grain of the pure drug ——"

"Oh, doctor!"

He paused tragically for a moment and then turned to the door. "I'd better go, I suppose. I'd better go see if I can do anything. I—I never thought —— I'd better hurry. Perhaps I can do something—I hope I can." He stumbled into the hall, still murmuring to himself.

Nona sat down on the divan and laid her head back on a pillow.

Doctor Sewell pressed the end of his cigarette in an ash tray, put on his coat and went into the reception hall.

"Doctor ——"

"How do you do, doctor?"

"Doctor, Miss Hilton—how is she?"

"Nicely, of course. A smooth, clean extraction. A pair of splendid cauliflower tonsils with wide-open crypts."

"Tonsils!"

"Certainly. A magnificent pair."

"Tonsils!" Weakly, Doctor Melrose caught the back of a chair. "You operated on Miss Hilton—as clear a case of thyroid inefficiency as I ever saw—for tonsils!" He drew a deep breath. "I have no doubt," he added bitterly, "that the matter was purely empirical."

"Well ——" Doctor Sewell began.

"I thought as much!" He smiled a ghastly smile. "I suppose the cachets of potassium permanganate ——"

"Those ——" Doctor Sewell closed his lips over what might have been an impatient comment. "Well, you see ——"

"I dislike to remind you, doctor, but there are certain courtesies among ethical members of the profession—certain considerations among colleagues ——"

"I would have called you in consultation, doctor, I assure you, had I known where you were."

"I left word that I was going to Miss Nona Joyce's. Her father is a patient of mine."

"A charming girl, Miss Joyce."

"I think she has glaucoma."

Doctor Sewell smiled. "Glaucoma is not incurable," he said. "You might make a thorough examination ——"

Doctor Melrose's eyes brightened momentarily. Then they grew sad again. "About Miss Hilton," he said, pleading -"you're sure—sure it was her tonsils?"

"You should have seen them."

Doctor Melrose picked up his case. He started for the door. "You've seen Nona," he said. "Didn't you get an idea there was a suggestion of glaucoma there?"

"Frankly, doctor, I didn't. But I didn't make an examination, you know."

"It certainly looks like glaucoma to me."

He turned at the door. "I hope this about Miss Hilton turns out for the best," he said pessimistically. "Tell her I'll call when she returns home. I think she has thyroid trouble too."

Doctor Sewell nodded. When the door closed, he went to the phone.

It suddenly occurred to him, as he sat down with a sigh on the divan beside Nona, that he hadn't consciously intended returning to her. He couldn't think of any particular reason why he should have. He'd been thinking deeply when he left the hospital. He hadn't noticed the direction in which his steps turned. Something had led him here.

"Well, dear?" She reached over and caught his hand, and his fingers clutched her thumb, clutched it tightly.

"Tonsillectomy"

"What?"

"He removed her tonsils," he explained: and added bitterly, "empirically."

"Not really!"

He nodded. "That woman," he said, "has thyroid inefficiency, or else I have no professional reputation at all."

"Like father?"

"Yes," he said, "like father. But don't," he warned her flatly, "let Angus Sewell see him, or he'll probably remove his tonsils. A fanatic, that's all."

The mention of Mr. Joyce seemed to cheer him. A half of his practice, at any rate, remained.

"I'm glad," he said simply—"I'm glad now, Nona, because I can devote more of my attention to Mr. Joyce. I can concentrate. We can see precisely how the cachets work."

"Excuse me." Startled, he looked up. Mr. Joyce, wearing a dressing gown, was standing in the door. There was a determined look on his face. "Excuse me," he repeated, "but did you say that a lady you was treating for myxœdema turned out to have tonsils?"

(Continued on Page 78

"Some tough detour between here and Jonesville, eh? Coming up this morning I spent more time in the air than I did on the seat."

"That so? It didn't seem so bad to us—but then, we're riding on Kelly-Springfield Balloons."

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Doctor Melrose stammered, "Why—why—that was—it was a matter of disagreement ——"

"You said she had myxœdema?"

"Why—yes."

"And it turned out that what she had was tonsils?"

"Why—er ——"

Mr. Joyce indicated that he had learned all that he wished to know. "Dear," he said to Nona, "will you telephone the office and tell 'em I'll be in tomorrow, after all?" As she rose, he had an afterthought. "And get papa's pants, dear; papa's getting up. Tell 'em at the office a mistake was made about that myxœdema, but that there ain't going to be no second one—not on me, anyway." He glared accusingly at Doctor Melrose. "I told you," he said, "it was a liver ail I got." He shuffled out of the room.

When Nona returned, Doctor Melrose was standing by the window looking thoughtfully at a full moon This time she switched off all the lights. Only a glow from the moon he was studying remained in the room.

She went over and stood very close to the doctor.

"I'm sorry, dear," she whispered.

He caught his breath and forced a smile. "Here today," he replied philosophically, "gone tomorrow. I can start again, I suppose."

"He," she asked softly—"he was your—your other patient?" He nodded morosely.

Nona curled a hand on his arm and he pressed it against his side. The soft perfume of early spring made her a little dizzy and she laid her head beside her hand.

"You're just starting, dear," she murmured. "You're young. There's lots of time. You mustn't—mustn't be discouraged." She paused. "Doctor Sewell telephoned me just before you got back."

"Yes?"

"He was wondering," she said slowly, "if I had any influence with you, and if I had, would I get you to call on him. He wants to talk to you," she added gently, "about doctoring—and people—and cases. He's an old man, you know, and you needn't feel hurt ——"

Her voice trailed away. There was a long silence.

"Yes"—slowly—"I suppose I must be wrong about some things. I'll try to see him tomorrow. Maybe I can—can help him too." He paused. "Besides, I'd like to show him my stethoscope."

"Would you," she asked, looking up into his face, "show it to me too?"

"Would you really be interested?" He fumbled in his pocket. "The best," he said, bringing it out, "that money can buy. Had I better turn on the light?"

"No, no! Don't! There's the moon."

She leaned lightly against his shoulder as she ran ignorant eyes over the stethoscope.

"Nice, isn't it?" he asked.

"Beautiful—a darling stethoscope. I love it."

"I wouldn't take anything for it"

"Can you work it now?"

"Do you want to hear my cardiac pulse?"

She nodded and he adjusted the stethoscope to her ears and his chest.

"My!" she said. "Your heart is beating so fast!"

He looked startled. "Really? I hope it doesn't mean anything serious."

"I hope," she replied mysteriously, as she removed the stethoscope, "it does."

He was silent, and his eyes rested sadly on the world outside, not one inhabitant of which was his patient. Nona pressed the stethoscope against her breast, and then suddenly held it closer to her face, blinking.

"Dear," she said, "I was going to tell you—I can't seem to see this what-you-may-call-it so well—I was just going to tell you, I've been thinking it over and I believe—I believe I have got glaucoma."

He turned, surprised. "Why, I can cure glaucoma!" he said. "I love glaucoma cases. I'll turn on the light and make an examination."

"No, no!" she repeated impatiently. "There's the moon. It will do. See?" She faced him squarely, turned up her face, and opened wide her great blue eyes. "Examine them," she said, "now." He leaned over her. "Closer."

They stood there for a minute, two minutes, three minutes, their eyes engaged, and then he drew a quick breath.

"There's something—something—but it—it may not be glaucoma."

"No," she agreed in a whisper, "it might be something else."

Her arms rose to his neck. He lifted a hand suddenly and she bit her lip. "Just a minute, dear," he apologized, "I want to take off my spectacles."

She smiled. "By all means, dear," she said.

Then he held her in his arms

He stirred, and she removed her bobbed hair from his mouth. "I was trying to say, dear," he said, "that about Miss Hilton, I'll bet she dies, being treated like that."

"Maybe—maybe ——"

"Eric," he said.

"Maybe, Eric," she said comfortingly—"maybe she will"

THE PUG AND THE PROF

(Continued from Page 17.)

"Yep," admits Slag, cheerful; "but what one lad named Canavan can do, this Canavan can."

"Huh?" I grunts.

"Ever hear of Roger Canavan?"

"Your old man?" I suggests, polite.

"No," returns Slag. "This bird lived around in the 1600's."

"On what street?" I asks.

"I mean," says Canavan, "he strutted his stuff in 1600 and something. That's about the time America got Columbus to discover it, isn't it?"

"Maybe," I answers, cautious. "What are you going to tell me now—that a Canavan did the job?"

"They could have if they'd thought of it," brags Slag; "but I want to slip you an earful about Roge. I get the dope from Doak. It seems like this Canavan bloke was a big guy in Ireland in the 1600's, with a wallop in each lunch hook. There wasn't a mick on either side of the railroad tracks he couldn't lick."

"Railroad tracks, eh?" I remarks. "How was he on beating up radio broadcasters?"

"I don't think," frowns Canavan, "they had 'em in those ——"

"—— good old days," I finishes.

"Anyways," goes on Slag, "Roge'd go out before breakfast every morning, pull down three or four castles, slaughter a couple of dozen of the neighbors and muss up the scenery generally."

"Just a play boy," I comments.

"It got so," continues Canavan, "that the King of Ireland used to call him up every morning to ——"

"I guess," I interrupts, "there was no trouble getting numbers in those days. Cut the yarn short, kid. The insurance folks tell me I got only twenty-one more years to live."

"Well," says Slag, "Roger ran the roost until he started grappling with the grape. One night while the boy was sleeping off a jag his enemies surrounded the hut, dragged it down over his ears and beat him up something fierce. Instead of trying for a comeback, Canavan kept hitting the vino. In a couple of years he was just a bum and a beggar."

"Serves him right," I yawns. "That's what he gets for pulling down castles before breakfast. . . . Nine bells, bo. Time for your hay ride."

"Just a minute," begs the glove slinger. "I haven't finished yet."

"I know how it ends," says I. "One day while Canavan was lying soused in the road a bozo came along and insulted a macushla that he used to know. Roger got up, knocked the guy for a row of Killarney lakes, swore off drinking, and the next thing you know he was pulling down castles again before breakfast."

"Something like that," mutters Slag, surprised. "Did Doak tell you?"

"No," I replies, truthful; "but the Canavan blood line's like that. They're the cats when it comes to coming back."

"They sure are," admits the kid. "The professor was reading me a poetry piece written about 'em. It goes something like this:

"'I am not dead,' said one of the gang;
'I'm just wounded and sore.
I'll lie me down and bleed a while
And then I'll rise and fight some more.'

"Doak made me learn it by heart," adds Slag.

"Fine," I growls; "but you'd better lie down and rest a while and then get up and hit the woodpile."

"I see," says I to the professor the next morning, "you've been sprinkling salt in Canavan's wound and fattening him up on family pride."

"Yes," nods Doak, "it's my plan to keep Harmon's insult fresh in his mind and also to get the idea fast in his head that Canavans come back."

"Did it ever occur to you," I asks, "that maybe the Harmons never go away?"

"A man bounding off the ropes," smiles the professor, "strikes a harder blow than one standing still in the middle of the ring."

In the next month Slag, who's shaping up better right along, keeps after me constantly to get him a match in the city; but I stalls him, feeling that it'll knock him off for keeps if he draws a trimming on his first out.

"Perhaps in another week," I tells him finally; but he gets a fight before that, and here's how it happens: My place being in Jersey, right across the river from New York, a lot of scrappers use it to put the finishing touches on their training before big mills. The morning of my talk with Canavan a topnotch welter—Ed Campbell—arrives for workouts and I invites Doak to walk over to the gym with me and see a fast boy do his skits. The professor has been urging me to make a match for Slag, so I'm anxious for him to pipe the difference between a young well-trained lad and a half-made-over booze hound.

When we gets there Canavan is sparring with an old coupon clipper who could have played a game of double solitaire on his tummy standing up. While we're watching, Campbell drifts in from the shower and recognizes Slag.

"Hello, has-been," he greets the kid.

Canavan just hands him a mean glare and goes on with his work. A few minutes later Campbell comes over and asks me if I'll let Slag box a couple of rounds with him.

"He used to have a snappy right cross," explains the welter, "and that's the long suit of the baby I'm prepping for."

Slag's through with the Wall Streeter, so I sends him over to Ed. I can see Canavan's not happy over the chore, but he minds without a word, and pretty soon the boys are mixing gentle, Doak looking on, all excited and nervous.

"Notice," says I, "how much faster Campbell is on his feet. Well, Hooka Harmon is just about three times as fast. What kind of a chance do you think Slag would have against him in his present shape?"

"He's a Canavan," mutters Doak.

I'm too tired of that cuckoo cackle to hear any more of it, so I turns away to watch the sparring.

"Come on," I hears Campbell urge. "Make it faster and don't be afraid to let go"

"I don't want to hurt you," says Slag.

"Hurt me!" sneers Ed. "What a chance! You couldn't even break a date. Try and hit me, ice wagon!"

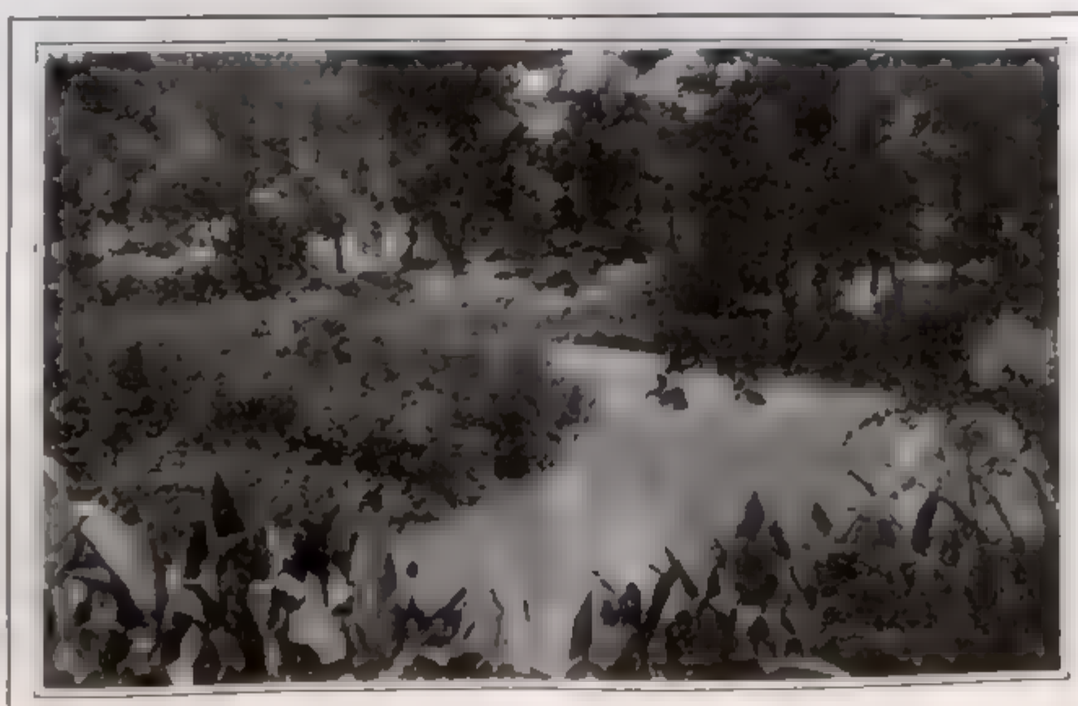
With a snarl Canavan steps in, sinks a vicious left into the welter's bread basket and crosses a right to the jaw. Campbell rocks on his heels in a daze and before he can pull himself together Slag's swarming all over him. Another right sends Ed spinning to the ropes. I suppose I should have pulled 'em apart, but Campbell means nothing in my pure life and I'm anxious to find out how good Canavan's wind is. There's no question about his wallop. That's all there, plus and plenty.

The professor acts like a maniac, jumping around and shouting: "There go the Canavans coming back! Am I right? The Campbells are going and the Canavans are coming. You can't get away from a blood line," and a lot of other goofy expressions.

Ed finally manages to cover up and weather the storm, but in a couple of seconds it again starts raining fists. Both boys are sore, and for a minute or so there's a beautiful exhibition of give and receive. Slag takes his punishment nicely, but his wind's slipping badly. I'm just about to step in and call it a day when Canavan tricks Campbell into uncovering his chin. A fist starting from the floor catches Ed on the point of the chin and the welter takes a flop flat on his back. When they fall that way they stay fell

"I'm sorry," pants Slag, as I leads him away while one of my bucket toters is bringing Campbell to.

(Continued on Page 82.)



A Garden in San Antonio, Texas

KNUTE ROCKNE
Director of Athletics
University of Notre Dame

Do your daily dozen, of course, BUT *always with this vital protection. . . .*

NO boy under my supervision is ever permitted to enter an athletic contest until he has donned an athletic supporter.

This isn't a fad of mine. Today, the wearing of athletic supporters is well nigh a compulsory rule in college athletics—enforced by the physical directors of nearly all colleges.

For even in ordinary exercise, there are hazards which no man can afford to invite. Without proper protection, the slightest unexpected slip or strain often causes painful and harmful injury.

Trained athletes know this. But many other men don't.

Many business men, and men in workaday life, take their "daily dozen" or "Saturday golf" blithely ignorant of the dangers ever lurking when proper physical safeguards are overlooked.

Indeed, even in daily work, often this protection is important. Many men who are on their feet a great deal, or who bend, stretch or walk a lot, are constantly subjecting tiny nerves and sensitive cords to energy-reducing strains.

Such men will derive both comfort and safety from wearing a health supporter.

Knute Rockne
Director of Athletics University of Notre Dame

TWO TYPES . . .
EVERY ACTIVE MAN NEEDS BOTH

This page presents two types of health supporters. Every active man . . . worker or sportsman . . . needs both.

One is for safety in athletics and exercise. The other, for personal neatness, comfort and protection in everyday life.

Wear the PAL whenever you are engaged in sports . . . golf, tennis, horseback riding and the like. PAL will enable you to put your best in your play—giving you the courage and freedom of movement that come with physical security.

But wear an O-P-C as an article of daily comfort. As a mark of neat grooming, and as a conservator of energy and vitality, O-P-C will protect your nerves and strength from the numberless little subtle strains in the day's work. No man who has once enjoyed the comfort of these two dress accessories will ever again do without them.

Both these Bauer & Black health supporters may be obtained at nearly all drug stores and from leading sporting goods dealers. Or—

Write for this interesting booklet

We have published an extremely interesting book describing and illustrating the PAL and O-P-C. A copy is yours for the asking. Address, Dept. 4, Bauer & Black, Chicago. Or if in Canada, address Bauer & Black, Limited, 96 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Bauer & Black
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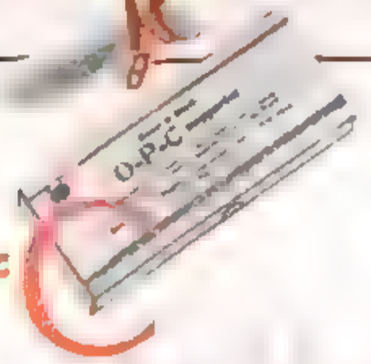
PAL

FOR SAFETY IN SPORTS

PAL is the standard athletic supporter; so recognized by leading colleges, gymnasiums and physical culture authorities. Knitted (not woven), making it light, cool, porous and non-chafing. Covered elastic threads knitted into fabric give amazing flexibility. Responds to all exertions of the body, instantly and pliantly, while still rendering firm support. Washable and durable. *At druggists' and sporting goods stores, one dollar, except in Canada.*

THE ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

O-P-C



FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

For thirty-five years, the O-P-C Comfort Supporter has been the daily companion of myriads of active men, brain workers, thinkers and doers. It has enabled them to save nerve strain, conserve their capacity and conserve their vim and youth. It is a requisite of the well-groomed as well as the safeguard of the physically active. It may be had in lisle at $1. Or in silk at $1.25 or $1.50, except in Canada. *At druggists' and sporting goods dealers'.*

THE HEALTH SUPPORTER

Kills all household insects

Flit is the result of exhaustive research by expert entomologists and chemists. More than 70 formulas were tested on the various household insects before Flit was finally perfected. Flit is the highest quality household insecticide that is made by the Standard Oil Co. (N. J.).

Join the Health Squad

Made by STANDARD

Mosquitoes and Flies need not wreck your sleep!

No more wakeful, restless nights. No more mosquitoes. No more flies. Flit kills them all —and all at once. Day and night, Flit spray will guard your comfort, your health, from these annoying filthy pests.

Insects are dangerous. Thousands of people die every year from typhoid, tuberculosis, and other diseases carried by insects, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. More than 6,000,000 germs have been found on the body of a single fly.

Flit is clean, safe and easy to use. Flit clears the house in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies, mosquitoes, bed bugs, roaches and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where insects hide and breed, destroying their eggs and larvae. Flit kills moths and their tiny worms which eat holes. Extensive tests showed that Flit spray did not stain the most delicate fabrics.

Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer today. For sale throughout the world. Look for ***"The Yellow Can with the Black Band"***

OIL CO. (*New Jersey*)

Motor Car Beauty
Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ
"SIMONIZ is really the way to keep every car looking new and beautiful and it brings out the rich beauty of DUCO and the lacquer finishes."
The permanence of the beautiful luster which comes from SIMONIZING your car is easily maintained—SIMONIZ is more than a mere polish, it is the secret of Motor Car Beauty.
ALWAYS
SIMONIZ
A NEW CAR

(Continued from Page 78)

"Sorry!" exclaims Doak. "What about?"

"I shouldn't have got mad and hit him so hard," he mumbles.

"You didn't have anything to do with it," says the professor. "Ten generations of Canavans were in back of that last blow."

"At least that many," I grins, "if you ask Ed Campbell."

III

IN ALL my experience as a trainer and fight handler, I never saw anyone shake off fat and the left-overs of liquor as quick as Slag.

With the exception of his wind, which you can hardly ever bring back, Canavan was as good the day he mixed with Campbell as he ever was, and his wallop was maybe even better.

"You have done well with him," says Doak, "but I ——"

"Sure!" I cuts in. "You threw him the blood line and dragged him to shore. Don't be foolish. Slag happens to have a strong body, and good chow and hard work have brought him around. That's all there is to it."

"But you'll admit," returns the professor, "that it took an insult to arouse the Canavan in him and make him want to come back."

"Maybe," I grunts; "but other folks besides the Canavans have come back."

"Probably," agrees Doak; "but only a Canavan is certain to."

A few days later I runs over to town, figuring while I'm there to look up some of the crowd and see about lining up a mill for Slag. I'm getting kind of weary of him and Doak, and my idea's to get one fight for Canavan and then give them both the raus. The first bird I runs into around the Garden is Gil Kennedy, Harmon's manager.

"Still running your reduction plant in Jersey?" he asks.

"Yep," says I; "but I'm tired of being honest all the time and I've taken on a scrapper to handle temporary."

"Who's that?" inquires Gil.

"Slag Canavan," I informs him. "He's been over to my joint getting back into shape."

"Him!" jeers Kennedy. "I saw him a couple of months ago. He was hog fat and all ginned up like a geranium."

"Just the same," says I, "he's rounded into pretty good form. What's the chance of getting a row for him? A cheap prelim will do. He's crazy to put the mitts on again."

"How does he look?" asks Gil, after a spell of what goes for thinking around the Garden.

"You'd be surprised," I tells him. "Most of the blubber's gone, he's shifty on his dogs and there's steam in his punches. He's not a world-beater and never will be, but ——"

"How," interrupts Kennedy, "would you like to stack him against Hooks?"

"Can the kidding," I growls. "I'm serious. Slag needs some dough and I want to send him against a youngster he might be able to lick before his wind gives out."

"I'm not kidding," says Gil. "Here's the lay: The boys have been after Harmon to show in a benefit they're getting up for some down-and-outer. I think it would be a great play for Hooks to box with a down-and-outer who's come back. Get the angle? Lot of sentimental hurrah for the sport pages. The old-timers all remember Slag and that'll bring them out. Harmon could let Canavan make a decent showing and that'll help your boy to get other work. It's only a six-round fuss. How does that strike your mother's favorite son?"

"Great!" I answers, enthusiastic. It suits me perfect. Doak and Canavan will get what they've been pointing for and I'll get quit of the professor's bologney blood lines. In a six-round go Hooks is certain to make a sucker out of Slag, whose wind's just about good for two stanzas.

"Listen!" says Kennedy, suspicious, when I gets up to go. "Harmon's been loafing a lot lately and isn't the same speed merchant he was a year ago. There's no chance of Canavan tumbling him over, is there?"

"I'll take half of all the bets you make on Hooks," I tells him. "Slag soused for three years and has been at my place six weeks. Write your own ticket."

Canavan and the professor are all het up when I springs the news on 'em.

"The fight's next Monday," says I, "and ——"

"Then next Monday," cuts in Doak, "will see the complete triumph of my theories."

"I'll get him sure," brags Slag. "I'll knock that sucker out of the ring and into Jenny's lap."

"Spoken like a Canavan," applauds the professor.

"Spoken like a fool," I growls. "You'll be lucky if you got breath enough to stand up three rounds."

"The Canavan blood," says Doak, "will make up for all physical deficiencies."

"Sure!" seconds Slag, and I ducks away in disgust.

I'm so fed up with the pair that I pays little attention to them in the week that elapses before the fight, but I does notice that Canavan spends more time listening to the professor than he does at his training.

That doesn't worry me any. I've reached the point where I hopes Harmon will knock Slag dead before they get through shaking hands. Not that I got so much against the kid, but I'm keen to see Doak's dope kicked for a gool.

Kennedy's worked his publicity racket to the ace's taste and the arena is stacked to the rafters for the benefit. I've brought along a couple of handlers to look after Canavan, and me and the professor grabs ourselves a pair of ringside seats. He's as nervous as a bridegroom with a loose garter and a hole in his ring pocket.

There's two prelims and then Harmon waltzes into the ring. It doesn't take an expert eye to see that he's not in the pink. There's a tired look in the face and a good deal more heft around the middle than a well-trained bobo should have; but at that he shapes up 100 per cent better than Slag, who climbs over the ropes right after him. Canavan gets a fine hand from the fans, longer and louder than the one which greeted Hooks. All the world kicks you you when you're down and kisses you when you get up.

From his corner, Slag attracts our attention and points with his thumb to some seats a few feet away from us. I finally gets wise. It's Jenny he's tipping us to—a frowzy jane that looks like a cross between a hash slinger and a hash slinger out of a job. She's chewing gum and petting her bob when I glances over, but the moment she pipes me she drops everything and slips me the glad eye.

"What a fine hank of peroxide to get insulted over," I mutters.

"To a Canavan," says Doak, "a woman is a woman."

"What is she to a Hufnagel?" I asks. "A keg of kippered herring? As far as I'm concerned, you could knock my head off in front of her and I wouldn't even stop to pick it up, I'd be in such a rush to get away."

"You're not a Canavan," the professor reminds me. "If she hadn't seen Harmon throw Canavan's hat away, we wouldn't be here tonight to see a theory vindicated."

"You're sure Slag will win?" I asks.

"The Canavan in him will," returns Doak just as the bell blings.

The lads start out with some fancy sparring and it doesn't surprise me any to see Slag breathing heavy when the round ends without any damage being done. In the second session Canavan gets busy and goes right after Hooks, taking three wallops for the sake of getting in one, but that one is usually a hummer. Before the round's half over Harmon's middle's all red from punches and there's a cut over his left eye. Canavan's no maiden's delight either. His lips are bleeding and one of his lamps is crêped. I notices Kennedy motioning at me from the other side of the ring and I know what he means. He's trying to have me order Slag to take it easy, but I just shrugs, evasive.

A half a minute before the round's due to end, Hooks smacks his glove into Canavan's face. It didn't look to me like a hard blow, but Slag staggers and drops halfway to the floor. Harmon goes in to finish the job, flailing with both hands. Suddenly Canavan gets up straight, but something gets up with him. It's his right fist—and blong! You could hear the thud as it met Hooks' chin. Harmon wheels around with a kind of silly grin, and then the floor comes up to meet him.

Slag had worked the old gag of pretending to be all in, bunked Hooks into leaving himself wide open, and waiting his chance, had brought up a haymaker from the canvas just as he had done in the case of Ed Campbell. All my talk to Kennedy about how bad Canavan's wind was, relayed to Harmon, had made it easy for him to get away with the mossy racket.

I looks at the professor while they're counting out Hooks. To my surprise he's calm and smiling.

"It was bound to happen," says he. "Do you believe in inherent traits in blood lines now?"

"No, I don't," I yelps. "That same blow delivered by a Wimplehimer would have had the same effect."

"Perhaps," returns Doak; "but nobody but a Canavan would have come back after three years to deliver it."

I turns away disgusted, and in the mob milling around the ring I finds myself next to Jenny.

"That," says I to her, "is what your sweetie gets for insulting Slag in front of you."

"What?" she gasps.

"Weren't you with Harmon," I goes on, "the day he threw Canavan's hat in the street?"

"Change your bootlegger, kid," comes back the frill. "I ain't seen Hooks in a year and Canavan in two. I didn't even know he had a hat."

"Come on," says I, grabbing Doak by the arm. "I got something funny to tell you."

I gets him free of the crowd and spills the info I'd got from Jenny.

"Just like I thought," I gloats. "Remember I told you it was booze, not pride, that was talking for Slag that night. He just dreamt it all on one of his D. T. evenings. Sure," I adds, sarcastic, "women have always been responsible for the comebacks of the Canavans."

"An imagined insult," says the professor, "differs not at all in its effects on the mind of the victim from an actual affront."

There's no use arguing with that kind of a baby, so I shuts up and leads him back to Slag's dressing room. The kid's all cut up and smeared over, but grinning like a Cheshire cat that's just heard the story of the chorus girl and the head waiter.

"I guess," I remarks casual, "you feel now that you're even with Hooks for tossing your hat into the street."

"Yep," returns Canavan.

"Such being the case," I continues, "let me tell you that he never did it at all. I was just talking to Jenny and she swears she hasn't seen you or Harmon in a year. Just a booze pipe, my boy."

"That so?" mumbles Slag. "Gosh, have I gone through all this work for nothing?"

"Not for nothing," says the professor gently. "You have justified the blood of the fighting Canavans and ——"

"I knew," cuts in the pug, "that it was a scrappy name when I picked it."

"Picked it!" I exclaims. "Isn't Canavan your right name?"

"Naw," grunts Slag. "I was christened Oscar Diffenderfer, but who in hell could fight with that kind of a monniker?"

W. H. PIEL

An independent grocer who does a business of nearly $700,000.00 a year in a city of less than 8000 population

To Right—Some of the staff of Piel's store from whom the people in and around Belvidere, Ill., bought 40,000 pounds of Monarch Coffee in 40 days.

In Circle—The store that makes Belvidere a trading center for farmers within a radius of twenty miles. Could this volume of business be achieved if this store was not giving good service and quality merchandise at reasonable prices?

A Story of Success for Man and Town

by MASON WARNER

DRIVING into a thriving and bustling little city of Northern Illinois, the automobilist is greeted by a sign-board, "Belvidere, Ill. Population 7804."

The biggest business enterprise in Belvidere is the grocery store owned and operated by W. H. Piel.

It is a genuine mercantile institution that deserves to rank with the best in the United States. Mr. Piel employs a staff of forty-five men and women—department managers, clerks, delivery men, telephone girls and office employes.

Belvidere is a flourishing town because it enjoys a splendid trade with farmers from twenty miles around who go there to buy their groceries of W. H. Piel.

It is nothing unusual for the sales of the Piel store for one day to total more than $5,000.00. On special days, they run much higher than this figure. Total sales for the past year amounted to $684,982.09. Remember this sum represents groceries and provisions only, for Piel's is not a general store.

Mr. Piel is modest and unassuming, not at all inclined to talk about himself or his success, but he told the writer: "I began clerking in a retail grocery store as a young boy. At the end of four and a half years I had a cash capital of about $450.00. By the advice of a Monarch salesman I was encouraged to go into business for myself. I opened my store May 10, 1890. I bought my first bill of goods from Reid, Murdoch & Co. and have been handling Monarch Quality Food Products continuously for the past thirty-six years. I want to give the Monarch Line full credit for its share in whatever success I have made."

Mr. Piel was the first retail grocer to buy a full carload of Monarch Coffee and has since bought two carloads on a single order. Purchases of other Monarch items have been made in like proportions.

Mr. Piel enjoys no advantage as to location and his trade has been built solely on the simple foundation of personal service and high quality merchandise at reasonable prices. There are chain stores in Belvidere, and house to house canvassers from large cities. Mail order house catalogs are circulated in and around Belvidere. Yet the thousands who patronize Piel's store do not seem to know of their existence.

It is worth noting that nearly all of Mr. Piel's employes have been with him for periods ranging from five to thirty years. Every married man who has been with him any considerable length of time owns his home and is a worth-while citizen of Belvidere.

Mr. Piel is one of Belvidere's leading citizens and an active participant in all local enterprises. He is proud of Belvidere and Belvidere is proud of Mr. Piel.

There's a Grocer in your neighborhood who owns and operates his own store . . . and there are a lot of reasons why he is the right man for you to trade with

The question is often asked—"Why is the grocer who owns and operates his own store the only one from whom MONARCH FOOD PRODUCTS can be purchased?" Here is the answer.

His creed of service—like that of the family doctor—goes beyond the thing required. Who else, besides the grocer and the butcher, stands by his customers so staunchly in time of illness, distress, crop failure or unemployment?

He is a builder. He adds his part in character and employment to the welfare of your sons and daughters; extends his help when you need it most, contributes his portion of taxes—and beyond his portion to your schools, churches, hospitals, and other community enterprises. Never does the call for charity go unheeded.

He is as responsive to the big things as in the little accommodations you constantly—and confidently—ask

His interest in you, your activities and the well-being of the community is a personal interest. In short, he gives the sort of service possible only from a man who owns and operates his own business.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.

Established 1853

General Offices: Chicago, U. S. A.

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MONARCH Quality

for 70 years

A few of the hundreds of items packed under the Monarch Label—

Coffee	Mayonnaise Dressing	Apricots	Corn
Tea	1000 Island Dressing	Pears	Tomatoes
Cocoa	Pork and Beans	Loganberries	Peas
Sweet Pickles	Peanut Butter	Red Raspberries	Hominy
Sweet Relish	Prepared Mustard	Strawberries	Pumpkin
Catsup	Grape Juice	Blackberries	Stringless Beans
Chili Sauce	Fruit Salad	Cherries	Sweet Potatoes
Spaghetti	Pineapple	Beets	Sauer Kraut
Mince Meat	Cling Peaches	Red Kidney Beans	Spinach
	Sliced Peaches	Lima Beans	Salmon
		Asparagus Tips	Sardines

Monarch Yankee Beans —Something New

MONARCH
Tea and Coffee—ICED

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Stop Wasting Milk!

AND more than wastefulness, is the annoyance of milk spattered over your clothing when you open bottles with your thumb, ice-pick or some make-shift implement.

Perfection Caps prevent this. Just a slight pull and the bottle is opened—half way—by a smoothly working hinge. Pour as much as you need. Close the hinge. There has been no milk wasted and that remaining is safely protected from germs and food odors.

Tell your milkman to use Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps. Learn of their advantages, yourself, with our compliments. We'll be glad to send you a month's supply FREE if you'll sign and mail the attached coupon.

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

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The
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Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps.

Name

Address

Canadian Manufacturers:
THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited
245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

DRINK MORE MILK

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY SKEETS

(Continued from Page 13)

In a dark corner they found George, his face deep down in his collar; he was snoring peacefully. The sight infuriated Andy, who shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Here, you, come alive!" he bawled. "I've stood all I'm a-goin' to for one night."

After a while it seemed to dawn on the Mexican that somebody was trying to wake him up. He slowly opened his eyes and gazed around. In a moment he recognized his boss and smiled whimsically. Then, struck by a thought—"Ha, *mi padrone*, have a drink."

"If we can hoist him up, maybe he can walk," suggested the telegrapher.

"Up she goes," replied Andy.

They pulled George upright, and after the telegrapher had steered his feet in the right direction several times, the sheep herder recovered the powers of locomotion.

"Let's go to a *baile*," he said with enthusiasm.

"If you can find one, I'm with you," his boss answered. "But first we got to find a place to sleep."

George laughed lightly. "Why, that is easy, Don Andy," he assured him. "Everybody here knows George. All I've got to do is knock on the door. The priest—Dona Rosita—any of them at all—yes."

"All right, step lively then."

"We will go to my friend, the priest, first," said George.

But his friend seemed to be a sound sleeper. George hammered and whined at the door for ten minutes, but they got no response, so moved along to Dona Rosita's. Here they had better luck. Evidently somebody was at home, because a window opened cautiously close beside them.

"Open the door, Dona Rosita," George was pleading. "It is I, Jorge, and Don Andy, *mi padrone*. Open the door or we will freeze to death."

Next moment he ducked away under a drenching.

"She did not recognize me," remarked George sadly. "She thought it was some drunk."

A figure wrapped in a blanket flitted ghostily from the dark and hurried past them. Andy called to it, but the Indian only increased his pace.

"Let's follow him. We've got to get in somewhere, I don't care where it is."

They ran in pursuit. The blanketed figure darted into a house, but before he could quite shut the door Skeets stuck his foot in the opening.

"Let us in, *hombre*," George begged. "It is I, Jorge Fraustro, and this is my boss with me, Don Andy Skeets, the rich sheep owner."

The door opened wider and they entered. George was proud and gratified to discover an acquaintance, and the Indian lit a lamp. Then he and the herder drew up stools and proceeded to celebrate the reunion with a drink. Too tired to waste even a minute on explanations, Skeets threw himself down on the floor in a corner, drew the blanket over him and went to sleep. In another corner lay the squaw and several children.

He woke once at the sound of loud voices; there were George and their host, still at table and arguing. The next time he roused the room was in darkness, but a feminine voice was raging. It was the squaw. Yes, the poor and lowly helpmeet, who in fiction and the drama always bows down humbly before her lord, was giving her husband hail Columbia. The third time Skeets opened his eyes the sun was shining into the room and the squaw was building up the fire.

"Come on, we've got to rustle some breakfast."

"I don't feel so good, somehow," remarked George.

"You will by the time we get home. Say good-by to your friend and let's beat it."

They went out into the street, where the sparkling sunshine was turning the yellowed cottonwoods to gold.

"Nobody knows me here," complained Andy. "Let's go back to Albuquerque. I've got to raise enough money to get home."

"All right," George assented.

They managed to bum a ride with an Indian and his wife in a wagon. Both were going to town to trade, and wore their best vermilion blankets. It was a hard ride, full of jolts.

"Gosh, I'm hungry!" said Andy. "Say, it must be near nine o'clock, ain't it?"

"We're nearly there now. Where'll we eat?"

His boss picked a restaurant he knew and the two clumped in.

"Say, tie that outside," said the waitress.

"All right," Andy agreed; "but slip him something through the back door, will you, honey?"

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't. And don't you honey me."

"Beat it, George. She says you're too rich. Wait out back for me and I'll fetch you something."

George did as ordered, wholly unresentful. Events of the last twenty-four hours were not altogether clear to him.

"You a sheepman?" demanded the waitress, as she drew a cup of coffee.

"I used to be."

"How d'you mean—you used to be? Ain't you now?"

"Not after that norther, I reckon."

She nodded comprehension of this. "It'll sure kill a lot of the little lambs, won't it?"

"Yeh."

She watched him as he attacked the ham and eggs.

"You act like you're hungry."

"Walked a million miles last night."

"For shame on you! Where?"

"Oh, round and round," replied Andy vaguely.

"What's your name?" she inquired.

He told her and asked, "What's yours?"

"Claribelle Suggs."

"It's a mouthful, ain't it?"

"Huh?"

"Right pretty name."

"No," said Miss Suggs; "but it's useful, and it's my real name." As he did not rise to this bait, she resumed: "How long you been in this country? You wasn't born here."

"No-o. 'Bout six years."

"Whatever made you come out here? Somehow you don't look like any of the sheepmen I ever saw."

"No, I'm just naturally handsome," he admitted. "I come out here to die."

"Well, it looks like you picked the wrong place."

"I'll tell the world I did. Say, when I stepped off the train back in '19, I weighed ninety-seven pounds. And now look at me!"

"I know lots of lungers out here who're fatter'n you are."

"They ain't sheepmen though."

"What did you do before you come out here?" was her next question.

"Fit the Germans. That's how I got a bum lung."

"You look healthy enough now."

"I feel all right, thanks. How about some more of those aiggs, sister? And draw another cup of coffee, please, ma'am."

After he had eaten, he carried George's breakfast out to him on the back stoop. Then he sat down at the table again and lit a cigarette. The waitress was eying him.

"Where do you live?"

"'Bout sixty miles from here—southwest."

"Got any family?"

"Why, Claribelle, how could you? I ain't married."

"No?" said Miss Suggs. "How was I to know?" After a pause, she remarked, "It must get terrible lonely all by yourself out on a ranch—sumpin' fierce, huh?"

"You get used to it. There's so doggoned much to do ——"

"I bet you got a girl somewhere. Ain't you now?"

"Shucks, no!" replied Andy.

"What makes you blush then? Where does she live?"

"I ain't seen her for six years."

"Oh, back East, hey?"

The sheepman did not reply.

"It's a wonder to me you didn't get married."

"Huh! I'd of looked fine askin' a girl to marry me, with one foot in the grave, wouldn't I?"

"Well, maybe that's so too. But where're you bound now?"

"Back to the ranch, soon as that herder's finished his breakfast. Oh, George, how about it?"

"I'm ready," said George.

Yet Andy tarried. He stalled around and hemmed and hawed, and finally remarked, "Say, where's the boss?"

"Gone to Tucumcari."

"Gee!" said Andy.

He was growing fidgety. Evidently to gain time, he remarked, "Well, you've asked me a lot of questions, now it's my turn."

"All righty, buddy, shoot."

"You married?"

"See any worry on my brow?"

"Never even once?"

"Never even once. And listen, let me tell you something—I ain't more than a thousand years old."

"Who's your steady?"

"I haven't got a steady. Safety in numbers, hey? Ha-ha! But honest, I haven't. There's a boy over at the garage ——"

"Aha, now we're gettin' down to cases!"

"Shucks, he's only a kid. Jimmy, his name is."

"What do I care what his name is?"

"Well, anyhow ——"

"Where do your folks live?"

"Silver City."

That was that, but he still lingered.

"That'll be a dollar ninety," said Claribelle, "with what the Mexican ate."

"Good!" Andy answered. "I'll call round Saturday night and pay you, sister."

"Well, I never thought it of you!" She stood with both hands on the counter, staring at him with eyes opened wide in surprise

"Thought what of me? I'll pay you all right. But right now, I just happen to be ——"

"And to think you'd turn out a dead beat!"

"Didn't I tell you I'd pay you Saturday night? Well, when I say I'll pay ——"

"You're a fine guy, you are, ain't you?" said Claribelle Suggs to Andy Skeets—this is where we were away back at the start of the story—but Andy merely looked silly.

"If the boss was here, he knows me. I thought ——"

"Well, you drag it out of here before I call the cook and get you pinched," continued Miss Suggs. "If you want to cheat a poor working girl out of her wages ——"

"Listen!" Andy cut in. "I'm no dead beat. I'll pay you Saturday night. But I'm flat broke right at this minute and have got to get back to the ranch to straighten ——"

"Why didn't you tell me you were broke before you ate all that food?" cried Claribelle.

"Because you wouldn't have given it to me."

"You're dead right I wouldn't! And that Mexican too! Gee, I'm a sap!"

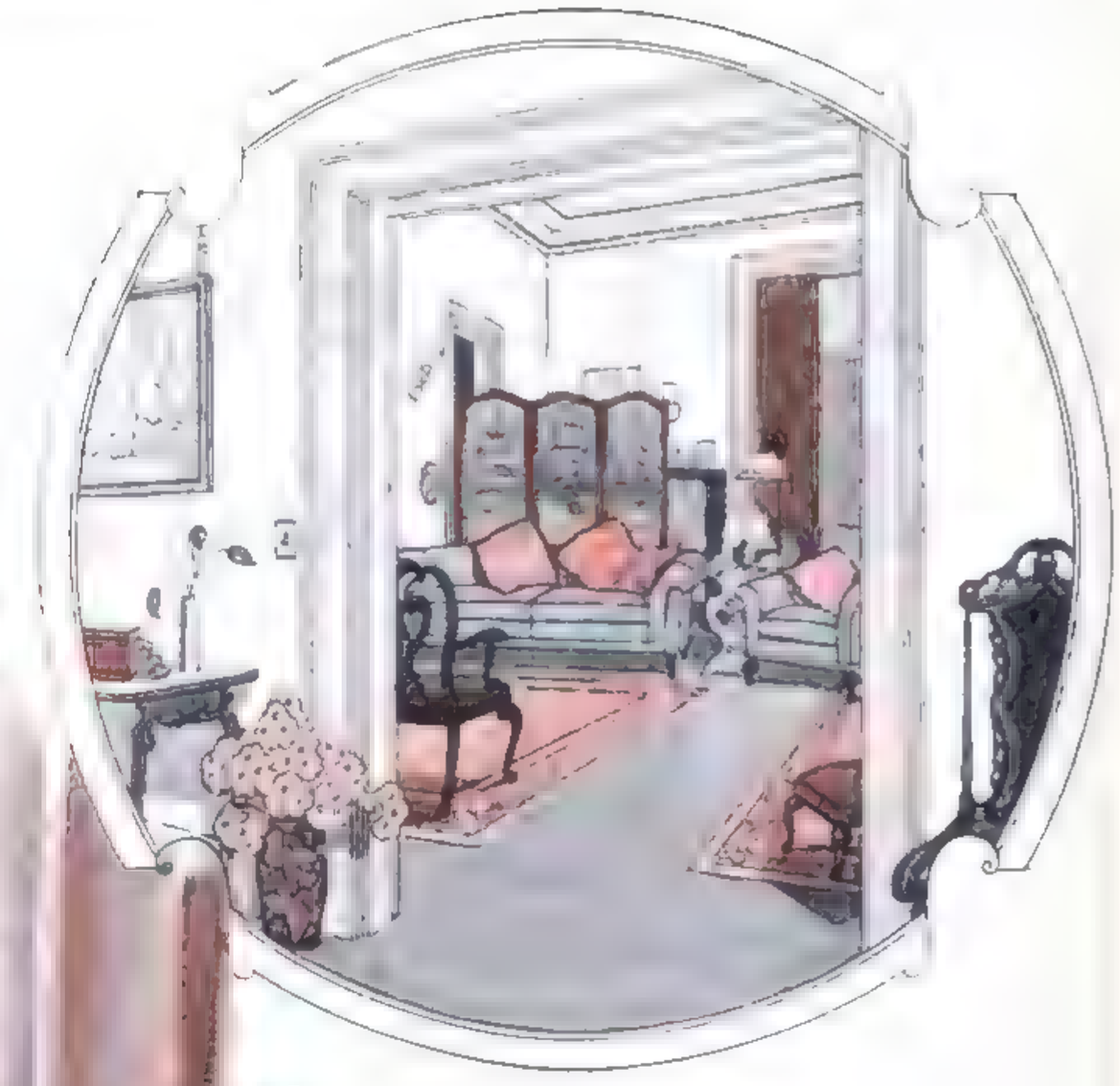
She paused for breath, but continued to snort and give him dirty looks.

"Well, I guess I might as well be moving along. See you Saturday night, sister. Be good."

"Wait a minute. Ain't you got anything you can leave? How do I know you'll come back?"

"Nothing except that blanket you made me park outside. Now listen, honey," said

(Continued on Page 89)



For service at a touch

..... plan first

Flip a switch . . . *light!* Plug in at a convenient outlet . . . heat! Service at a touch depends upon a whole network of hidden wiring. It depends on the strength, the endurance, the accurate making of every single piece of wiring material in your walls.

To know that you have the highest possible quality—use only General Electric materials, for you know the quality of all G-E products. Specify a G-E Wiring System, and you have not only G-E materials throughout, but a complete installation carefully planned by engineers and architects for greatest comfort and greatest convenience.

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Conn

GE WIRING SYSTEM

—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Is there any real difference in gasoline?

Yes! ABSOLUTELY. All gasolines are different, and the difference is largely one of *wetness* and *dryness*.

A wet gas in the manifold floods some cylinders to feed the rest.

A dry gas gives each cylinder a better, more even mixture.

Petroleum engineers have been trying for years to perfect a commercial gasoline which would vaporize to a dry gas under engine conditions and overcome the harmful effects of a wet mixture. The Texas Company's engineers have at last succeeded. The *new* and *better* Texaco, now produced by The Texas Company's Holmes-Manley process, forms a dry gas in the manifold at a much lower temperature than others.

It is this ability to form a dry gas, that makes the motor results so immediate and apparent. You'll notice the better acceleration—to the maximum without flooding—the easier start, quicker pick-up, increased mileage and smoothness, and an entirely new freedom from carbon troubles and fouled spark plugs. You will note with pleasure the improved operation and condition of your engine.

Stop at the first Texaco pump you see.

A **NEW** *and* **BETTER**

TEXACO

GASOLINE

The Texaco Pump has a new meaning. Better motor results —unmistakably better.

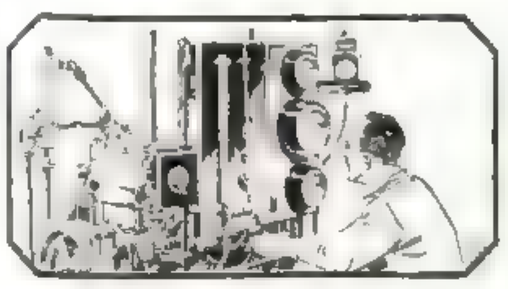
Yes!

The Distillation Test proves it

—by indicating the volatility; the low initial boiling point, 42° better than government specifications, the higher percentage of volatile fractions, balanced range and low end point.

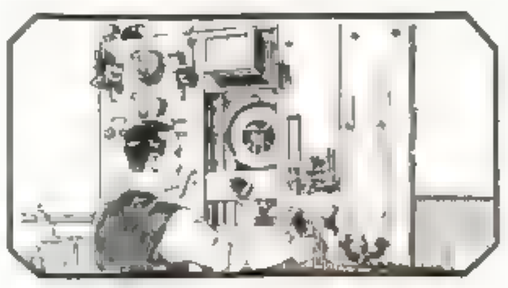
The Detonation Indicator proves it

—by verifying the smooth flow of power and anti-knock qualities of the *new* Texaco Gasoline under actual engine cylinder conditions.



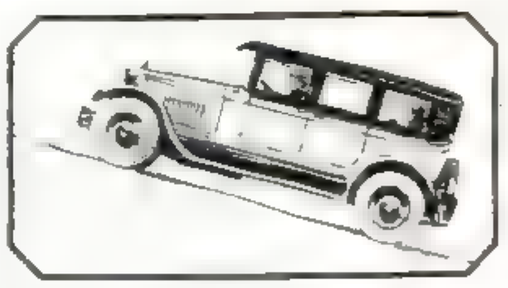
The Dynamometer proves it

—by accurately measuring the gain in engine efficiency under normal working conditions, and the actual power and work output delivered.

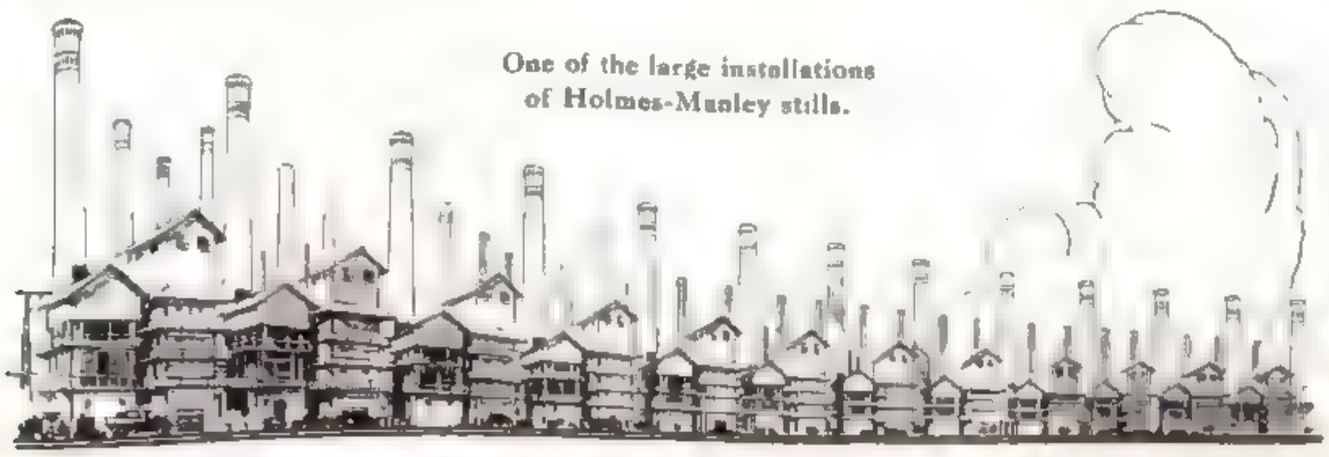


Your Engine proves it

—by its responsiveness, flexibility in traffic, better hill work, quietness, gas economy, reduced upkeep and better all-around performance. By laboratory test or road test, the *new* Texaco is unmistakably better.



The *new* and *better* Texaco with its new low boiling point, low end point, higher volatility and balanced distillation range, now provides an entirely new motor fuel —a *dry gas* of unequalled qualities.



One of the large installations of Holmes-Manley stills.

Gasolines are *different, and Texaco is* far *different. The new Texaco is as different in results as it is in its qualities. The new Texaco is made by the Holmes-Manley process. It is a decidedly new and better gasoline.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A., *Texaco Petroleum Products*

The Texas Company, always active in the development of high grade petroleum products, was also the first to provide a better motor oil, the clean, clear, golden Texaco Motor Oil, free from the dark impurities that produce carbon.

GARDNER

SPEED · STAMINA

EIGHT-IN-LINE

8 famous records ~in one year!

The very first time you drive the Gardner *Eight-in-line* you will realize why it holds eight famous performance records for speed, endurance, economy . . . and why no other strictly stock car has been able to lower any of them.

Here is a swift eagerness . . . a surge of power . . . a brand-new motoring sensation you'll find only in the Gardner *Eight-in-line* . . . satisfying, thrilling, delightful as coasting on air.

And *speed*—better than 70 miles an hour! Yet you can loaf along at a mile an hour . . . *in high*. Then, without changing gears, streak ahead like a flash . . . and stop almost instantly should the need arise.

This is the kind of day-in and day-out performance you can expect from a Gardner. And Gardner's thrilling deeds on mountain roads and desert trails —miles from a service station—prove you'll get it!

Check Gardner performance against that of the finest American and European cars—on your own favorite proving grounds. Check the staunch sturdiness . . . the unobstructed vision . . . the rich fittings and finish . . . every one of Gardner's 108 Special Quality Features.

You'll know then that you can pay more money but you can't get any more automobile. You'll know why Gardner keeps *rising higher and higher in public esteem.*

Gardner presents ten advanced body types on the Six and Eight-in-line chassis. Prices range from $1,395, plus additional equipment, to $2,245 fully equipped—exclusive of tax, at St. Louis

OVER FIFTY YEARS OF BUILDING WELL

THE GARDNER MOTOR COMPANY, INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 84)

Andy, smiling again and sticking his face close up to her. "Take a good look at me and answer me this: Don't you believe I'll come back Saturday night?"

Miss Suggs tried to stare him down, but could not make it.

"Well, I'll take a chance," she said grudgingly, and he turned to go.

"I generally always quit work at ten o'clock Saturday night," she added.

At a garage he had sometimes patronized, Andy arranged for a car to take them home; but it was mid-afternoon before they arrived at the ranch. He immediately saddled a horse and rode out to see the damage.

"Well, just as I thought. I'm busted—busted flat."

Dead lambs lay everywhere. The herder had driven the sheep southward beyond the mesa, but evidently the norther had swept down too fast for them to gain shelter. Andy started over the lava-topped ridge. Above it rose rough hills. Suddenly his horse pricked up its ears and stopped, and he followed its gaze. A bunch of wild burros was following him, keeping to the crests and sandstone cliffs. There must have been a score.

"Yes, you're wondering why a man's such a darned fool as to be in the sheep business, ain't you?" he cried at them. "And you're right."

At nightfall he rode back to the shack beside the windmill. George had cooked some beans and bread and coffee.

"Well, George," he said genially, "it's all over. We're through—finished—cleaned out."

"Yes?"

"I'll have to sell the sheep and maybe my land, too, to pay out."

"That's bad," was George's only comment.

"What'll you do? You'll be out of a job."

"I think I'll go to the *baile* over on the Puerco," said George. "It starts tomorrow."

Andy was plunged too deep in worry to hear him. He continued to mourn. "All my savings—my bonus too—every bean I got from dad's insurance—seven thousand dollars shot all to pieces."

"You come to the *baile* too?"

"No, of course not. I got too much to do. Say, George, just what do you think of the sheep business anyhow? I'll sure be glad when I'm all washed up on it. It's the rottenest business in the world, bar none."

George ate his beans thoughtfully. "What other business is there?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," continued Andy, "I'll have to go to Old Man Harker again, I reckon. Gee, that hurts—hurts worse than anything else! That old crook knew all along what'd happen, I believe. Maybe he won't smear it on me—oh, no!"

In his premonition he was conservative. By the time he had come to some sort of terms with Old Man Harker, Skeets was moved to protest.

"Why, you're leaving me flat busted, Mr. Harker! You're taking everything I've got!"

"You'll have that north section."

"Yeh—and fifty dollars!"

"Well," said Harker, "it ain't my proposition. You came to me—I didn't go to you. I don't want to buy. If you know where you can get more, fly at it, son." This was a grim jest. "You can't raise a dollar in this country on anything right now, and you know it," continued Harker. "Everybody's been busted for two years, and only I got to protect my mortgage, I wouldn't fool with your stuff a minute. So take it or leave it."

"All right, it's a trade."

As he got up to go, he abruptly inquired, "Say, Mr. Harker, you troubled much with ingrown hairs?"

"What d'you ask that for? Now you mention it, yes, I am."

"I thought they would," said Andy.

"Ba-a-a-a!" said his sheep as he took his last look at them.

"Ba-a your ownself!" cried Andy. "Good riddance, you poor fools! I hope to die if I ever own another sheep!"

Rid of his sheep and three-quarters of his land, with his herders paid off, debts settled and forty-two dollars in his pocket, Skeets faced a new future. What should he do? Most men in his busted condition would have turned immediately to thoughts of matrimony, but the idea did not occur to Andy.

"The only thing I'm good for is coaxing a flivver to run," he reflected. "Maybe I can get me a job in a garage." But where? He could not bear the thought of hunting a job in Albuquerque, where he had once been known as a man of property.

"Well, I'll just head west and see what happens," he decided.

A week later he was working in a rent-car place in Santa Fé. The wages were small, but they were plus, which meant worlds to a sheepman who had spent four years in the red. He stayed there three months. One day a man came in and inquired for Mr. Andrew Skeets.

"That's me," said Andy.

"Oh, are you Mr. Skeets?" exclaimed the stranger. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Skeets. I been hunting for you all over Albuquerque."

"Yeh? What's the matter?" The visitor reached for an inside pocket and pulled out a sheaf of papers. "If it's a bill," Andy began, "you might as well forget it, because I paid everything up when——"

"Oh, nothing like that at all. Just the other way. I've got a little proposition to make to you, Mr. Skeets. I——"

Without another word, Andy reached for a wall motto hanging above the office desk and laid it carelessly in front of the stranger:

TIME ALLOWED FOR INTERVIEWS

	HOURS	MIN.	SEC.
Friendly calls	0	1	1
Life-insurance agents	0	0	1
Friends with schemes willing to let us in on the ground floor	0	0	0
Friends who ask us to drink	?	?	?
Those wishing to pay old bills	58	59	58

"Mr. Skeets," said the stranger briskly, "you own that section north of Harker's boundary line—part of the Rafael Lopez grant—don't you?"

Alert now—"Yes. What about it?"

"How would you like to lease it?"

"Well, maybe I might. What's your proposition? You in the sheep business?"

"No-o, not exactly. I represent a group of California capitalists, Mr. Skeets. We're sort of wildcatting around, and perhaps if we could get a lease of your acreage on the right terms——"

"Oh, so you're an oil man."

"Yes."

"A lease hound, hey?"

"Well, I'm leasing up some stuff around there—yes."

"How much would you pay?"

"It depends. If we had to put down a well it wouldn't be worth while for us to fool with just your one section, but on a straight lease proposition——"

"How much?"

"How would fifty cents an acre hit you?"

Andy did not bother to dicker with him. "I don't want to lease that stuff at all," he said, coming to a decision at once.

"But it's lying idle now, and——"

"I know all about that. You leave your card where I can get hold of you, and I'll let you know later."

So they were looking for oil in that country, hey? Why had this guy come all the way from Albuquerque to hunt him up? Maybe there was something doing; he would go and see.

A week later he was back on his old stomping grounds. The first sight that met his eyes as he rode over the pastures on a borrowed horse was a derrick, high on a slope. He pulled up to gape. He stared and stared, turning in the saddle to pick up familiar landmarks. Then he shook up his mount and struck toward the well.

They had evidently been there some time, he saw as he approached. So this was why that bird had wanted to get a lease on his stuff! But why weren't they working now? Some men were tinkering around the derrick, but there was no clank of engine, no smoke from the boiler house.

"Shut down for a few days," said the driller, eying him with suspicion. He stood between Andy and closer inspection.

"Anything gone wrong?"

"And then some. Struck a hole or something—can't keep the circulation going." This was Greek to Andy, and he said so. "Well," explained the driller, softening, "we're using a rotary rig and the mud circulates down through the casing and around the show and up on the outside, and after that——"

"Sure!" said Andy, trying to look wise.

"When we hit this here cave, the mud didn't come back to the surface, see? So we couldn't keep the circulation going. Understand?"

"Sure! You're outa luck, hey?"

"Hell, yes! But maybe we can fill it."

One of the roughnecks working on the bull wheel let out a laugh.

"You couldn't fill this baby with all of New Mexico and part of Ar'zona throwed in," he remarked.

"No? Why not?"

"Go down and see how that water pump's workin', Alf," cut in the driller. The roughneck grinned and departed.

"What's your business?" inquired the driller. "You ain't an oil man, are you?"

"No-o."

"I thought maybe you might be a geologist. These rock hounds come snoopin' round——"

"No, I'm a sheepman."

The driller smiled pityingly. "Some business!" he muttered, biting off a hunk of tobacco.

"No brains, hey? Is that what you mean?"

"Well, it always seemed to me——"

"Sure! I don't blame you either."

No further conversation for a minute; the driller chewed on his cud, Andy whittled a stick.

"What you doing to fill up that hole?" he demanded at last.

"What ain't we done, you mean! I just sent to town for some more see-ment. D'you know what's inside of that baby right now, brother? Well, listen—listen here to this list."

He read from a frayed notebook: "Fifteen hundred bar'ls of mud, fifteen truckloads of straw, five bales of cotton, two truckloads of hay, fifty bar'ls of oil, ten truckloads of sawdust, three thousand sacks of see-ment, three thousand pounds of bran and—say, get this item—ten thousand pounds of beans."

"Beans?" exclaimed Andy.

"Sure—so they'll swell, see? We got to fill that hole somehow."

"I should think it'd blow up on you."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing—if we don't get her filled, we'll sure enough give her a stomach ache."

The driller laughed with professional pride. Andy murmured, "If we could only get some oil brains into the sheep business!"

"How?"

"I was just saying this baby eats as much as a bunch of sheep." The driller could not see much sense in this remark, so ignored it. "Who owns this land now?" Skeets continued.

"A guy named Harker. Know him? He owns all the country between these hills. We've leased a right smart of it."

"Is that so? Who located this well for you?"

"Our geologist."

"How far does your acreage extend beyond here?"

"Up to that fence. That's the boundary. Why?"

"Who ran the boundary?"

"Say, what're you driving at anyhow? Didn't I tell you we leased everything old Harker had this end of his ranch? Well, his land runs to that fence."

"Oh, I see. Well, I reckon I'd better drift along. Gotta see a herder. Adios."

(Continued on Page 91)

Those Annoying Delays

Usually, when a tire goes flat, you're in a hurry or else you're all dressed up. In any case the result is annoying delay, trouble and dirt.

Most flat tires can be avoided on clincher rims. Half your flat tires come from porous, leaky tubes. Rusty rims make tubes porous.

D-D Stick-Rite rim flaps applied to your clincher rims keep the rust away from your tubes. They add life and mileage to your tires—help you get an extra 10,000 miles.

Keep your tires air-tight

Why have slow leaks in clincher tires when they can be prevented? D-D Stick-Rite rim flaps keep your tubes fresh and air-tight. You won't need to put air in your tires so often. You'll have fewer flat tires. And nobody loves a flat tire.

D-D Stick-Rites cost only a few cents at garages or service stations. Begin today to get that extra mileage—put a rim flap on each rim. Be sure you get the genuine D-D.

Secretary Hoover's rubber plan is popular. Everybody is trying to get more miles out of tires. Send today for our free booklet which tells how to get an extra 10,000 miles. Use coupon

DEXTER RUBBER MFG. CO.
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GOSHEN, N. Y.

Rim flaps
Tire flaps
Cord patches
Hole pluggers
Repair Kits
Cement

Dexter Rubber Mfg Co., Goshen, N Y
Please send free booklet—"The Second 10,000 Miles"

Name

Street

City

D-D

"MORE, Mother, more—you know you said I could have as much Log Cabin as you."

Hot weather desserts—{*that are safe*}

At a time when mothers must be careful

As most mothers know, summer time is "upset" time for children's stomachs.

It is then you must be most careful; especially in the matter of desserts. For as one child specialist, probably the best known in all the world, has said: mistakes are more often made in desserts than in any other part of a child's diet.

* * *

Children's desserts should be limited very largely to such things as cereals, boiled rice, baked custards and the simplest desserts. But in summer time, when appetites are listless, these rarely whet the appetite.

It is here that Log Cabin Syrup offers great assistance to mothers. Just pour it over these simple desserts that child specialists recommend. Then see how your children "perk up." It will do them good.

Log Cabin Syrup supplies the pure sweetness growing bodies crave and need—in its most wholesome form. It keeps little stomachs active and healthy. And its rare maple flavor tempts the most rebellious appetite.

* * *

This different maple flavor is due to the Log Cabin blend. The 2 choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian—are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous Towle process. A 40-year-old secret. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today.

Mothers—test at our risk

If Log Cabin Syrup is not the most delightful and satisfying syrup you have ever tasted—then return unused portion to us by parcel post. We will refund full price you paid, including your postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes only in Log-Cabin shaped cans. In 3 sizes. Order a can from your grocer today.

If your grocer hasn't Log Cabin Syrup, send us his name and address. You will be supplied at once.

LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.—*the Center of North America*

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

© 1926, L. C. P. Co.

(Continued from Page 89)

"So long," said the driller, and turned again to his work.

Andy returned the borrowed horse, made an arrangement with the owner to keep an eye on the well and report progress, then went back to Santa Fé to nurse a flock of flivvers, as before. The summer passed without anything special occurring. Then one day in September he received a wire:

"Well come in six hundred barrels."

"Boss," said Andy, "I'm through."

"What's the matter? Ain't you satisfied? Ain't I treated you right?"

"You've treated me fine. But I'm rich now a millionaire."

"The hell you say!"

"All I got to do is prove it."

"That's all anybody's got to do, you rummy. Say, you gone locoed? Best get back on that sedan and fix her so she'll run good"

"No, I'm through. I'm all washed up."

"Well, remember me to Broadway."

Skeets caught the first train East and got off at Los Lunas. Two hours later he was talking to Old Man Harker.

"I knowed you'd get too greedy," he gloated.

"Did you now? Well, I never was fresh at your age anyhow. What's on your mind?"

"Who fenced that land you took over from me, Mr. Harker?"

"Joe, my foreman. Why?"

"Just what I figured. Didn't you have it surveyed?"

"No. What would I have it surveyed for?"

"Well, you took in too much territory that's all. You've got over a hunderd acres of mine under fence right now."

The sheepman blinked at him, and his leathery face turned pallid. "Talk sense!" he grunted.

"I am talking sense. That's what comes of being stingy and trying to save a few dollars. Joe run his fence at the wrong point—and that oil well's on my land."

Harker jumped up, making furious sounds.

"You're crazy!" he cried. "Crazy! It couldn't be, I tell you—couldn't be!"

"You'll soon find out," was the reply.

Without waiting to dispute with the stricken sheepman, Skeets went on his way. He needed a surveyor and a lawyer.

Within a fortnight it was all settled. Andy received his price, and the balance of his acreage he sold to one of the big oil companies.

"Maybe it's worth more," he remarked; "but I got enough for any ten reasonable men, and somebody else can shoulder the grief."

His first act was to buy a suitable outfit of clothes and a flock of diamonds—nothing flashy, yet of a size to show up well in a shirt front and on the finger. He also purchased a tasty trinket for his tie in the form of a peacock made of rubies and emeralds. Then he looked over a dozen makes of automobiles.

"No," he finally decided, after riding free for a week, "I'll wait till I get back. I wanta make a trip to Kansas City first." His departure resembled that of a conquering hero.

"Well, I reckon he'll never come back to this country," said his acquaintances; "not with all that money. Gee, the lucky stiff!"

But he returned inside the month, and he arrived eagerly, like a homesick traveler.

"Gee, it's great to be back!" he exclaimed as he stepped off the train at Albuquerque and took a deep breath. "Say, I wouldn't live in the East if you gave me the whole dump. No, sir!"

"Didn't like it, huh?" inquired the brakeman.

"Oh, I had a good enough time. But I got homesick for the piñon."

He walked uptown from the station. It was fine to be back amid familiar scenes, to see familiar faces, to mingle with his own sort of folks again. Those Easterners! Why, a guy could live till he was eighty, and die like a rat and be stuck underground without anybody even saying hello unless it was someone who wanted to gouge him! Never again!

And then suddenly he stopped. There was the restaurant where he and George had breakfasted, and there —— Andy half turned as though minded to beat it. Claribelle Suggs was standing at the cashier's desk, gazing at the street, and she had seen him. Claribelle Suggs! He had absolutely forgotten her—never so much as thought of the girl since that morning—and he owed her a dollar and ninety cents! How could he have overlooked that bet? Oh, well, so many troubles had hit him just at that time.

"Howdy?" he said, with a grimace and a lift of his hat; but Claribelle very deliberately turned her head away. "No wonder she high-tones me," muttered Andy.

He opened the door and walked in with a fine show of confidence. The restaurant was empty except for three men at a corner table.

"Well?" said Miss Suggs harshly.

"I been away," began Andy.

"Round the world?"

"Mighty near. Say, I'm awful sorry about that."

"What?"

"Didn't I owe you a dollar-ninety, or something?"

"Maybe you did. Let's see now—your name is ——"

"I clean forgot all about it," continued Andy, hurriedly. "Cross my heart! What with one thing and another ——"

"Here," said Miss Suggs, opening a small purse, "is another dime. That'll make it two dollars. But we don't allow begging in here. Are you hungry?"

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it—here, take this and keep the change."

With a gesture worthy of Monte Cristo, Andy tossed a twenty-dollar bill on the counter. Claribelle looked uncertainly at it and at him, then appeared to conclude she had gone far enough.

"It really didn't matter," she told him as she made change, all in silver. "Say, you're all dressed up like a Christmas tree. What's happened? Robbed a bank?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied Andy, with easy nonchalance. "I been East a while."

Miss Suggs hesitated, and then asked, with a slight flush, "See that girl?"

"Yeh."

"Well, you don't need to get sore about it."

"Who's sore?"

"You are. You almost snapped my head off."

"Oh, well—shucks! Say, it's a great old world, ain't it?"

"If you don't weaken."

The bromide stirred Skeets up. "You said a mouthful there, sister! Remember what I told you about that girl? Well, guess what she went and married."

"A man."

"A little guy with rickets—a guy I could've turned over my knee the worst day I ever saw! And he's clerkin' for twenty a week."

"It's funny what they'll do," admitted Miss Suggs.

Andy regarded her doubtfully. "Say, I sort of feel that I owe you more'n that dollar-ninety. 'Tain't right, the way I ——"

"Forget it," replied Claribelle with some impatience. "Will you be in again?"

"Sure! I'm stopping at the hotel, but I guess I could stand a meal in this dump."

A guilty feeling stayed with him all afternoon. He had paid the debt, yes—but after waiting the better part of a year. That girl had certainly treated him white, and he ought to

But what could he do? She wouldn't take any money from him. It was funny the way a fellow could never catch up with a thing he had made a bust of.

"I'll go buy her a present," he decided.

He sent her a five-pound box of candies. Then he sent her a bar pin. It cost him three hundred dollars, but he was beginning to feel a glow. The restaurant was not of the class he now patronized, but he went there for his supper. Miss Suggs greeted him a little breathlessly.

"Thanks a lot for those candies," she said. Then—"But here's your bar pin."

"Why? What's the matter?"

"I don't accept jewelry from gentlemen," answered Miss Suggs virtuously; "not unless we were engaged."

Andy flinched from this uppercut, tongue-tied, but soon rallied. He took the tiny box and stuck it in his pocket, then walked to a table in a sort of daze. All through the meal he looked harassed. Another waitress served him and he did not talk to Claribelle again.

"Say, that was a hot one!" was his thought as he walked out into the crisp night air. Trying to hook him, hey? Raw work! Or was she? Somehow it didn't seem like Claribelle—she had acted more like one of these strict kind. Well, anyhow, he would keep away from that joint. If she didn't want his presents, that was her lookout. He would keep it for somebody else who did. There were plenty—ha-ha—he'd tell the cockeyed world there were!

Unable to keep still, he went to a movie show, but did not see it through. He walked out in the middle and started prowling the streets aimlessly.

Why hadn't she taken the present and be done with it? Then he would have felt square with her.

Along about half-past nine, he ran slap into George. George was meandering along with another Mexican and hailed him with enthusiasm.

"Ha, *mi padrone!*" he bellowed. "Look, Miguel, this is my boss! Have a drink, Don Andy"

"George," said Skeets, "I want to talk to you. Let's go somewhere."

"Sure," agreed the herder. "I'll meet you at the *baile* at eleven o'clock, Miguel. Adios."

Seated in a quiet corner of a chile joint, Andy confided his perplexities.

"Hum!" said George. "Why wouldn't she take it?"

"Search me."

"Maybe it wasn't big enough," suggested George.

"No-o, that wasn't the reason."

"Well, I think she wants to marry you. Yes, that's what I think."

"A fat chance!"

"Well, why not?"

"What? Marry that girl? What would I want to marry that girl for?"

"Might as well marry her as anybody else," said George. "What difference does it make?"

"Shut up! You don't understand these things. You're only a sheep herder."

"We could have a *baile*," George murmured.

"Well, let's talk about something else. Where're you working now? And how're the sheep?"

"First," said George, "let's have a drink."

At noon the next day Andy walked resolutely into the restaurant where Claribelle worked and plunked a small packet down on the desk.

"Here," he said, with a hostile manner, "is that bar pin."

"I already told you once ——"

"I heard you. O.K. That's all right with me. It's a trade."

"What d' you mean—a trade? I never heard of such a nerve in all my born days! You told me a big lie once, and how do I know ——"

"All right, that's up to you. Take it or leave it," he retorted, with the manner of one trying to trade off a secondhand automobile he knows is a stinger.

"You mean you want me to marry you?" demanded Miss Suggs.

"Sh-h! Somebody'll hear you. What else've we been talking about?"

"Well, I got to have time to think it over," replied Miss Suggs, genuinely confused.

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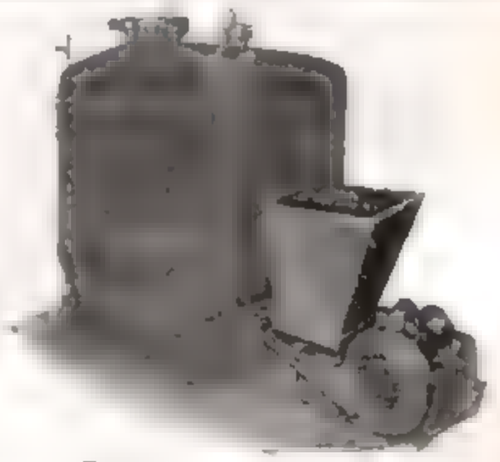

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Ashless Odorless

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Smokador frees you from that offensive smokers' refuse which has always been the bane of cleanliness and safety. And if knocked over,

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Smokador, besides being a repository for matches, ashes and stubs—dead or burning—is equipped with Snuffer Clips which hold idle cigars, big or little. And if these

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The Ashless Ashstand
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There was Jake Ginsberg, right behind Andy, listening with twitching ears. He held his lunch check in his hand, but seemed to have forgotten it. "Hello, Andy!" he exclaimed. "How's the boy?"

Skeets turned a glassy eye on him, muttered, "Hello, Jake," and bolted from the place.

"Say, you're a fine one, you are!" exclaimed Jake to Claribelle in a horrified whisper.

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, didn't that guy offer to marry you?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"You're just plumb crazy, woman! That bird's worth a million, and then some. Friend of mine too."

Claribelle's brain reeled. Yet she contrived to make her voice carelessly good-humored as she said to Jake, "What do I care for his money? Say, do you know where to find him, Mr. Ginsberg? Bring him back, willya, like a good scout?"

"Sure! He'll come back. I'll fix that."

And he did, although he had met Andy only once before in his life. In fact, Jake was best man at the wedding.

Afterward they sat with a number of friends at a feast in a private dining room of the hotel.

"Well, Andy," remarked one of the guests, "I suppose we won't see you round here much more."

"Why not? We only aim to stay away two weeks on our wedding trip."

"But surely, with all the jack you've got ——"

"Yeh, where do you intend to live, Andy?" interrupted Jake. "If it was me, I'd say New York. And then again I wouldn't. In some ways, you got the edge on New Yorkers when you don't live in the big town."

"How do you figure that?"

"Well," said Jake judicially, "if you live somewhere else, you've always got New York to go to. But if you live in New York, there's no place to go."

"This country is good enough for us, ain't it, honey?" spoke up Andy.

"You bet your sweet life it is," assented his bride. That was one thing she had made up her mind about—a woman could so easily lose a husband in those big places, especially if he had a lot of money.

"Well, you've got the whole wide world to choose from," Jake remarked. "Yes, sir, you've got the world by the tail with a downhill pull. What do you figure on doing with all that money, Andy?"

"Well," said Andy, "I was thinkin' of going into the sheep business, Jake."

FORTY CENTURIES LOOK DOWN UPON YOU

(Continued from Page 21)

one-tenth of what they ask and they'll quit. Simple as eating bread and butter."

"Huh!" was his contribution to the conversation.

At that moment an insinuating native sidled alongside of him. "Meestar," he said, "Look! Wonderful!" He produced four strings of amber beads.

"Nothing doing." There was firmness in the fellow's voice and attitude.

"But, meestar, please look. Beautiful! Real amber! The best in Cairo! Look!" He held up the beads in the sunlight. The sun intensified the translucent yellow of them and made the cloudy ones more cloudy. The merchant was a smiling and an ingratiating chap.

My friend began to weaken. "How much?" he asked.

The merchant dangled the beads in the sun. "The best in Cairo," he said. "Beautiful! Real amber! Mean honest man. Only honest man in Cairo. All other dealers thieves. I would not cheat you. Beautiful! Look!"

"How much?"

"Meestar, I sell very cheap. Very fine. Very cheap. I give them to you for twenty dollar a string. I give them to you all four for seventy-five dollar. Very cheap. Real amber."

"I'll give you ——"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted sternly. "You are going to fall for this junk and make him some fool offer, and he'll take it and you'll be stuck again. Let me handle this."

I turned to the peddler. "You say these are genuine amber?"

"Yes, meestar."

"And you want seventy-five dollars for them?"

"Yes, meestar; very cheap."

"All right, I'll give you six dollars for the four strings."

"Seex dollar!"

"Not a cent more."

Spoiled Tourists

The peddler looked at me quizzically. He smiled a little. Then he stuffed the four strings of blithering beads into my astonished hands and said, "All right. Pay me the seex dollar."

And thus I acquired more amber, when I had a satchel full of it already. Naturally, I did not need any more amber beads. I had less use for them than I would have had for four caravans of camels. But that wasn't what annoyed me. The thing that got on my nerves was the wild and raucous laughter of my friend, that continued for blocks. They thought it was a good joke aboard ship also.

"And they spoiled the Egyptians," we read in Exodus, in the twelfth chapter and the thirty-sixth verse; which only goes to show that time evens all things. The Israelites spoiled the Egyptians, and now, forty centuries later, the Egyptians are spoiling the Americans and the English and all others who come their way; spoiling them with a craft in spoliation that is interesting, is amusing—unless they get you personally—and is instructive. They do not do any particular harm, because no one goes to tour in Egypt who cannot afford to be trimmed a little—or no one should. It is a part of the Egyptian game, just as the camels and the pyramids and the dragomans and the Sphinx are.

Egypt is all the rage now, in a tourist sense. Thousands go where hundreds went fifteen years ago. The French and Italian hotel keepers and the hotel men along the Riviera wring their hands and lament this change in destination of the people with money—especially the American people with money. The English used to be the principal tourist patrons of Egypt, but now we Americans go in droves. We have recently, within the past ten or fifteen years, included Egypt on our tourist itineraries in a large and comprehensive way. Instead of trickling over there in small parties as was our former wont, we descend on Egypt by the thousand, being very keen about Cheops and Chephren and Luxor and Karnak and Amenophis and Tutenkhamun and sphinxes and obelisks and the storied and historic Nile and all that sort of thing; but being a lot keener about the dinner dances at the hotels, and the large and ornate bar at Shepheard's, and photographs of Johnny and Emma riding on camels, and bridge, and cigarettes perfumed with ambergris, and eager search for sheiks, and de-luxe excursions into the desert, and properly of course—romantic expeditions out to see the pyramids in the moonlight with a little jazz on the way back, and all this and that.

And what a change we have wrought in Egypt in its externals! To be sure, we haven't done much in the way of changing the fundamentals. No American has as yet bought a pyramid to take down and transport to his home estate, and the temples and the other monuments of antiquity are still intact, but we've made a try here and there. I know a very millionairish person who, landing in Egypt at the time when the King Tutenkhamun ballyhoo was at its height, made an offer for the royal tomb and its contents. He thought it would look swell in his Long Island living room, which, as he informed all and sundry, was plenty big enough to display it.

The English used to have their tea and their whist and their occasional stodgy dinners and dances, but the American influx sped things up. Now the principal attractions of Egypt are not musty old tombs, dilapidated old pyramids, dusty old ruins, solemn old museums, and a dreary, even if extensive, historical background. Not at all. The principal attractions are tea dances, dinner dances, bridge, cocktails, champagne, dinners that set back their givers several bushels of piasters, Paris frocks, big shiny automobiles, river parties on the Nile in ornate house boats that look like the country place of a New York millionaire afloat, or excursions for the purpose of experiencing a touch of desert life organized regardless of expense and resembling the peregrination of a Ritz hotel out to a comfortable, convenient and sanitary spot beneath the desert stars.

We've pulled a few things along the Nile that have made the denizens of that ancient country sit up and take notice. We've thrown a few parties at Shepheard's and at some of the other costly places that have shown them what Americans do when they begin stepping out in foreign countries; and some of us are wise to the fact that Semiramis was a queen and not a dance, that Isis isn't a part of the eye, nor Rameses a sort of a cheese, nor Amenophis the scientific name of a mosquito. You bet! This bird Cheops who built the pyramid was a king, and Cleopatra vamped Antony right in this country. You can't fool us on that sort of thing. But what's the use fussing about it? We didn't come to Egypt to be historical. We came to be hysterical.

The Descendants of Midas

This financial effulgence, which is not peculiar to Egypt by any means, but is more compressed there, more concentrated, has a devastating effect on the noneffulgent. It is extraordinary how difficult it is to make a dragoman, a tour conductor, a hotel keeper or anybody else in Europe who is in contact with American visitors understand that you, personally, are not Midas, nor the second cousin of Midas, nor any relation whatsoever to Midas. If you advise these persons to lay off that stuff and consider you as a mere nonmillionaire, they wink at you and contend you are only trying to fool them and probably are a plutocrat incognito.

They refuse to be fooled. But once they discover that what you say is true, and you become as dust under the feet of the dragoman, and dust under a dragoman's feet is the lowliest dust there is.

"What the devil does this fellow mean?" sputtered a California friend of mine in tow of a particularly militant Abdul of high estate who had condescended to show him about. "He steers me into the most expensive places, winks at the man and they throw down a rug that costs $10,000 or pull out a gem that is priced at $20,000. I can't get into a cheap place to save my life. He slides me past every bazaar that sells anything within my means, and lands me spang in places that should be frequented only by multi-multis."

A discreet inquiry, through the medium of my own Ashour, made it clear. A Californian had been there a season before, and he bought a $10,000 rug and otherwise threw money about in great profusion. Never, until the pyramids are disintegrated and the Sphinx crumbles to dust, will any dragoman think otherwise than that every

(Continued on Page 96)

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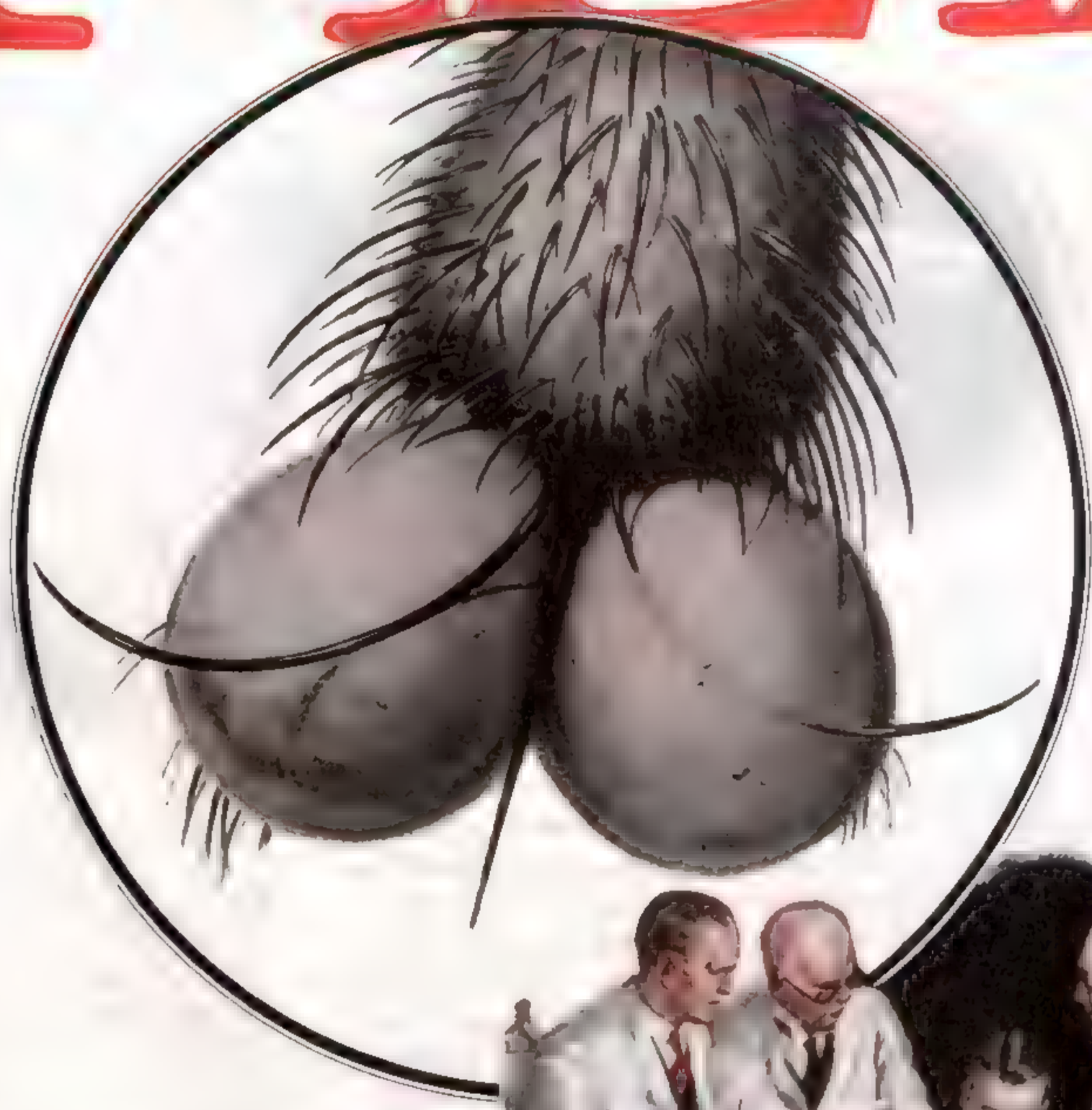
FLY



The above drawing was made from a magnified photograph of a fly's foot. It discloses the spongy, bulbous pads. These absorb and carry the filth in which bacteria thrive. The hairs, too, become drenched, soggy, unspeakably unclean. Scientists declare the fly is the filthiest insect known.

TOX

Flies Cause 40,000 deaths

EVERY YEAR

THERE is authority for those figures * Yet some scientists do not consider them high enough. They point out that government scientists have actual proof that flies transmit thirty different diseases. Moreover, of the half million children under ten who die each year, the greatest number succumb in the warm months when flies and other disease-carrying insects are most active and infection easiest.

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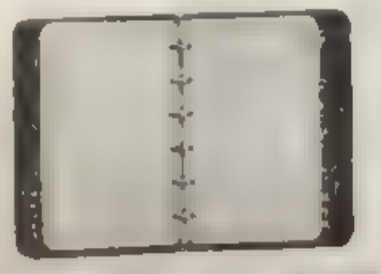

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Continued from Page 92

person from California is yearning for $10,000 rugs and for other and similar and preposterously expensive gear. And argument and statement are of no avail. You cannot fool those astute Arabs, albeit it is no trick at all for them to fool you.

Of course there is another section of the Egypt-going public, and these mostly come on excursions, or finding that Egypt is now the thing to do, do Egypt. The situation is reciprocal. Egypt also does them. Mostly it is mamma who is ecstatic about the Nile, the cosmopolitan Cairo, the pyramids, the camels, the Arabs and the romance and mystery of it all, while papa remains reasonably hard-boiled. However, Egypt is the present-day beneficiary of more press-agenting than any other spot on earth. For thousands of years the publicity boys and girls, in many guises, have been writing about Egypt, and the natural and cumulative effect of all this propaganda is that, until the new visitor gets there, Egypt is preëminently the most alluring, the most interesting, the most romantic, the most mysterious, the most inspirational spot in the world, historically the cradle of our civilization, and with a past reaching back beyond the dawn of our recorded time.

After they get there, these visitors split radically into two classes—those who like Egypt and those who do not. Some seasons Egypt gives better satisfaction than others. Last season the tourists did not like Egypt so well, as a whole; but the season before that, they tell me, the majority of the tourists thought the whole place was perfectly cute. The separation of the Egyptophiles from the Egyptophobes is sharp. The philes just dote on it all, and maunder about the birthplace of mankind, the beginnings of history, the monuments of a great civilization, the glamour of the splendid past, and all this and that, and buy pecks of scarabs and ushabtiu and other relics from the tombs, and gaze for hours at the Sphinx, and ponder over the pyramids, and linger in the long corridors of the museum where so much of the handiwork of the past is on display.

On the other and condemnatory hand, the phobes cannot see Egypt at all. The pyramids are merely piles of stones, the desert is all sand, the weather is too cold or too hot, the temples are a lot of crumbly old ruins, the beggars are too numerous, the guides too insistent, everybody wants too much baksheesh, hotel rates are too high, the Nile is not much of a river and very muddy, and when's the next boat away from here?

Just Simply Ruins

There seems to be no middle ground. Egypt is either liked or not liked, and Egypt doesn't give a hoot either way—real Egypt. The Egypt we tourists see, mostly, is the commercialized and the touristized Egypt, and that is the same as the hectic center of Paris, the middles of Nice and Cannes and Monte Carlo and the dollar traps in Biarritz, Deauville, and other flossy and fashionable places on the Continent. This is a closely organized and expertly conducted Egypt, with the benefit of ages of romantic, mysterious and historical background, and with pyramids, ruined temples, a well-known desert, tombs, camels and the locale of a considerable section of the Old Testament as a side line. The combination is unbeatable, the boats are frequent in the season, the schedules are well worked out, and the atmosphere—shades of Snefru, of Tethmosis, of Rameses, of Pepi II—that is what adds 100 piasters a day to the price of the hotel rooms—or 200, as the case may be, and generally is.

Earnest and studious men and women go to Egypt reverently to study and to learn, and zealous archæologists and Egyptologists dig dustily like moles all over the place, seeking after further records and testimonials of Egypt's mysterious and gorgeous past; but to most of the visitors it is a merry-go-round, a honky-tonk, a show place with certain set pieces to be given a hurried glance. The jazz at the hotels is constantly calling. The Charleston clamors. The bridge tables range in tempting rows. "Did you see the Sphinx? She needs a new nose if you ask me. . . . Two no trumps."

The consensus of opinion, as I gathered it while loafing about the place for a time, is that the pyramids do not compare with the Woolworth Building; that the Sphinx could do with a nice coat of whitewash and a few electric signs; and that the hides of the camels show the need of a few moth balls in their diet. As for Karnak and Luxor and all the rest of it—ruins, my dear, simply ruins. Not a complete building in the place. Margery looked simply killing on that camel, and did you see the man who ran up to the top of the pyramid and back again in six minutes? That was worth while. I wonder what they did for amusement in those old days. Seems all very primitive to me. Don't you love that new Charleston? I could die dancing to it.

Hypnotized In Egypt

Well, such is life among the tourists who are gaining culture and completing their educations by having a look at Egypt. The influx begins in December, rises to high tide at the end of January and the show is nearly all out and over by April. Whereupon, of course, the showmen argue that in as much as the season is so short they must get theirs expeditiously, which is reasonable enough save that in many cases they mean rapaciously when they say expeditiously. I never was in Cairo in the summertime. It must be a calm and somnolent place—and hot.

"What do you do after the tourists are gone?" I asked Ashour Abdul Karim-el-Gabri, son of the sheik of the Gabris, who are 6000 strong, and prince of dragomans himself.

"Why," said Ashour, "then we rest."

We were resting at the moment, in the shop of a friend of Ashour's, most likely a kinsman. Clannish people, those Gabris. It was a perfume shop, and a shop for the sale of cigarettes—not ordinary Turkish cigarettes, but amber cigarettes—I couldn't get away from the amber. These cigarettes are perfumed, and, as I gathered it, were made only in this shop. Later I discovered that this was not quite the case—not by about 117 shops, or thereabouts; but it seemed all right at the time, and I took a lesson in Oriental salesmanship that was interesting, instructive and more or less expensive. However, I was there to learn.

Time was a matter of no concern. We had oceans, æons of time. So the perfumer sat behind his little counter and smiled radiantly at me, and Ashour sat across from me and smiled radiantly also, and the air was heavy with the combined fragrances of jasmine, attar of roses, old amber, heliotrope and hyacinth. We had cigarettes and I am clumsy with those, as I do not smoke them—perfumed cigarettes, and giving on the air that peculiar and particularly Oriental odor that the story books tell us is typical of the harems. We had Persian tea in small exquisite cups, and we talked of Egypt and of the art of the perfumer and of the delicate aroma of the tobacco; and they showed me some veritable—they said—scarabs from the Sixth Dynasty, and some other things all harking back to the dawn of recorded time, and not a word about so vulgar a subject as trade. Two Egyptian gentlemen were entertaining an American. However ——

The talk ran to perfumes. Reluctantly the shopkeeper admitted that he was an artist in perfumes; that he distilled the essences from the flowers and from those other materials from which we get our scents; that he blended these; that he did all this mostly for his own joy and gratification—would the American gentleman do him the honor to test the purity and fragrance of this jasmine? Would he be so kind as to smell this attar of the rose? And this old amber, cunningly contrived of the essence of ambergris and of other scents?

Would he care to see some ambergris in the lump, as it comes from the great sperm whale? Observe how it softens in the heat of the hand, and note the enticing redolence. And these are essences, mark you, essences—not the perfume of commerce.

Another cigarette. One more cup of Persian tea. Outside, the bazaars, the passing natives, the chaffering over the pounded brass, the highly colored stuffs, the beads, the scraps and souvenirs of the past. An exotic and alluring atmosphere. Jasmine delightful odor. Attar of roses—that enticing blend they call old amber—the overpowering and all-pervading hyacinth. The courteous and smiling perfumer. The urbane Ashour. The East—the essence and the aroma of the storied East.

And to complete the picture, a middle-aged, allegedly hard-boiled writing man, somewhat bald, somewhat paunchy, experienced of the world, wise to the wiles of the Orient wise? Ah, yes.

Another cigarette? We shall light it from the flame of a lamp that came from the tomb of Hatshepsut.

And then: "Would you, my friend, consent to part with some of these precious essences? I hesitate to ask you, but it would give me great joy to take some of the products of your exceeding art with me to my Western home and to confer on you a fitting honorarium for the privilege."

The air was heavy and languorous with the fragrant smoke and with the odorous emanations of the essence flasks. Was that a glitter I saw in the liquid brown eyes of the perfumer? Did the urbane Ashour become even more urbane? I put the unworthy thought from me.

"To give joy to my friend is the one desire of my heart. You come with my brother, Ashour. You are my brother also. It shall be as you wish."

Wherefore, and presently, a middle-aged, allegedly hard-boiled writing man, experienced of the world, wise to the wiles of the Orient, left that little shop with his pockets full of bottles of these essences some of every sort and a dozen crabbed customs frontiers to pass in front of him where the first inquiry is about this very thing—and to be followed home by 1000 perfumed cigarettes—a pipe-smoking writing man who doesn't use a cigarette a year—and 1000 perfumed cigarettes—perfumed! For the love of Mike!

Have You a Little Scarab?

Thus by easy and somewhat emotional stages we pass to the scarab. Have you a little scarab in your home? If you have been to Egypt, you have, no doubt, for the scarab is the main prop of the souvenir dealers, and their chief support. Scarabs are so Egyptian, you know, and so antique, and so very easy of carriage, so typical and so true.

We came to know all about scarabs. Let me quote my friend Ismail, who deals, reverently, in none but the genuine, as he frequently says: "The beetle—yes. In old day it is call the Chepera and it signify the spirit, what you call the soul, coming out very polite from the mummy in same way the Chepera come out from its egg, you un'erstan'. It mean live forever after you rise from being dead long time. Very long time—yes.

"So our people they made the scarab—very many. Some was stone, some was copper, some was other things—all very old too. On front of scarab was picture of beetle and on back was holy words, or name of king in the time of which Egyptian made scarab date—you un'erstan'. Like date on piaster. Only the hieroglyph was use, not number of year. Our people wore scarab on arm, or for charm, and when man died we always put plenty in his mummy, plenty.

"So when they dig up mummy and get him from tomb, very old, we find plenty scarab alongside mummy, un'erstan'. Very old. So we look on back of scarab and see time of mummy, when he die, and know time of scarab too, un'erstan'. Oh, very old. I know how to read hieroglyph very well. So I tell time of scarab, and you buy from me and I tell truth. I give you paper to tell how old and sign my name. What? Very good. You get only true scarab from me. I show you."

Yes, brethren, he shows you, with a ceremonial that is impressive, in an atmosphere that is Egyptian, with a sincerity that is delightful. The exhibition is deliberate and dignified. These scarabs are centuries old and there must be none of the present-day hustle in the review and barter of them. Nor is there any. He surveys his case and selects a tray holding perhaps twenty scarabs, blue ones, green ones, brown ones. His eyes range lovingly over the little stones, his fingers fondle one and then another. Finally he selects one and hands it to you for inspection with the air of a sultan conferring a ruby on a worthy slave.

You look at it with the assumed nonchalance of the skilled Egyptologist. "Um," you say—"ah, yes. Rather interesting. And what dynasty does this one represent?"

Egyptian Fiction

He takes the scarab and turns it caressingly in his fingers, studying the images on the back of it. His lips purse. His brows pucker. He gazes at it long and earnestly. Then, brightly, with the smile of the man who has solved a problem, he says, "This one Senwosri—Twelfth Dynasty—2130 years before your Christ."

"Then, roughly, it is 4000 years old."

"Yes, very old. Fine specimen. Real."

You look at another. "How old is this one?"

He studies the images again, taking his deliberate time, and impressing you with his care and caution.

"This one most old—most. Menthotp—Eleventh Dynasty—2300 years before Christ."

"And this one?"

"Not so old—Tethmosis I—Eighteenth Dynasty—1540 years before Christ."

Meantime he has been fondling a dulled one, its colors blurred, its surface roughened, and he pushes that into your hand. "See," he says. "Look. Very fine."

This one has the appearance of great antiquity. It looks the part. "How old?" you ask.

There is awe and reverence in his voice as he answers, "Mycerinus—Fourth Dynasty—some say 3000, some say 3500—very old."

And so it goes, and there you are. He has the catalogue of the rulers of Egypt at his tongue's end. He can recite the roster of the kings and expound the periods of the dynasties. Who are you to dispute with him? There is no encyclopedia handy. Your catalogue of the kings and queens is finished when you recite Pharaoh, Rameses, Cleopatra and Ptolemy, and probably the only reason you remember Rameses is because of that ribald old rime, "In the days of old Rameses, that story had paresis," which diners are wont to shout at the teller of a vintage anecdote.

Thus you come to the delicate but essential matter of price. The air of the dealer is that of the man who loves his treasures and is loath to part with them. Your air, although you do not know it at the moment, is the air of the inevitable and historic gudgeon who is scarabæusly to get his. You dicker. He asks many piasters—many—for the choicer ones. You debate the matter with him, offering fewer piasters and thereby wounding the soul of the dealer, hurting his heart, bruising his spirit. It seems almost a sacrilege to beat him down, but mayhap you have a few glimmers of reason remaining operative in the bean.

The debate goes on, and presently you strike a bargain, at a price lower than he asked but higher than you proffered. Then comes the authentication. He produces printed slips, and on these slips are spaces for setting down the historic minutiæ concerning your purchase—the name of the

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ruler, the dynasty, the age of the scarab. He writes these down in a scrawly English hand, and at the bottom he signs his name with an ornate flourish. There you are, all certified and guaranteed by a dealer who is the epitome of truth, as he declares, an honest man.

Nothing remains now but the sordid passing of the money, a detail to be hurried through, a sort of profanation of the transaction, but necessary—quite necessary. And as you start to leave, he detains you. He rummages among his shelves and brings out two strings of beads, or some such thing. He presses these into your hands.

"A gift," he says, "to you, my good friend, in testimonial of this happy meeting. These are rare and ancient also, and I desire you to have them as a token from me, an offering of friendship."

You are touched. A beautiful sentiment. Usually you go back and buy a couple more scarabs, or an ushabti or something like that, also certified. Then you are on your way, your precious scarabs stowed carefully in your waistcoat pocket, elate over the possession of these veritable antiquities.

Later, at some opportune moment, you show them casually. "I picked up a few scarabs this afternoon. The real thing. One is 3000 years old."

"Which one?" demands some fiend in human form.

You point out the Mycerinus. He looks at it for a coarse moment. "Huh!" he says. "How much did you pay for that one?"

His manner irritates you.

"Sixteen dollars," you say, "and I had a job getting it for that. He wanted twenty-five."

He reaches into his waistcoat pocket and takes out a scarab, laying it offensively beside your gem. "What's the difference?" he asks, and it is most annoying. "Look 'em over. Mine cost fifty cents."

There is no apparent difference. The things are alike as two peas.

"But," you falter, "mine are certified. They are guaranteed."

"Who certified them?" continues this incredible boor. "The museum or any Egyptologist of reputation?"

"Well, no—the dealer."

Contemporary Scarabs

Of course, I should have killed him at that moment. I should have felled him in his raucous tracks, in the midst of his derisive laughter. I am sorry now I didn't, and sorrier yet since I learned my scarab lore. The ancient Egyptians, we read, made scarabs in great numbers, and large numbers of them have been found, dating from all periods of Egyptian history; but, many as the ancient Egyptians made, those are not a patch on the number made by the modern Egyptians and sold to the guileless travelers as genuine. There must be factories all over the place turning out scarabs, and aging them.

Not that there are not genuine scarabs to be obtained. I have some myself, bought at the museum; but that the ordinary scarab of commerce isn't much, if any, older than the eggs used in the Egyptian restaurants, which gives them an aspect of antiquity, at that, but hardly carries them back to the days of Amenemhê or Harem-heb.

Scarabs! You can get them by the peck if you waive the ceremony of certification. Just before I left Cairo, as a last favor to a dragoman friend with whom business was pretty bad, I bought seven for two dollars, and mighty good scarabs, too, all dulled with age and corroded with their long interment in the tombs, and everything. And who can tell whether they are of the date of King Menes or of the date of Fuad I, who is the present ruler, and which they probably are? That is, you can tell, but you probably will not. What people who get souvenirs from Egypt as gifts from returning travelers do not know about the antiquity of those souvenirs will not hurt them—especially what they do not know about scarabs.

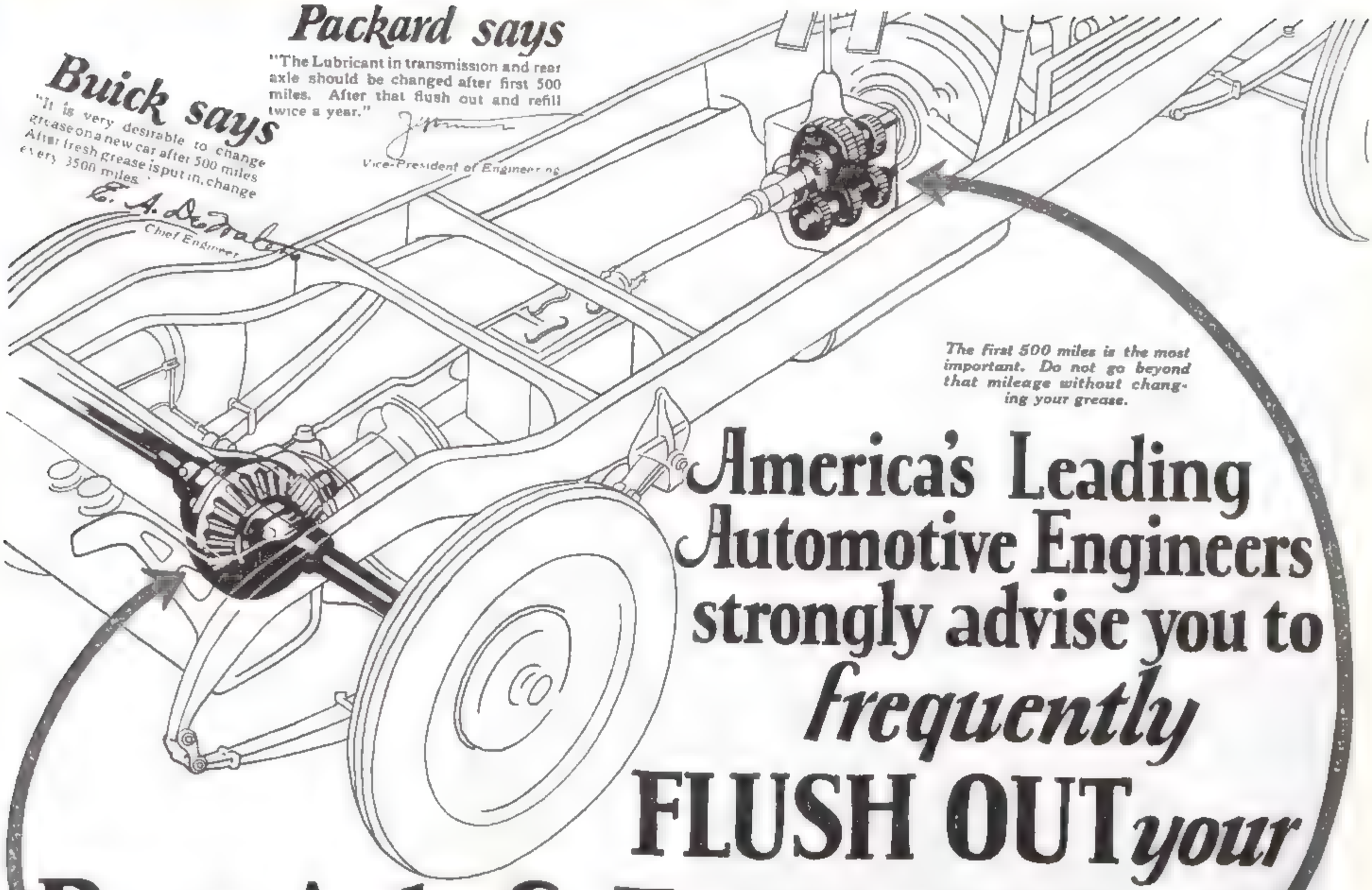
Why Go to Egypt?

The opportunities to buy are limitless. There is street after street of bazaars, with insistent merchants and importunate methods. There are plenty of shops where the methods are graceful and ingratiating. In them the buyer had best beware, for your Egyptian and your Arab and your Armenian and your other native dealers are wily persons and do business on the flexible theory that they will never see you again, and it is their duty to themselves, to their guild, to their country and their families to get as much out of you for as little in return as circumstances will admit. There are plenty of good things to be had in Egypt, if you are interested in things Egyptian and Oriental, and certainly millions of craftsmen have worked for thousands of years in production.

But nothing lends itself to guile so plenteously as the antique business, in whatever line, and guile is the family, the middle, the racial and the national name of the men who sell things along the Nile.

The museum is a panorama of the past, the temples and the tombs, the pyramids, the Sphinx, the ancient customs, the desert and the people themselves—all mark the beginnings of things as we know them. Here is the land of Moses, and right at hand is the spot, they say, where the daughter of Pharaoh found him in his ark of bulrushes. This is the land where Joseph was sold into bondage, where the Israelites began their pilgrimage into the desert, there to receive the tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. This is the land that had an independent culture 5000 and probably as long as 6000 years ago, the country of the royal tombs at Nagada and Abydos, of Snefru, of Cheops, of Chephren, of Tethmosis, of Amenophis, of Rameses; the country where Alexander built his city which Ptolemy made the greatest city in the world, and where Cleopatra died. It was the heart of Mohammedanism, where the Fatimites built their mosques, and which the later crusaders sought to conquer. It epitomizes much of the history of our world.

But why, do you suppose, do so many Americans and so many English spend so much money and travel so far to get there merely to do nothing after their arrival save the things they do at home? What is the idea of coming all the way to Egypt to play bridge, to dance, to eat and to flirt? What, so to speak, is the matter with our country clubs, which are nearer, cheaper and far more sanitary?



Packard says

"The Lubricant in transmission and rear axle should be changed after first 500 miles. After that flush out and refill twice a year."

Vice-President of Engineering

Buick says

"It is very desirable to change grease on a new car after 500 miles. After fresh grease is put in, change every 3500 miles."

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Chief Engineer

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Chief Engineer

Hupp says

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SHINING ARMOR

(Continued from Page 11)

"Maybe not." Trantor shrugged. "But just being put up for it, with Fos Borden's name on the card, ought to be worth something, oughtn't it? Say a million or two, to a man that can throw 'em at the dickey birds if he likes."

He grinned cheerfully. "Look out for a bull movement in white elephants, Edie, unless ——"

Again the pause was eloquent. There was unmistakable mischief in the quizzical eye that slanted at her under the cocked brow.

"Go on," she said quietly, restraining a foot that endeavored to tap its heel.

"The female of the species," he chuckled. "You're missing a lot by this business-woman fad of yours, Edie."

"Go on," she said again, contriving to present a fairly plausible semblance of disinterest.

"You weren't at the Delters' last night or I shouldn't need to," he said. "Justine was there with a snaky bob and the new Paris decree—all swept and garnished, you might say. Lots of earrings, if you know what I mean. Touching thing to see how glad the Delters were to welcome the prodigal daughter back to the ancestral apartment. Sat her right beside the—the fatted calf himself."

He paused reflectively. "I doubt if Justine would be frightfully keen about cupolas and cast-iron sculpture, but I did hear her telling Barrett how she yearned for the simple country life."

Edith Dremmel made no answer; but as Trantor drew back her chair she discovered that it was necessary once more to employ a certain degree of determination in order to unclench her hands and to relax her lips to a suitably detached and casual amusement. The effect of strain was still remotely perceptible in her look and carriage when Henderson Barrett came eagerly up to her, but the man's childlike pleasure in the encounter seemed to induce its own response.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Miss Dremmel." He was radiant about it. "I'd almost given up hope of meeting you among your—your friends."

"I don't do this sort of thing very often," she told him, angry at herself for the helpless amiability of her voice.

"You really should," he said earnestly. "When you have the privilege of knowing so many delightful people ——" He left the sentence in the air. "I had no idea how pleasant these—these purely social contacts could be. It's so different from the friendships or so-called friendships that one forms in business, where there's always a—a motive." He beamed. "You have no idea how I enjoy meeting people who aren't thinking about—about turning the acquaintance to a practical advantage."

Edith Dremmel's glance rested on Brearley Holbine's cheerfully ruddy countenance; he was chatting with Mrs. Borden, but there was something watchful, almost proprietary, in the sideling twist of his eye toward Henderson Barrett's back. She looked away, to encounter Foster Borden's augustly speculative gaze, directed at the same blissfully unconscious target. She could almost see, behind that look, the party-colored patterns in the slated mansards of old Horace Borden's wooden castle. Across the room Irene Delter's face, smiling mechanically at some mot of Jimmy Trantor's, exhibited an indubitably maternal solicitude.

"People like these," said Henderson Barrett happily. He smiled with a satisfaction so shiningly innocent that Edith Dremmel's conscience stupidly prodded her for having even meditated his disillusioning. His voice became more confidential. "Mr. Borden, for instance—I haven't told you that he put my name up for the Camelot Club."

"How nice!" said Edith Dremmel, ignominiously.

"I suppose you think it's funny that I'm so astonished by these little kindnesses," he confided. "You see, I'd always imagined that these people would be—would be kind of—well, stuck-up, as we used to say. You've always known them, so that it doesn't seem surprising to you when they're warm-hearted and cordial."

"I guess they're pretty much like everybody else," said Miss Dremmel.

"Exactly." He nodded eagerly. "That's what I never realized. I"—he grinned confessingly—"I was almost afraid last night when I found I was sitting beside Mrs. Broussard—Miss Delter, I should say. I'd seen her picture so often, and it always made her look —— But of course you know her. She told me what great friends you'd always been."

"Did she?" Even twenty years of cordial and mutual detestation failed, in the face of Henderson Barrett's beam, to move Miss Dremmel to explicit answer. He nodded.

"Yes. She talked a lot about you. I doubt whether you realize, intimately as you know her, how deeply she admires and envies you."

"Did she say for what, precisely?" Edith Dremmel's lips tightened at the thought of that dinner-table exchange of confidences.

"The way you've lived your own life," he said. "Your talent for business; your success." He beamed softly. "Anybody would envy you, Miss Dremmel; but, of course, Miss Delter has more reason than most girls." He wagged his head. "What a pity! What a tragedy that a girl like that, a girl who would be perfectly happy with a little house in the country, a dog or two, her books and a garden of old-fashioned flowers, should have been deluded into marrying as she did."

"Once would have been tragic enough," Miss Dremmel managed to remark. "Poor Justine's done it three times, so far."

"Yes." He nodded. "It's enough to make one believe that there's a deliberately cruel destiny somewhere. I wish" - he hesitated—"I wish it were possible to—it would be so easy to make that girl happy, if—if ——"

"Perhaps she'll have her cottage, now that she's free to live where she likes," said Miss Dremmel.

He shook his head. "No. Her parents won't hear of it, and I gathered that she's quite dependent on them. Of course she didn't say so, but I inferred that they insist on her staying in town. She's taken a little flat, she told me."

It was apparent to Miss Dremmel that Justine had been more specific. For a moment, as she forevisioned the possibilities, the probabilities, incident to Mr. Henderson Barrett's inevitably impending visits to that little flat, she wavered on the brink of forthright speech. But in the moment of indecision Mrs. Borden joined them, her manner toward Henderson Barrett so convincingly amiable that, even with her persistent impression of slated cupolas and cast-iron stags in the background, Edith Dremmel half believed in its sincerity; and Mr. Barrett, manifestly troubled by no shadowing doubts, reminded the girl of her mother's comment. If he had been a dog, she admitted, he would assuredly have wagged a vehement tail. Exasperated by the utter unreason of the feeling, she was almost ashamed of the resolute determination that she reached as Mrs. Borden's hand rested for an instant on Henderson Barrett's intensely gratified sleeve. She'd tell him the plain truth, no matter how it might hurt him to hear it, but this was no time or place for his undeception. Tomorrow, at the office ——

III

FOR the hundredth time Edith Dremmel steeled herself to the destruction of the innocent delight with which Henderson Barrett regarded her. It was no fault of

hers that he had come scatheless past gin and pitfall that his artlessness refused to recognize; for all that she had done to prevent it, Brearley Holbine and Jimmy Trantor might have whipsawed him for thousands in the bridge game that had become almost a daily fixture. No word of hers had warned him against his incautious interest in old Horace Borden's porte-cochères and shingle-sided turrets; even as to Justine's yearnings for the company of dogs and daisies in the vine-clad cottage of her dreams, no rude, enlightening revelation had escaped the lips that merely tautened as, at second hand, Miss Dremmel listened to their exposition.

Studying the glow of Barrett's face, she told herself that his very unsuspicion had been his preservation—the luck of sailors and simpletons and children. Reluctantly, she even conceded that the people who meditated his exploitation might be aware of the disarming quality of his simplicity; might like him, as her mother claimed, quite honestly. As he looked now, Justine Delter herself could hardly help feeling some feeble stir of genuine affection. The thought somehow stiffened Edith Dremmel's wavering purpose.

She drew in her breath with sudden resolution. Barrett spoke before she could expel it.

"I've got some news for you," he said gleefully. "I stopped in on my way out to Crestover just to tell you. They've taken me into the Camelot."

"Really?" Edith Dremmel was startled. Even with Borden and Delter behind him, it was hardly believable that he could have slipped past that backward-leaning committee. He laughed, a little self-consciously.

"I suppose it must seem silly to you—that I'm so pleased, I mean." He spread his hands. "You see, it's all so—so absolutely genuine that I can't help feeling a bit complimented. I mean to say—it's quite different from what I've been used to. In business, when somebody does a friendly little thing like this there's always a contemptible suspicion that next week he'll drop into the office with something to sell, or that he's got a brother-in-law who needs a job. That's why I'm so delighted about this. I know it's a trivial thing, in itself, but ——"

"Yes." Miss Dremmel wondered what the members of that committee would say if they heard that adjective applied to their solemn accolade. "I quite see how you must feel about it." She hesitated. "Did you say you were going out to Crestover? There's that International matter to be settled, and ——"

"Manning can see to it," he said briskly. "I can't stop. Trantor and Holbine must be waiting for me ——"

"Bridge?" Her lips straightened, and again she rallied her resolution. "Don't you find it rather—rather expensive?"

His brows rose. "Expensive? Why, no! How could it be? We always play for a penny. I shouldn't care to make it any higher. Trantor couldn't afford to lose."

"Does he?" She managed to make her tone convey a dim innuendo. Barrett frowned.

"More than he ought to, I'm afraid." He shook his head. "He's really a poor hand at it. I've talked over some of his calls and play with Hilton Park, and ——"

"Hilton Park?" She was startled again by the formidable name of the expert and authority. "I didn't know that you knew him."

Mr. Henderson Barrett blushed uncomfortably. "I didn't mean to say that. You see, when your stepfather and his friends were so nice about letting me play with them, I felt that in common fairness I ought to learn something about the game. I didn't want to bore them. Of course Park doesn't give lessons as a general thing, and I promised him I'd not mention it."

"I see. I won't repeat it." She eyed him thoughtfully. He moved toward the door as her telephone hummed. The voice of the switchboard operator broke in on her meditation.

"Miss Delter is calling for Mr. Barrett, Miss Dremmel. She insists that he'll talk to her."

"A moment." Miss Dremmel covered the transmitter. It would be easy to say that Barrett had gone, but with his benignant and trustful glance turned toward her from the doorway, she discovered that the routine evasion refused to utter itself. "It's—it's Justine," she said. He came quickly back and took the receiver from her; she was unreasonably relieved by this. In some way her presence seemed in a sense to protect him against himself. She bit her lips, however, at the eager friendliness of his voice. So he called her Justine, did he?

"Yes, Justine? . . . Of course not. . . . I hope I shall never be so busy as that. . . . What? . . . Right away? . . . I'm terribly sorry, but I —— What? . . . Oh, no! You mustn't even think of —— Wait, Justine! I'll be there in ten minutes and I've something to tell you—something that will —— Yes, in ten minutes. I'm starting this instant."

He replaced the receiver and turned to Edith Dremmel a countenance transfixed by panic.

"She's hysterical," he said. "Something has upset her frightfully. She talked—she said something about ending everything."

"I think she won't do it," said Edith Dremmel with a sudden effort. "Not before you come, at least."

"You think not?" He seemed slightly reassured.

"I've known Justine all her life," she said. "If she told you she'd wait till you came, you can be quite sure she will."

"Yes, that's true. She's absolutely—she'll keep her word, no matter how overwrought she is." His face cleared, softened. "I can't help feeling proud that, with all her older friends, she should turn to me. I—I'd better hurry."

He moved, however, with a singular want of haste; as he crossed toward the door Miss Dremmel had plenty of time to cry out in protest. Helplessly, with a shaming conviction of passive complicity, she held her tongue. It was like watching, with no word of warning, while a heedless child strayed out upon a hungry quicksand. He stopped at the doorway.

"I wonder if you'd come, too," he said diffidently. "She sounded as if she—I'm afraid that she may be—and you've always been such friends ——"

Miss Dremmel found herself on her feet. "Perhaps I'd better," she said briskly.

He beamed gratefully as she pulled on her hat. His car spurned the bluestone of the court and floated down the boulevard with, Edith Dremmel thought, the mysteriously fluent quality of locomotive processes in dreams. Still obsessed by a desire for wild Homeric laughter, she leaned back in impalpable upholstery, doubting the actuality of the adventure. The dreamlike movement of the car lent a flavor of unreality to everything else; she had a persistent conviction that she would wake, presently, and find that none of this had happened.

Henderson Barrett, erect in the other corner, held his peace, his face vaguely and anxiously bewildered. They paused before the affable brick building that confronted the little grassplot of Charterhouse Square. Wafted to the curb on Henderson Barrett's courtly gesture, Edith Dremmel mounted immaculate white-marble steps and, in a marbled lobby, passed a suave flunky in gray-and-silver livery, her lips twisting downward as it became apparent that he lay under instruction and knew Henderson Barrett by sight and name.

An elevator purred upward. Justine's voice, beyond the doorway of a tiny anteroom, called throatily in answer to Barrett's respectful knock. He stood back, bowing, and Edith Dremmel, her shoulders straightening a little, preceded him into the intimately curtained dusk of a little parlor, a dim room remotely flavored with Suspire d'Amour. Justine, rising slowly, with the involuntary movement of hypnosis, stared at her with blank stupefied eyes. It was

(Continued on Page 105)

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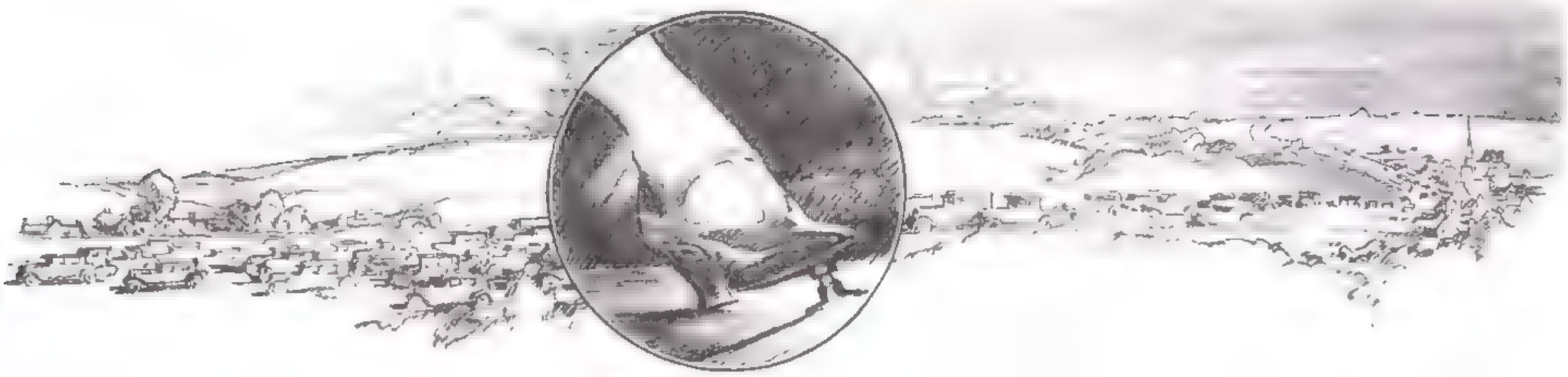

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(Continued from Page 101

Henderson Barrett who broke the shrieking silence.

"My dear Justine!" He took both her hands, bending so that for a moment Edith Dremmel fancied that he meant to kiss them; but he straightened and, still holding them, regarded Justine with intent solicitude. "What's happened? I've brought Miss Dremmel, you see. It was splendid of you to—to turn to me, but I thought that you might need a—a closer friend."

Justine, Miss Dremmel admitted, could think fast and clearly when she had to. She released her hands, laughing.

"I'd forgotten how terribly literal you are, Henderson." She turned to Edith. "It's nothing, really. I'd had a tiresome letter from a lawyer and I was blue and thought Henderson would cheer me up by coming in for tea. I never dreamed that he'd drag you away from your work, Edie."

"Oh, I was glad to come," said Edith Dremmel truthfully.

"Of course you would be, you darling!" Justine's voice dripped poisoned honey. "But I'm frightfully ashamed, all the same—bothering both you busy important people to come all the way in here for nothing!" Her tone quickened. "You mustn't let me waste any more of your day. I know you must be frantic to get back." She moved gracefully toward the door, but Henderson Barrett shook his head.

"You're just trying to keep us from worrying," he declared. "And we're not going till we're sure you're all right again." He laughed happily. "I said I had something to tell you, didn't I? Well ——"

Justine's glance twisted obliquely at Edith Dremmel. "You can tell me some other time," she said hurriedly. "I'm not going to let you bother dear Edie with my silly little troubles. I know she's furious with me for ——"

"Of course she isn't!" said Barrett warmly. "She was as glad to come as I was And she'll be just as pleased as you are to hear what I've got to tell you. I knew you wouldn't mind my telling her how you longed to have a chance to live in the country and keep dogs and grow old-fashioned flowers." He drew in an audible breath. "Well, I've found exactly what you wanted."

Two pairs of eyes searched his radiant face.

"It was really nothing but blind luck, you know. Jimmy Trantor just happened to say something about his great-aunt that set me thinking. I got him to drive out with me to call on her yesterday. She lives out at Newmarket Square, in a lovely little stone cottage that overlooks a square mile of rose nurseries, and when I told her about you, she said she'd love to give you a home as long as you liked."

There was a short, palpitating silence while Edith Dremmel contemplated a distinct memory of Jimmy Trantor's Quaker aunt, formidably mustached and regally straightforward of speech.

"I didn't mean to tell you quite so soon," said Henderson Barrett. "I thought I'd drive you out there first and let you see the dear old lady and her place and the roses, but there's no reason why you shouldn't have the pleasure of looking forward to it now and knowing that everything's settled. "Oh"—he brightened—"I almost forgot the best part of all. Miss Trantor's as mad about dogs as you are, Justine. She's got eight, and she said ——"

He stopped, visibly baffled by the strange constraint of Justine's expression. Watching her with an apprehension based on lively recollections of her capacity, even in tender youth, for fluent pungency of speech, Edith Dremmel was queerly relieved and touched by the smile that emerged from the stress of inner conflict, by the gentleness of Justine's tone and word.

"It's it's perfectly sweet of you to—to take so much trouble for me. I don't know how to—how to thank you." Justine's shoulders moved with the suggestion of a suppressed sob. "I—you'd better go, please. I ——"

Edith Dremmel managed to get the benefactor, dimly reluctant under his gratification, to the tiny room by the elevator shaft before Justine's pent emotions found release. As the cage began its velvety descent she surveyed him with a new intentness, but his face, still radiant with benevolence, had its old disarming innocence. She understood why Justine, for all her outraged provocation, had been incapable of banishing that guileless, childlike glow.

It was, she told herself, an invulnerable armor, that shining and unconquerable trustfulness that, seeing no evil, made evil powerless. *Integer vitae*—Horace was right; unmarred of life and pure of blame, a man was better armed than with Moorish spears and poisoned arrows.

In the car, however, listening inattentively to Henderson Barrett's naïve comment on his wholly unperceived escape, her faith in the adequacy of his shining armor lessened steadily. It was clear that he remained utterly oblivious to the perils he had avoided by less than an eyelash, that he blithely meditated further risks. Even Horace, she thought, might have found that wolf a little less affected by his stainless virtue on a second meeting. Her smile faded as she heard Henderson Barrett's slightly embarrassed self-revealment.

"You see, there's so little one can do in return for kindness. That was why I was so awfully anxious to find Justine a place where she could be happy and forget things. I'm in debt for so many little friendly acts, and there's no way in which I can even show that I'm decently grateful. Just think of the way Foster Borden's bothered to get me into that club, for instance—just out of sheer good-heartedness!"

"That reminds me—are you going to buy that Havermore place of his?" She interposed the question bluntly, as the nearest approach to a definite warning, of which, under the beam of his artless happiness, she found herself capable. He seemed startled by it; even, she thought, a little shocked.

"Oh, no!" He shook his head with emphasis. "Of course I couldn't think of doing anything so—so crude as that! Perhaps he mightn't misunderstand—I may be judging him unfairly by myself and my commercial background—but I shouldn't dare to run the risk. It would be a terribly shabby thing if I gave him the slightest reason to imagine that I was trying to pay, in money, for all his kindness."

"Yes, of course." Miss Dremmel bit her lip. "But if you were quite sure that it wouldn't hurt his feelings ——"

"I shouldn't buy the place, anyway," he said. "Even if I were quite sure that he didn't misunderstand, there would be others who would be sure to misinterpret; and it might easily spoil everything for me, you see, if the impression got about that I was trying—well, to put it brutally—to buy my way into society, like Morganstine, for instance, or Flannery. I'm in the Camelot, of course, but my name isn't on the Congress list, as yet. Of course, with Borden and Delter on my side, I ought to get on it pretty soon, but ——"

Miss Dremmel's overstrained repression suddenly gave way under the provocation of his words, for all the redeeming quality of his look and tone.

"Then I've been wrong, have I?" The violence of her voice astonished her. "Then, all the time, you've known exactly what you were doing! You haven't been just a simple-hearted Babe in the Wood, but just a sly, scheming ——"

She fancied that behind the wide, startled innocence of his gaze she saw a fleeting gleam of craft, and it gave her new bitterness.

"You deliberately let Brearley Holbine and Jimmy Trantor think they could shear you like a woolly lamb at bridge," she charged. "You—you just used them as stepping-stones and went and took lessons from Hilton Park on the sly, so that ——"

"I kind of hated to be a ——" He stopped. "Those fellows wouldn't think of anything dishonorable," he declared. "They're ——"

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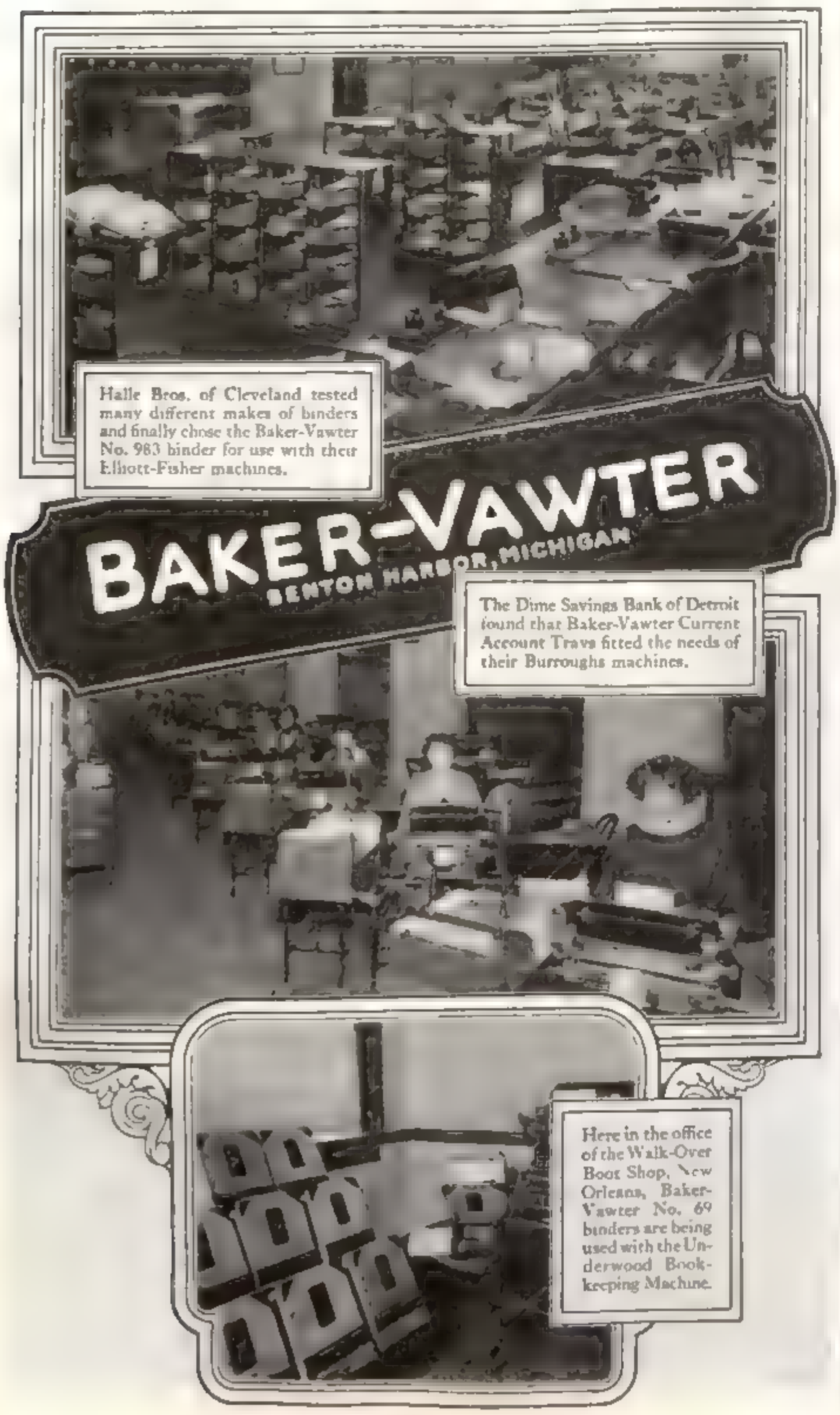
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"I know what they are," she stormed, "and so do you. You've known right along, just as you've known that Foster Borden wanted to sell you that horrible frame palace of his in return for—for ——"

"He's never ——"

"Oh, don't fence with me! You might as well try to make me believe that you hadn't any notion as to what made the Delters so pleasant to you. It's hateful! All the time I've been worrying—even this afternoon when you asked me to come with you and I thought it was just because you were too innocent to know what Justine was up to."

"I didn't," he said feebly. "I just ——"

"You took me along as bodyguard. You know you did! All that pose of—of ——" She shifted the attack suddenly. "I ought to have known you couldn't possibly be the sweet-hearted fool you seemed. I might have guessed that you were just buying your way in, only without paying for it, like Morganstine and Flannery and the others!" She drew in a long audible breath of exasperation and disillusion. "Even now it doesn't seem credible! I can't believe it, even when I know! Why should you care a snap of your fingers about knowing Jimmy Trantor, or belonging to the Camelot and going to the Congresses with all the dull-witted snobs who fancy that such things matter? Why ——"

She saw, bewilderedly, that he was smiling, a smile of indubitable relief.

"You don't care about all that sort of thing then?"

She moved her head impatiently. "I? Of course not! What I can't understand is your caring!"

He spread his hands defensively. "I thought—it seemed natural, almost—almost necessary," he said. "You see, I'd grown rather used to feeling that you—that you respected me, at the office. I felt that if I didn't know your friends, if I weren't welcome, on my own account, I mean, at places where you felt at home, you might—you might be sorry sometime for having m-married me."

There was an endless pause, while the great car moved like a magic carpet.

"Oh," said Edith Dremmel at last. She discovered that it had become again impossible, more impossible than ever, to dissipate the beaming radiance with which Henderson Barrett regarded her.

THE CHINESE PARROT

(Continued from Page 23

translate. When I talk with you over telephone, promise to send valuable package at once, then forget it. Any confidential message for me care Will Holley, El Dorado Times. They have nice desert down here, but too full of mystery for frank and open young business man like your loving son.

BOB."

He turned the yellow slip over to the worried telegrapher, with instructions to send it to his father's office and in duplicate to his house. "How much?" he asked.

After some fumbling with a book, the agent named a sum which Eden paid. He added a tip, upsetting the boy still further.

"Say, this is some day here," announced the telegrapher. "Always wanted a little excitement in my life; but now it's come I guess I ain't ready for it. Yes, sir, I'll send it twice. I know—I get you."

Holley gave the boy a few directions about the Madden interview and returned with Bob Eden to Main Street.

"Let's drop over to the office," the editor said. "Nobody there now, and I'm keen to know what's doing out at Madden's."

In the bare little home of the El Dorado Times, Eden took a chair, that was already partially filled with exchanges, close to the editor's desk.

Holley removed his hat and replaced it with an eye shade. He dropped down beside his typewriter.

"My friend in New York grabbed at that story," he said. "It was good of Madden to let me have it. I understand they're going to allow me to sign it, too—the name of Will Holley back in the big papers again. But look here, I was surprised by what you hinted out at the ranch this morning. It seemed to me last night that everything was O. K. You didn't say whether you had that necklace with you or not, but I gathered you had ——"

"I haven't," cut in Eden.

"Oh, it's still in San Francisco?"

"No; my confederate has it."

"Your what?"

"Holley, I know that if Harry Fladgate says you're all right, you are. So I'm going the whole way in the matter of trusting you."

"That's flattering, but suit yourself."

"Something tells me we'll need your help," Eden remarked. With a glance round the deserted office, he explained the real identity of the servant, Ah Kim.

Holley grinned. "Well, that's amusing, isn't it? But go on. I get the impression that although you arrived at the ranch last night to find Madden there and everything, on the surface, serene, such was not the case. What happened?"

"First of all, Charlie thought something was wrong. He sensed it. You know the Chinese are a very psychic race."

Holley laughed. "Is that so? Surely you didn't fall for that guff. Oh, pardon me, I presume you had some better reason for delay."

"I'll admit it sounded like guff to me—at the start. I laughed at Chan and prepared to hand over the pearls at once. Suddenly out of the night came the weirdest cry for help I ever expect to hear."

"What? Really? From whom?"

"From your friend the Chinese parrot—from Tony."

"Oh, of course," said Holley. "I'd forgotten him. Well, that probably meant nothing."

"But a parrot doesn't invent," Eden reminded him. "It merely repeats. I may have acted like a fool, but I hesitated to produce those pearls." He went on to tell how, in the morning, he had agreed to wait until two o'clock while Chan had further talk with Tony, and ended with the death of the bird just after luncheon. "And there the matter rests," he finished.

"Are you asking my advice?" said Holley. "I hope you are, because I've simply got to give it to you."

"Shoot," Eden replied.

Holley smiled at him in a fatherly way. "Don't think for a moment I wouldn't like to believe there's some big melodrama afoot at Madden's ranch. Heaven knows little enough happens round here, and a thing like that would be manna from above. But as I look at it, my boy, you've let a jumpy Chinese lead you astray into a bad case of nerves."

"Charlie's absolutely sincere," protested Eden.

"No doubt of that," agreed Holley. "But he's an Oriental and a detective, and he's simply got to detect. There's nothing wrong at Madden's ranch. True, Tony lets out weird cries in the night, but he always has "

"You've heard him then?"

"Well, I never heard him say anything about help and murder, but when he first came I was living out at Doctor Whitcomb's, and I used to hang round the Madden ranch a good deal. Tony had some strange words in his small head. He'd spent his days amid violence and crime. It's nothing to wonder at that he screamed as he did last night. The setting on the desert, the dark, Charlie's psychic talk—all that combined to make a mountain out of a molehill, in your eyes."

"And Tony's sudden death this noon?" Eden suggested.

(Continued on Page 105

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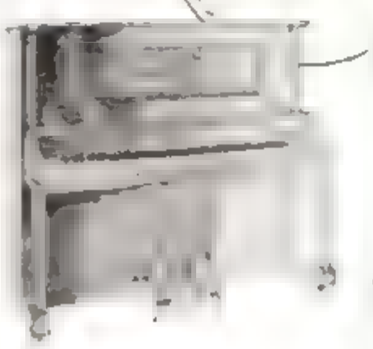

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Continued from Page 106

"Just as Madden said. Tony was as old as the hills—even a parrot doesn't live forever. A coincidence, yes; but I'm afraid your father won't be pleased with you, my boy. First thing you know P. J. Madden, who is hot and impetuous, will kick you out and call the transaction off. And I can see you back home explaining that you didn't close the deal because a parrot on the place dropped dead. My boy, my boy, I trust your father is a gentle soul. Otherwise he's liable to annihilate you."

Eden considered. "How about that missing gun?"

Holley shrugged. "You can find something queer almost anywhere if you look for it. The gun was gone—yes. What of it? Madden may have sold it, given it away, taken it to his room."

Bob Eden leaned back in his chair. "I guess you're right, at that. Yes, the more I think about it, here in the bright light of afternoon, the more foolish I feel." Through a side window he saw a flivver swing up before the grocery store next door and Charlie Chan alight. He went out onto the porch.

"Ah Kim!" he called.

The plump little Chinese detective approached and without a word entered the office.

"Charlie," said Bob Eden, "this is a friend of mine, Mr. Will Holley. Holley, meet Detective-Sergeant Chan, of the Honolulu police."

At mention of his name Chan's eyes narrowed. "How do you do?" he said coldly.

"It's all right," Eden assured him. "Mr. Holley can be trusted—absolutely. I've told him everything."

"I am far away in strange land," returned Chan. "Maybe I would choose to trust no one; but that, no doubt, are my heathen churlishness. Mr. Holley will pardon, I am sure."

"Don't worry," said Holley. "I give you my word I'll tell no one."

Chan made no reply—in his mind, perhaps, the memory of other white men who had given their word.

"It doesn't matter, anyhow," Eden remarked. "Charlie, I've come to the decision that we're chasing ghosts. I've talked things over with Mr. Holley, and from what he says I see that there's really nothing wrong out at the ranch. When we go back this evening we'll hand over those pearls and head for home." Chan's face fell. "Cheer up," added the boy. "You yourself must admit that we've been acting like a couple of old women."

An expression of deeply offended dignity appeared on the little round face. "Just one moment. Permit this old woman more nonsense. Some hours ago parrot drops from perch into vast eternity. Dead, like Cæsar."

"What of it?" said Eden wearily. "He died of old age. Don't let's argue about it, Charlie."

"Who argues?" asked Chan. "I myself enjoy keen distaste for that pastime. Old woman though I am, I now deal with facts—undubitable facts." He spread a white sheet of paper on Holley's desk, and removing an envelope from his pocket, poured its contents onto the paper. "Examine," he directed. "What you see here are partial contents of food basin beside the perch of Tony. Kindly tell me what you look at."

"Hempseed," said Eden. "A parrot's natural food."

"Ah, yes," agreed Chan. "Seed of the hemp. But that other—the fine, grayish-white powder that seem so plentiful."

"By gad!" cried Holley.

"No argument here," continued Chan. "Before seeking grocer I pause at drug emporium on corner. Wise man about powders make most careful test for me. And what does he say?"

"Arsenic," suggested Holley.

"Arsenic, indeed," agreed Chan. "Much sold to ranchers hereabouts as rat killer. Parrot killer too."

Eden and Holley looked at each other in amazement.

"Poor Tony very sick before he go on long journey," Chan continued. "Very silent and very sick. In my time I am on track of many murders, but I must come to this peculiar mainland to ferret out parrot murder. Ah, well, all my life I hear about wonders on this mainland."

"They poisoned him!" Bob Eden cried. "Why?"

"Why not?" shrugged Chan. "Very true rumor says, dead men tell no tales. Dead parrots are in same fix, I think. Tony speaks Chinese like me. Tony and me never speak together again."

Eden put his head in his hands. "Well, I'm getting dizzy," he said. "What, in heaven's name, is it all about?"

"Reflect," urged Chan. "As I have said before, parrot not able to perpetrate original remarks. He repeats. When Tony cry out in night, 'Help! Murder! Put down gun!' even old woman might be pardoned to think he repeats something recently heard. He repeats because words are recalled to him by —what?"

"Go on, Charlie," Eden said.

"Recalled by event just preceding cry. What event? I think deep, how is this? Recalled, maybe, by sudden flashing on of lights in bedroom occupied by Martin Thorn, the secretary."

"Charlie, what more do you know?" Eden asked.

"This morning I am about my old-woman duties in bedroom of Thorn. I see on wall stained outline same size and shape as handsome picture of desert scene near by. I investigate. Picture has been moved, I note, and not so long ago. Why was picture moved? I lift it in my hands and underneath I see little hole that could only be made by flying bullet."

Eden gasped. "A bullet?"

"Precisely the fact. A bullet embedded deep in wall. One bullet that has gone astray and not found resting place in body of that unhappy man Tony heard cry for help some recent night."

Again Eden and Holley looked at each other. "Well," said the editor, "there was that gun, you know; Bill Hart's gun—the one that's gone from the living room. We must tell Mr. Chan about that."

Chan shrugged. "Spare yourself trouble," he advised. "Already last night I have noted empty locality deserted by that weapon. I also found this, in waste-basket." He took a small crumpled card from his pocket, a typewritten card, which read: "Presented to P. J. Madden by William S. Hart. September 29, 1923." Will Holley nodded and handed it back. "All day," continued Chan, "I search for missing movie pistol, without success—so far."

Will Holley rose and warmly shook Chan's hand. "Mr. Chan," he said, "permit me to go on record here and now to the effect that you're all right." He turned to Bob Eden. "Don't ever come to me for advice again. You follow Mr. Chan."

Eden nodded. "I think I will," he said.

"Think more deeply," suggested Chan. "To follow an old woman—where is the honor there?"

Eden laughed. "Oh, forget it, Charlie. I apologize with all my heart."

Chan beamed. "Thanks warmly. Then all is settled? We do not hand over pearls tonight, I think?"

"No, of course we don't," agreed Eden. "We're on the trail of something—heaven knows what. It's all up to you, Charlie, from now on. I follow where you lead."

"You were number-one prophet, after all," said Chan. "Postman on vacation goes for long walk. Here on broad desert I cannot forget profession. We return to Madden's ranch and find what we shall find. Some might say, Madden is there, give him necklace. Our duty as splendid American citizens does not permit. If we deliver necklace, we go away, truth is strangled, guilty escape. Necklace deal falls now into second place." He gathered up the evidence in the matter of Tony and

restored it to his pocket. "Poor Tony! Only this morning he tell me I talk too much. Now like boom-boomerang, remark returns and smites him. It is my pressing duty to negotiate with food merchant. Meet me in fifteen minutes before hotel door."

When he had gone out Holley and Eden were silent for a moment. "Well," said the editor at last, "I was wrong—all wrong. There's something doing out at Madden's ranch."

Eden nodded. "Sure there is. But what?"

"All day," continued Holley, "I've been wondering about that interview Madden gave me. For no apparent reason he broke one of the strictest rules of his life. Why?"

"If you're asking me save your breath," advised Eden.

"I'm not asking you—I've got my own solution. Quoting Charlie, I think deep about matter—how is this? Madden knows that at any moment something may break and this thing that has happened at his ranch be spread all over the newspapers. Looking ahead, he sees he may need friends among the reporters. So he's come down from his high horse at last. Am I right?"

"Oh, it sounds logical," agreed Eden. "I'm glad something does. You know, I told dad before I left San Francisco that I was keen to get mixed up in a murder mystery. But this—this is more than I bargained for. No dead body, no weapon, no motive, no murderer—nothing. Why, we can't even prove anybody has been killed!" He stood up. "Well, I'd better be moving back to the ranch—the ranch and—what? Whither am I drifting?"

"You stick to your Chinese pal," advised Holley. "The boy's good. Something tells me he'll see you through."

"I hope so," Eden replied.

"Keep your eyes open," added Holley, "and take no chances. If you need help out there, don't forget Will Holley."

"You bet I won't," Bob Eden answered. "So long. Maybe I'll see you tomorrow."

He went out and stood on the curb before the Desert Edge Hotel. It was Saturday evening, and El Dorado was crowded with ranchers, lean, bronzed, work-stained men in khaki riding breeches and gaudy lumberjack blouses—simple men to whom this was the city. Through the window of the combined barber shop and pool room he saw a group of them shaking dice. Others leaned against the trunks of the cottonwoods, talking of the roads, of crops, of politics. Bob Eden felt like a visitor from Mars.

Presently Chan passed, swung round in the street and halted the little touring car opposite the boy. As Eden climbed in he saw the detective's keen eyes fixed on the hotel doorway. Seating himself, he followed Chan's gaze.

A man had emerged from the Desert Edge Hotel—a man who looked strangely out of place among the roughly clad ranchers. He wore an overcoat buttoned tightly about his throat, and a felt hat was low over his eyes, which were hidden by dark spectacles.

"See who's here," said Eden.

"Yes, indeed," answered Chan as they moved down the street. "I think the Noremack Hotel has lost one very important guest. Their loss our gain—maybe."

They left the all-too-brief pavement of Main Street and a look of satisfaction spread slowly over Charlie Chan's face.

"Much work to do," he said. "Deep mysteries to solve. How sweet, though far from home, to feel myself in company of old friend."

Surprised, Bob Eden looked at him. "An old friend?" he repeated.

Chan smiled. "In garage on Punch Bowl Hill lonesome car like this awaits my return. With flivver shuddering beneath me, I can think myself on familiar Honolulu streets again."

They climbed between the mountains, and before them lay the soft glory of a desert sunset. Ignoring the rough road, Chan threw the throttle wide.

"Wow, Charlie!" cried Eden as his head nearly pierced the top. "What's the idea?"

"Pardon, please," said Chan, slowing a bit. "No good, I guess. For a minute I think maybe this little car can bounce the homesick feeling from my heart."

VIII

FOR a time the little brother of the car on Punch Bowl Hill plowed valiantly on, and neither the detective nor Bob Eden spoke. The yellow glare of the sun was cooling on the gray livery of the desert; the shadows cast by the occasional trees grew steadily longer; the far-off mountains purpled and the wind bestirred itself.

"Charlie," said Bob Eden, "what do you think of this country?"

"This desert land?" asked Charlie. Eden nodded. "Happy to have seen it. All my time I yearn to encounter change. Certainly have encountered that here."

"Yes, I guess you have. Not much like Hawaii, is it?"

"I will say so. Hawaii lie like handful of Phillimore pearls on heaving breast of ocean. Oahu little island with very wet neighborhood all about. Moisture hangs in air all time, rain called liquid sunshine, breath of ocean pretty damp. Here I climb round to other side of picture. Air is dry like last year's newspaper."

"They tell me you can love this country if you try," Eden said.

Chan shrugged. "For my part, I reserve my efforts in that line for other locality. Very much impressed by desert, thank you, but will move on at earliest opportunity."

"Here too," Eden laughed. "Comes the night, and I long for lights about me that are bright, a little restaurant on O'Farrell Street, a few good fellows, a bottle of mineral water on the table—human companionship, if it's not asking too much."

"Natural you feel that way," Chan agreed. "Youth is in your heart like a song. Because of you I am hoping we can soon leave Madden's ranch."

"Well, what do you think? What are we going to do now?"

"Watch and wait. Youth, I am thinking, does not like that business. But it must be. Speaking personally for myself, I am not having one happy fine time either. Act of cooking food not precisely my idea of merry vacation."

"Well, Charlie, I can stick it if you can," Eden said.

"Plenty fine sport you are," Chan replied. "Problems that we face are not without interest, for that matter. Most peculiar situation. At home I am called to look at crime, clear-cut like heathen idol's face. Somebody killed, maybe. Clews are plenty. I push little car down one path, I sway about, seeking another. Not so here. Starting forth to solve big mystery, I must first ask myself, just what are this big mystery I am starting forth to solve?"

"You've said it," Eden laughed.

"Yet one big fact gleams clear like snow on distant mountain. On recent night, at Madden's ranch, unknown person was murdered. Who unknown was, why he was killed and who officiated at the homicide—these are simple little matters remaining to be cleared."

"And what have we to go on?" Eden asked helplessly.

"A parrot's cry at night, the rude removal of that unhappy bird, a bullet hole hiding back of picture recently changed about, an aged pistol gone from dusty wall. All the more honor for us if we unravel from such puny clews."

"One thing I can't figure out—among others," said Eden. "What about Madden? Does he know? Or is that sly little Thorn pulling something off alone?"

"Important questions," Chan agreed. "In time we learn the answers, maybe. Meanwhile best to make no friend of Madden. You have told him nothing about

(Continued on Page 113)

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— GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 109)

San Francisco, I hope. Shaky Phil Maydorf and his queer behavior."

"No, oddly enough, I haven't. I was wondering whether I hadn't better, now that Maydorf has shown up at El Dorado."

"Why? Pearls are in no danger. Did I hear you say in newspaper office you would greatly honor by following me?"

"You certainly did."

"Then, for Madden, more of the hoo malimali. Nothing to be gained by other course, much maybe lost. You tell him of Maydorf and he might answer, deal is off here, bring pearls to New York. What then? You go away, he goes away, I go away. Mystery of recent event at ranch house never solved."

"I guess you're right," said Eden. They sped on through the gathering dusk, past the little office of the Date City optimist, deserted now. "By the way," added the boy, "this thing you think has happened at the ranch—it may have occurred last Wednesday night?"

"You have fondly feeling for Wednesday night?" asked Chan. "Why?"

Briefly Bob Eden related Paula Wendell's story of that night—Thorn's obvious excitement when he met her at the door, his insistence that Madden could not speak to her, and most important of all, the little prospector with the black beard whom the girl saw in the yard. Chan listened with interest.

"Now you talk," he commented. "Here is one fine new clew for us. He may be most important, that black-bearded one. A desert rat, I think. The young woman goes much about this country? Am I correct?"

"Yes, she does."

"She can retain secrets, maybe?"

"You bet—this girl can."

"Don't trust her. We talk all over place, we may get sorry after while. However, venture so far as to ask please that she keep her pretty eyes open for that black-bearded rat. Who knows? Maybe he is vital link in our chain." They were approaching the little oasis Madden had set on the desert's dusty face. "Go in now," Chan continued, "and act innocent like very new baby. When you talk with father over telephone, you will find he is prepared. I have sent him telegraph."

"You have?" said Eden. "So did I. I sent him a couple of them."

"Then he is all prepared. Among other matters, I presumed to remind him voice coming over wire is often grasped by others in room as well as him who reclines at telephone."

"Say, that's a good idea. I guess you think of everything, Charlie."

The gate was open, and Chan turned the car into the yard. "Guess I do," he sighed. "Now, with depressing reluctance, I must think of dinner. Recall, we watch and wait. And when we meet alone, the greatest care. No one must pierce my identity. Only this noon I could well have applied to myself resounding kick. That word 'unevitable' too luxurious for poor old Ah Kim. In future I must pick over words like lettuce for salad. Good-by, and splendid luck."

In the living room a fire was already blazing in the huge fireplace. Madden sat at a broad flat-topped desk, signing letters. He looked up as Bob Eden entered.

"Hello," he said. "Have a pleasant afternoon?"

"Quite," the boy replied. "I trust you had the same."

"I did not," Madden answered. "Even here I can't get away from business. Been catching up with a three-day accumulation of mail. There you are, Martin," he added as the secretary entered. "I believe you'll have time to take them in to the post office before dinner. And here are the telegrams—get them off too. Take the little car: it'll make better speed over these roads."

Thorn gathered up the letters and with expert hands began folding them and placing them in envelopes. Madden rose, stretched and came over to the fire. "Ah Kim brought you back?" he inquired.

"He did," Bob Eden answered.

"Knows how to drive a car all right?" persisted Madden.

"Perfectly."

"An unusual boy, Ah Kim."

"Oh, not very," Eden said carelessly. "He told me he used to drive a vegetable truck in Los Angeles. I got that much out of him, but that's about all."

"Silent, eh?"

Eden nodded. "Silent as a lawyer from Northampton, Massachusetts," he remarked.

Madden laughed. "By the way," he said as Thorn went out, "your father didn't call."

"No? Well, he isn't likely to get home until evening. I'll try the house tonight if you want me to."

"I wish you would," Madden said. "I don't want to seem inhospitable, my boy, but I'm very anxious to get away from here. Certain matters in the mail today—you understand ——"

"Of course," Bob Eden answered. "I'll do all I can to help."

"That's mighty good of you," Madden told him, and the boy felt a bit guilty. "I think I'll take a nap before dinner. I find, nowadays, it's a great aid to digestion." The famous millionaire was more human than Bob Eden had yet seen him. He stood looking down at the boy wistfully. "A matter you can't grasp just yet," he added. "You're so young—I envy you."

He went out, leaving Bob Eden to a Los Angeles paper he had picked up at El Dorado. From time to time, as the boy read, the quaint little figure of Ah Kim passed noiselessly. He was setting the table for dinner.

An hour later, there on the lonely desert, they again sat down to Ah Kim's cooking. Very different from the restaurant of which Bob Eden thought with longing; but if the company was far from lively, the food was excellent, for the Chinese had negotiated well.

When the servant came in with coffee Madden said, "Light the fire in the patio, Ah Kim. We'll sit out there awhile."

The Chinese went to comply with this order, and Eden saw Madden regarding him expectantly. He smiled and rose.

"Well, dad ought to be struggling in from his hard day on the links any minute now," he said. "I'll put in that call."

Madden leaped up. "Let me do it," he suggested. "Just tell me the number."

The boy told him, and Madden spoke over the telephone in a voice to command respect.

"By the way," he said, when he had finished, "last night you intimated that certain things had happened in San Francisco—things that made your father cautious. What—if you don't mind telling me?"

Bob Eden thought rapidly. "Oh, it may all have been a detective's pipe dream I'm inclined to think now that it was. You see ——"

"Detective? What detective?"

"Well, naturally dad has a tie-up with various private detective agencies. An operative of one of them reported that a notorious crook had arrived in town and was showing an undue interest in our store. Of course, it may have meant nothing."

"A notorious crook, eh? Who?"

Never a good liar, Bob Eden hesitated "I—I don't know that I remember the name. English, I believe—the Liverpool Kid, or something like that," he invented lamely.

Madden shrugged. "Well, if anything's leaked out about those pearls it came from your side of the deal," he said. "My daughter, Thorn and I have certainly been discretion itself. However, I'm inclined to think it's all a pipe dream, as you say."

"Probably is," agreed Eden.

"Come outside," the millionaire invited. He led the way through the glass doors to the patio. There a huge fire roared in the outdoor fireplace, glowing red on the stone

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floor and on wicker chairs. "Sit down," suggested Madden. "A cigar—no, you prefer your cigarette, eh?" He lighted up, and leaning back in his chair, stared at the dark roof above—the far-off roof of the sky. "I like it out here best," he went on. "A bit chilly, maybe, but you get close to the desert. Ever notice how white the stars are in this country?"

Eden looked at him with surprise. "Sure, I've noticed," he said. "But I never dreamed you had, old boy," he added to himself.

Inside, Thorn was busy at the radio. A horrible medley of bedtime stories, violin solos and lectures on health and beauty drifted out to them; and then the shrill voice of a woman, urging sinners to repent.

"Get Denver!" Madden called loudly.

"I'm trying, chief," answered Thorn.

"If I must listen to the confounded thing," Madden added to the boy, "I want what I hear to come from far away; over the mountains and the plains—there's romance in that." The radio swept suddenly into a brisk band tune. "That's it," nodded Madden. "The orchestra at a hotel in Denver—perhaps my girl is dancing to that very music at this moment. Poor kid, she'll wonder what's become of me. I promised to be there two days ago. . . . Thorn!"

The secretary appeared at the door. "Yes, chief!"

"Remind me to send Evelyn a wire in the morning."

"I'll do that, chief," said Thorn, and vanished.

"And the band played on," remarked Madden. "All the way from Denver, mile-high amid the Rockies. I tell you, man's getting too clever. He's riding for a fall. Probably a sign of age, Mr. Eden, but I find myself longing for the older, simpler days, when I was a boy on the farm, winter mornings, the little schoolhouse in the valley. That sled I wanted—hard times, yes, but times that made men. Oh, well, I mustn't get started on that."

They listened on in silence, but presently a bedtime story brought a bellow of rage from the millionaire, and Thorn, getting his cue, shut off the machine.

Madden stirred restlessly in his chair. "We haven't enough for bridge," he remarked. "How about a little poker to pass the time, my boy?"

"Why, that would be fine," Eden replied. "I'm afraid you're pretty speedy company for me, however."

"Oh, that's all right; we'll put a limit on it." Madden was on his feet, eager for action. "Come along."

They went into the living room and closed the doors. A few moments later the three of them sat about a big round table under a brilliant light.

"Jacks or better," Madden said. "Quarter limit, eh?"

"Well ——" replied Eden dubiously.

He had good reason to be dubious, for he was instantly plunged into the poker game of his life. He had played at college, and was even able to take care of himself in newspaper circles in San Francisco, but all that was child's play by comparison. Madden was no longer the man who noticed how white the stars were. He noticed how red, white and blue the chips were, and he caressed them with loving hands. He was Madden the plunger, the gambler with railroads and steel mills and the fortunes of little nations abroad; the Madden who, after he had played all day in Wall Street, was wont to seek the roulette wheels on Forty-fourth Street at night.

"Aces!" he cried. "Three of them! What have you got, Eden?"

"Apoplexy," remarked Eden, tossing aside his hand. "Right here and now I offer to sell my chances in this game for a canceled postage stamp—or what have you?"

"Good experience for you," Madden replied. "Martin, it's your deal!"

A knock sounded suddenly on the door, loud and clear. Bob Eden felt a strange sinking of the heart. Out of the desert dark, out of the vast uninhabited wastes of the world, someone spoke and demanded to come in.

"Who can that be?" Madden frowned.

"Police," suggested Eden hopefully. "The joint is pinched." No such luck, he reflected.

Thorn was dealing, and Madden himself went to the door and swung it open. From where he sat Eden had a clear view of the dark desert and of the man who stood in the light. A thin man in an overcoat; a man he had seen first in a San Francisco pier shed, and later in front of the Desert Edge Hotel—Shaky Phil Maydorf himself, but now without the dark glasses hiding his eyes.

"Good evening," said Maydorf, and his voice, too, was thin and cold. "This is Mr. Madden's ranch, I believe?"

"I'm Madden. What can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for an old friend of mine—your secretary, Martin Thorn."

Thorn rose and came round the table. "Oh, hello," he said, with slight enthusiasm.

"You remember me, don't you?" said the thin man. "McCallum—Henry McCallum. I met you at a dinner in New York a year ago."

"Yes, of course," answered Thorn. "Come in, won't you? This is Mr. Madden."

"A great honor," said Shaky Phil.

"And Mr. Eden, of San Francisco."

Eden rose and faced Shaky Phil Maydorf. The man's eyes without the glasses were barbed and cruel, like the desert foliage.

For a long moment he stared insolently at the boy; did he realize, Eden wondered, that his movements on the pier at San Francisco had not gone unnoticed? If he did his nerve was excellent.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Eden," he said.

"Mr. McCallum," returned the boy gravely.

Maydorf turned again to Madden. "I hope I'm not intruding," he remarked with a wan smile. "Fact is I'm stopping down the road at Doctor Whitcomb's—bronchitis, that's my trouble. It's lonesome as the devil round here, and when I heard Mr. Thorn was in the neighborhood I couldn't resist the temptation to drop in."

"Glad you did," Madden said, but his tone belied the words.

"Don't let me interrupt your game," Maydorf went on. "Poker, eh? Is this a private scrap, or can anybody get into it?"

"Take off your coat," Madden responded sourly, "and sit up. Martin, give the gentleman a stack of chips."

"This is living again," said the newcomer, accepting briskly. "Well, and how have you been, Thorn, old man?"

Thorn, with his usual lack of warmth, admitted that he had been pretty well, and the game was resumed. If Bob Eden had feared for his immediate future before, he now gave up all hope. Sitting in a poker game with Shaky Phil—well, he was certainly traveling and seeing the world.

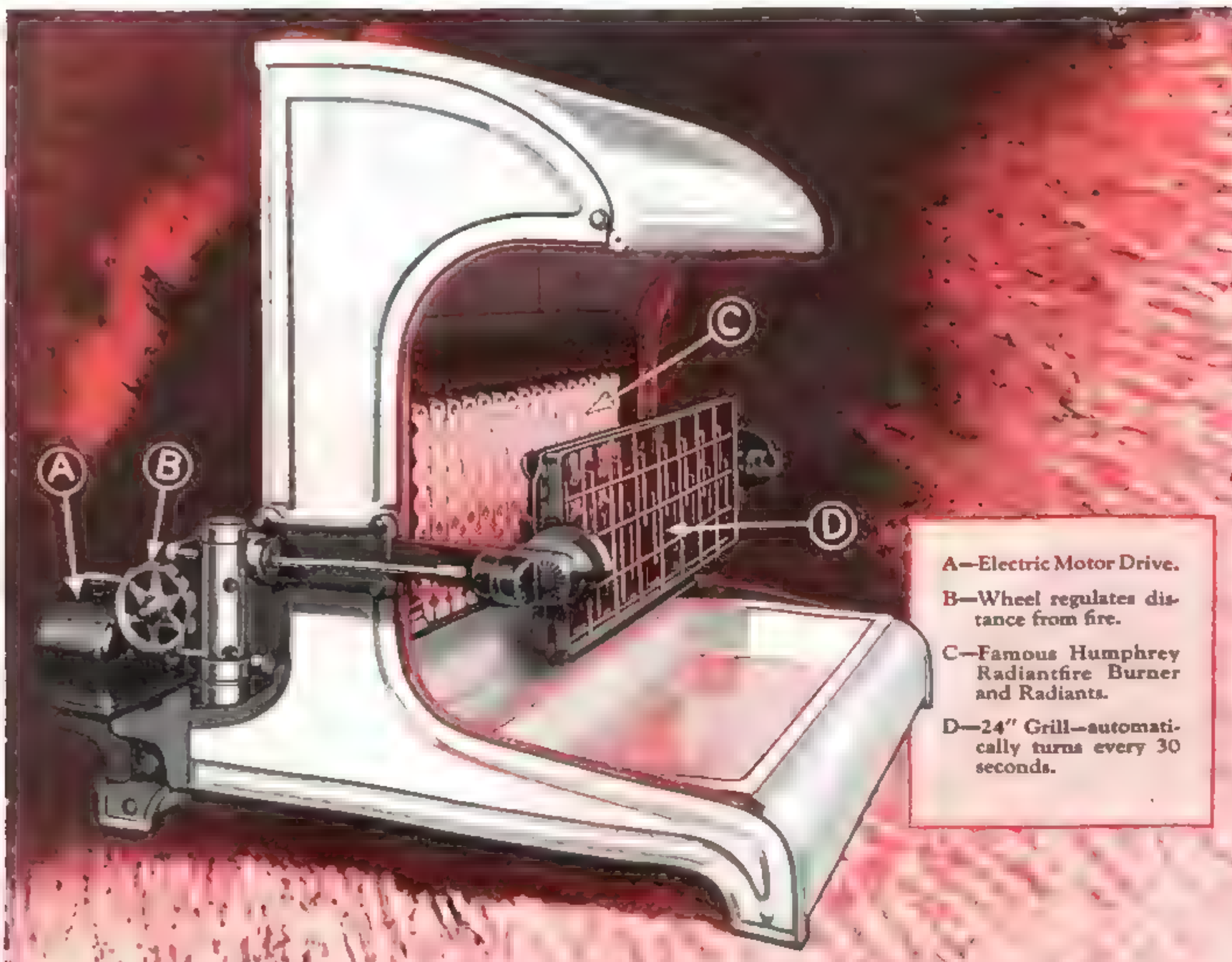
"Gimme four cards," said Mr. Maydorf, through his teeth.

If it had been a bitter, brutal struggle before, it now became a battle to the death. New talent had come in; more than talent—positive genius. Maydorf held the cards close against his chest; his face was carved in stone. As though he realized what he was up against, Madden grew wary but determined. These two fought it out, while Thorn and the boy trailed along, like noncombatants involved in a battle of the giants.

Presently Ah Kim entered with logs for the fire, and if the amazing picture on which his keen eyes lighted startled him he gave no sign. Madden ordered him to bring high balls, and as he set the glasses on the table Bob Eden noted with a secret thrill that the stomach of the detective was less than twelve inches from the long, capable hands of Shaky Phil. If the redoubtable Mr. Maydorf only knew ——

But Maydorf's thoughts were elsewhere than on the Phillimore pearls. "Dealer, one card," he demanded.

Continued on Page 117



A—Electric Motor Drive.

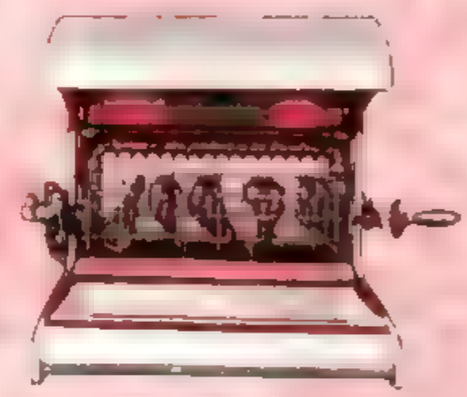
B—Wheel regulates distance from fire.

C—Famous Humphrey Radiantfire Burner and Radiants.

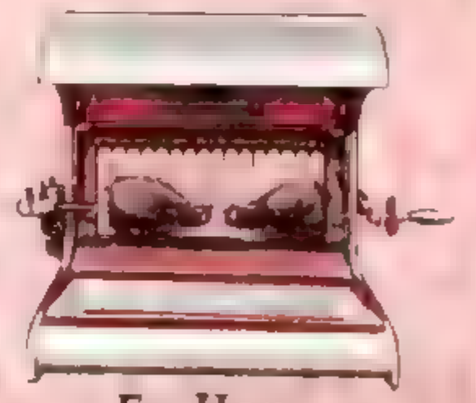
D—24" Grill—automatically turns every 30 seconds.

For Chicken

For "Hot Dogs"



For Steaks



For Ham

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Wherever it has been operated—in restaurants, quick lunch stands and amusement parks—the Rotisserie has drawn eager, hungry crowds and created a golden stream of profits.

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There is a size and type of AC Spark Plug for every engine and they are available through AC dealers everywhere

AC SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND — AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan — AC OLEO Levallois-Perret FRANCE

(Continued from Page 114)

The telephone rang out sharply in the room. Bob Eden's heart missed a beat. He had forgotten that; and now, after the long wait, he was finally to speak with his father, while Shaky Phil Maydorf sat only a few feet away! He saw Madden staring at him, and he rose.

"For me, I guess," he said carelessly. He tossed his cards on the table. "I'm out of it, anyhow." Crossing the room to the telephone, he took down the receiver. "Hello! Hello, dad! Is that you?"

"Aces and treys," said Maydorf. "All mine?" Madden laid down a hand without looking at his opponent's and Shaky Phil gathered in another pot.

"Yes, dad, this is Bob," Eden was saying. "I arrived all right—stopping with Mr. Madden for a few days. Just wanted you to know where I was. . . . Yes, that's all—everything. I may call you in the morning. Have a good game? Too bad. Good-by!"

Madden was on his feet, his face purple. "Wait a minute," he cried.

"Just wanted dad to know where I am," Eden said brightly. He dropped back into his chair. "Whose deal is it, anyhow?"

Madden strangled a sentence in his throat, and once more the game was on. Eden was chuckling inwardly. More delay—and not his fault this time. The joke was on P. J. Madden.

His third stack was melting rapidly away, and he reflected with apprehension that the night was young and time of no importance on the desert anyhow. "One more hand and I drop out," he said firmly.

"One more hand and we all drop out," barked Madden. Something seemed to have annoyed him.

"Let's make it a good one then," said Maydorf. "The limit's off, gentlemen."

It was a good one, unexpectedly a contest between Maydorf and Bob Eden. Drawing with the faint hope of completing two pairs, the boy was thrilled to encounter four nines in his hand. Perhaps he should have noted that Maydorf was dealing, but he didn't—he bet heavily, and was finally called. Laying down his hand, he saw an evil smile on Shaky Phil's face.

"Four queens," remarked Maydorf, spreading them out with an expert gesture. "Always was lucky with the ladies. I think you gentlemen pay me."

They did. Bob Eden contributed forty-seven dollars reluctantly. All on the expense account, however, he reflected.

Mr. Maydorf was in a not unaccountable good humor. "A very pleasant evening," he remarked as he put on his overcoat. "I'll drop in again, if I may."

"Good night," snapped Madden.

Thorn took a flash light from the desk. "I'll see you to the gate," he announced. Bob Eden smiled. A flash light—with a bright moon overhead.

"Mighty good of you," the outsider said. "Good night, gentlemen, and thank you very much." He was smiling grimly as he followed the secretary out.

Madden snatched up a cigar and savagely bit the end from it. "Well?" he cried.

"Well?" said Eden calmly.

"You made a lot of progress with your father, didn't you?"

"What did you expect me to do? Spill the whole thing in front of that bird?"

"No, but you needn't have rung off so quick. I was going to get him out of the room. Now you can go over there and call your father again."

"Nothing of the sort," answered Eden. "He's gone to bed, and I won't disturb him till morning."

Madden's face purpled. "I insist—and my orders are usually obeyed."

"Is that so?" remarked Eden. "Well, this is one that won't be."

Madden glared at him. "You young—you—er—young ——"

"I know," Eden said. "But this was all your fault. If you will insist on cluttering up the ranch with strangers you must take the consequences."

"Who cluttered up the ranch?" Madden demanded. "I didn't invite that poor fool here. Where the devil did Thorn pick him up anyhow? You know, the secretary of a man like me is always besieged by a lot of four-flushers—tip hunters, and the like. And Thorn's an idiot sometimes." The secretary entered and laid the flash light on the desk. His employer regarded him with keen distaste. "Well, your little playmate certainly queered things," he said.

Thorn shrugged. "I know. I'm sorry, chief; but I couldn't help it. You saw how he horned in."

"Your fault for knowing him. Who is he, anyhow?"

"Oh, he's a broker, or something like that. I give you my word, chief, I never encouraged him. You know how those fellows are."

"Well, you go out tomorrow and tie a can to him. Tell him I'm busy here and don't want any visitors. Tell him for me that if he calls here again I'll throw him out."

"All right, I'll go down to the doctor's in the morning and let him know—in a diplomatic way."

"Diplomatic nothing!" snorted Madden. "Don't waste diplomacy on a man like that. I won't if I see him again."

"Well, gentlemen, I think I'll turn in," Eden remarked.

"Good night," said Madden, and the boy went out.

In his bedroom, he found Ah Kim engaged in lighting the fire. He closed the door carefully behind him.

"Well, Charlie, I've just been in a poker game," he said.

"A fact already noted by me," smiled Chan.

"Shaky Phil has made a start on us anyhow. He got forty-seven precious iron men this quiet evening."

"Humbly suggest you be careful," advised Chan.

"Humbly believe you're right," laughed Eden. "I was hoping you were in the offing when Thorn and our friend went to the gate."

"Indeed I was. But moonlight so fierce near approach was not possible."

"Well, I'm pretty sure of one thing, after tonight," Eden told him. "P. J. Madden never saw Shaky Phil before. Either that or he's the finest actor since Edwin Booth."

"Thorn, however ——"

"Oh, Thorn knew him all right. But he wasn't the least bit glad to see him. You know, Thorn's whole manner suggested to me that Shaky Phil has something on him."

"That might be possible," agreed Chan. "Especially, come to think of my latest discovery."

"You've found something new, Charlie? What?"

"This evening, when Thorn haste to town in little car and I hear noisome snores of Madden who sleep on bed, I make explicit search in secretary's room."

"Yes, go on—quick. We might be interrupted."

"Under mountain of white shirts in Thorn's bureau reposes—what? Missing .45 we call Bill Hart's gun."

"Good work! Thorn, the little rat ——"

"Indubitably. Two chambers of that gun are quite unoccupied. Reflect on that."

"I'm reflecting—two empty chambers."

"Humbly suggest you sleep now, gathering strength for what may be most excited tomorrow." The little detective paused at the door. "Two bullets gone who knows where," he said in a low voice. "Answer is, we know where one went. Went crazy, landing in wall at spot now covered by desert picture."

"And the other?" said Bob Eden.

"Other hit mark, I think. What mark? We watch and wait, and maybe we discover. Good night, with plenty happy dreams"

IX

ON SUNDAY morning Bob Eden rose at what was, for him, an amazingly early hour. Various factors conspired to

(Continued on Page 119)

Good Eats on the "Motor-Gypsy" Trail!

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Turn on the sunshine!

WHEN problems press and your spirits slip over into the minus column, tie a tin to trouble—a tidy red tin of Prince Albert! Tamp a load of this really friendly tobacco into the bowl of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Watch the sun crash through the clouds with every perfect puff!

For a fact, Men, you're in clover when you pick P. A. for a pal. When that cool, comforting smoke comes curling up the stem, troubles take French leave. P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat, no matter how fast you feed it, because the Prince Albert process gave Bite and Parch the air at the start.

You sure will enjoy P. A. Cool as a Laplander's lap. Sweet as apple cider, fresh from the country. Fragrant as spring blossoms. One pipe-load invites another. And . . . you can hit P. A. from morning till midnight and it won't hit back. Prince Albert is great tobacco.

Before you reach this paragraph, you ought to be half-way to that nearby smoke-shop where they hand out P. A. sunshine in the familiar red tins. If you haven't started yet, get going. Don't put off till tomorrow what you can smoke today. Turn on the sunshine . . . now!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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(Continued from Page 117)

induce this strange phenomenon—the desert sun, an extremely capable planet, filling his room with light; the roosters of P. J. Madden, loudly vocal in the dawn. At eight o'clock he was standing in the ranch-house yard, ready for whatever the day might bring forth.

Whatever it brought, the day was superb. Now the desert was at its best, the chill of night still lingering in the magic air. He looked out over an opal sea, at changing colors of sand and cloud and mountain top that shamed by their brilliance those glittering show cases in the jewelry shop of Meek & Eden. Though it was the fashion of his age to pretend otherwise, he was not oblivious to beauty, and he set out for a stroll about the ranch with a feeling of awe in his heart.

Turning a rear corner of the barn, he came unexpectedly upon a jarring picture. Martin Thorn was busy beside a basket, digging a deep hole in the sand. In his dark clothes, with his pale face glistening from his unaccustomed exertion, he looked not unlike some prominent mortician.

"Hello," said Eden. "Who you burying this fine morning?"

Thorn stopped. Beads of perspiration gleamed on his high white forehead.

"Somebody has to do it," he complained. "That new boy's too lazy. And if you let this refuse accumulate, the place begins to look like a deserted picnic ground." He nodded toward the basket, filled with old tin cans.

"Wanted, private secretary to bury rubbish back of barn," smiled Eden. "A new sidelight on your profession, Thorn. Good idea to get them out of the way, at that," he added, leaning over and taking up a can. "Especially this one, which I perceive lately held arsenic."

"Arsenic?" repeated Thorn. He passed a dark coat sleeve across his brow. "Oh, yes, we use a lot of that. Rats, you know."

"Rats," remarked Eden, with an odd inflection, restoring the can to its place.

Thorn emptied the contents of the basket into the hole and began to fill it in. Eden, playing well his rôle of innocent bystander, watched him idly.

"There, that's better," said the secretary, smoothing the sand over the recent excavation. "You know, I've always had a passion for neatness." He picked up the basket. "By the way," he added, "if you don't mind, I'd like to give you a little advice."

"Glad to have it," Eden replied, walking along beside him.

"I don't know how anxious you people are to sell that necklace; but I've been with the chief fifteen years, and I can tell you he's not the sort of man you can keep waiting with impunity. The first thing you know, young man, that deal for the pearls will be off."

"I'm doing my best," Eden told him. "Besides, Madden's getting a big bargain, and he must know it if he stops to think."

"Once P. J. Madden loses his temper," said Thorn, "he doesn't stop to think. I'm warning you, that's all."

"Mighty kind of you," answered Eden carelessly. Thorn dropped his spade and basket by the cook house, from which came the pleasant odor of bacon on the stocks. Walking slowly, the secretary moved on toward the patio.

Ah Kim emerged from his workroom, his ivory cheeks flushed from close juxtaposition to a cookstove.

"Hello, boss," he said. "You takee look-see at sunlise thisee mawnin'?"

"Up pretty early, but not so early as that," the boy replied. He saw the secretary vanish into the house. "Just been watching our dear friend Thorn bury some rubbish back of the barn," he added; "among other items, a can that lately contained arsenic."

Chan dropped the rôle of Ah Kim. "Mr. Thorn plenty busy man," he said. "Maybe he get more busy as time goes by. One wrong deed leads on to other wrong deeds, like unending chain. Chinese have saying that applies: 'He who rides on tiger cannot dismount.'"

Madden appeared in the patio, full of pep and power. "Hey, Eden!" he called. "Your father's on the wire."

"Dad's up early," remarked Eden, hurrying to join him.

"I called him," said Madden. "I've had enough delay."

Reaching the telephone, Bob Eden took up the receiver. "Hello, dad! I can talk freely this morning. I want to tell you everything's all right down here. Mr. Madden? Yes, he's fine—standing right beside me now. And he's in a tearing hurry for that necklace."

"Very well, we'll get it to him at once," the elder Eden said. Bob Eden sighed with relief. His telegram had arrived.

"Ask him to get it off today," Madden commanded.

"Mr. Madden wants to know if it can start today," the boy said.

"Impossible," replied the jeweler. "I haven't got it."

"Not today," Bob Eden said to Madden. "He hasn't got ——"

"I heard him!" roared Madden. "Here, give me that phone. . . . Look here, Eden, what do you mean—you haven't got it?"

Bob Eden could hear his father's replies. "Ah, Mr. Madden, how are you? The pearls were in a quite disreputable condition. I couldn't possibly let them go as they were. So I'm having them cleaned—they're with another firm."

"Just a minute, Eden," bellowed the millionaire. "I want to ask you something—can you understand the English language, or can't you? Keep still, I'll talk. I told you I wanted the pearls now—at once—pronto—what the devil language do you speak? I don't give a hang about having them cleaned. Good Lord, I thought you understood!"

"So sorry," responded Bob Eden's gentle father. "I'll get them in the morning and they'll start tomorrow night."

"Yeah, that means Tuesday evening at the ranch. Eden, you make me sick. I've a good mind to call the whole thing off." Madden paused, and Bob Eden held his breath. "However, if you promise the pearls will start tomorrow sure ——"

"I give you my word," said the jeweler. "They will start tomorrow, at the very latest."

"All right, I'll have to wait, I suppose. But this is the last time I deal with you, my friend. I'll be on the lookout for your man on Tuesday. Good-by."

In a towering rage, Madden hung up. His ill humor continued through breakfast, and Eden's gay attempts at conversation fell on barren ground. After the meal was finished Thorn took the little car and disappeared down the road; Bob Eden loafed expectantly about the front yard.

Much sooner than he had dared to hope, his vigil was ended. Paula Wendell, fresh and lovely as the California morning, drove up in her smart roadster and waited outside the barbed-wire fence.

"Hello," she said. "Jump in. You act as though you were glad to see me."

"Glad! Lady, you're a life-saver! Relations are sort of strained this morning at the old homestead. You'll find it hard to believe, but P. J. Madden doesn't love me."

She stepped on the gas. "The man's mad," she laughed.

"I'll say he's mad. Ever eat breakfast with a rattlesnake that's had bad news?"

"Not yet. The company at the Oasis is mixed, but not so mixed as that. . . . Well, what do you think of the view this morning? Ever see such coloring before?"

"Never. And it's not out of a drug store either."

"I'm talking about the desert. Look at those snow-capped peaks."

"Lovely. But if you don't mind, I prefer to look closer. No doubt he's told you you're beautiful."

"Who?"

"Wilbur—your fiancé."

Continued on Page 121

The Mouth of Youth

Smiling freely, sure that your teeth are attractive

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EVEN more important than brushing your teeth is caring for the real guardians of your mouth.

These are the six small mouth glands which supply the fluids that protect your strong, white teeth and sound, pink gums.

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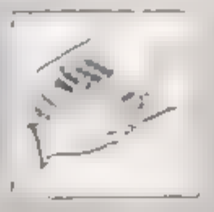
Subtraction the Sundstrand way is accomplished simply by setting up the figures, then pressing the subtraction key. There are no complements to figure, no extra strokes of the handle. The entire operation is just as swift, simple and accurate as addition.



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The Sundstrand requires the use of the right hand only for its complete, simple operation. The fact that every function—adding, subtracting, listing, multiplying, the printing of all totals and sub-totals is controlled by one hand, makes for greater speed and accuracy.

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BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES

Continued from Page 119

"His name is Jack. Don't jump on a good man when he's down."

"Of course he's a good man, or you wouldn't have picked him." They plowed along the sandy road. "But even so—look here, lady, listen to a man of the world. Marriage is the last resort of feeble minds."

"Think so?"

"I know it. Oh, I've given the matter some thought. I've had to. There's my own case. Now and then I've met a girl whose eyes said, 'Well, I might.' But I've been cautious. Hold fast, my lad—that's my motto."

"And you've held fast?"

"You bet. Glad of it too. I'm free. I'm having a swell time. When evening comes, and the air's full of zip and zowie, and the lights flicker round Union Square, I just reach for my hat. And who says, in a gentle, patient voice, 'Where are you going, my dear? I'll go with you.'"

"Nobody."

"Not a living soul. It's grand. And you—your case is just like mine. Of course there are millions of girls who have nothing better to do than marriage. All right for them. But you—why, you've got a wonderful job. The desert, the hills, the canyons—and you're willing to give all that up for a gas range in the rear room of an apartment."

"Perhaps we can afford a maid."

"Lots of people can—but where to get one nowadays? I'm warning you; think it over well. You're having a great time now—that will end with marriage. Mending Wilbur's socks ——"

"I tell you his name is Jack."

"What of it? He'll be just as hard on the socks. I hate to think of a girl like you, tied down somewhere ——"

"There's a lot in what you say," Paula Wendell admitted.

"I've only scratched the surface," Eden assured her.

The girl steered her car off the road through an open gate. Eden saw a huge rambling ranch house surrounded by a group of tiny cottages. "Here we are at Doctor Whitcomb's," remarked Paula Wendell. "Wonderful person, the doctor. I want you two to meet."

She led the way through a screen door into a large living room, not so beautifully furnished as Madden's, but bespeaking even greater comfort. A gray-haired woman was rocking contentedly near a window. Her face was kindly, her eyes calm and comforting.

"Hello, doctor," said the girl. "I've brought someone to call on you."

The woman rose, and her smile seemed to fill the room. "Hello, young man," she said, and took Bob Eden's hand.

"You—you're the doctor?" he stammered.

"Sure am," the woman replied. "But you don't need me. You're all right."

"So are you," he answered. "I can see that."

"Fifty-five years old," returned the doctor, "but I can still get a kick out of that kind of talk from a nice young man. Sit down. The place is yours. Where are you staying?"

"I'm down the road, at Madden's."

"Oh, yes, I heard he was here. Not much of a neighbor, this P. J. Madden. I've called on him occasionally, but he's never come to see me. Stand-offish—and that sort of thing doesn't go on the desert. We're all friends here."

"You've been a friend to a good many," said Paula Wendell.

"Why not?" shrugged Doctor Whitcomb. "What's life for if not to help one another? I've done my best—I only wish it had been more."

Bob Eden felt suddenly humble in this woman's presence.

"Come on, I'll show you round my place," invited the doctor. "I've made the desert bloom—put that on my tombstone. You should have seen this neighborhood when I came. Just a rifle and a cat—that's all I had at first. And the cat wouldn't stay. My first house here I built with my own hands. Five miles to El Dorado—I walked in and back every day. Mr. Ford hadn't been heard of then."

She led the way into the yard, in and out among the little cottages. Tired faces brightened at her approach, weary eyes gleamed with sudden hope.

"They've come to her from all over the country," Paula Wendell said, "broken-hearted, sick, discouraged; and she's given them new life."

"Nonsense!" cried the doctor. "I've just been friendly. It's a pretty hard world. Being friendly—that works wonders."

In the doorway of one of the cottages they came upon Martin Thorn, deep in converse with Shaky Phil Maydorf. Even Maydorf mellowed during a few words with the doctor.

Finally, when they reluctantly left, Doctor Whitcomb followed them to the gate. "Come often," she said. "You will, won't you?"

"I hope to," answered Bob Eden. He held her great rough hand a moment. "You know, I'm beginning to sense the beauty of the desert," he added.

The doctor smiled. "The desert is old and weary and wise," she said. "There's beauty in that, if you can see it. Not everybody can. The latchstring's always out at Doctor Whitcomb's. Remember, boy."

Paula Wendell swung the car about and in silence they headed home.

"I feel as though I'd been out to old Aunt Mary's," said Eden presently. "I sort of expected her to give me a cooky when I left."

"She's a wonderful woman," said the girl softly. "I ought to know. It was the light in her window I saw my first night on the desert. And the light in her eyes—I shall never forget. All the great people are not in the cities."

They rode on. About them the desert blazed stark and empty in the midday heat; a thin haze cloaked the distant dunes and the far-away slopes of the hills. Bob Eden's mind returned to the strange problems that confronted him.

"You've never asked me why I'm here," he remarked.

"I know," the girl answered. "I felt that pretty soon you'd realize we're all friends on the desert—and tell me."

"I want to—some day. Just at present—well, I can't. But going back to that night you first visited Madden's ranch—you felt that something was wrong there?"

"I did."

"Well, I can tell you this much—you were probably right." She glanced at him quickly. "And it's my job to find out if you were. That old prospector—I'd give a good deal to meet him. Isn't there a chance that you may run across him again?"

"Just a chance," she replied.

"Well, if you do, would you mind getting in touch with me at once? If it's not asking too much ——"

"Not at all," she told him. "I'll be glad to. Of course, the old man may be clear over in Arizona by now. When I last saw him he was moving fast."

"All the more reason for wanting to find him," Eden said. "I—I wish I could explain. It isn't that I don't trust you, you know. But it's not altogether my secret."

She nodded. "I understand. I don't want to know."

"You grow more wonderful every minute," he told her.

The minutes passed. After a time the car halted before Madden's ranch and Bob Eden alighted.

He stood looking into the girl's eyes. Somehow they were like the eyes of Doctor Whitcomb, restful and comforting and kind. He smiled.

"You know," he said, "I may as well confess it—I've been sort of disliking Wilbur. And now it comes to me suddenly—if I really mean all that about loving my freedom—then Wilbur has done me the greatest service possible. I ought not to dislike

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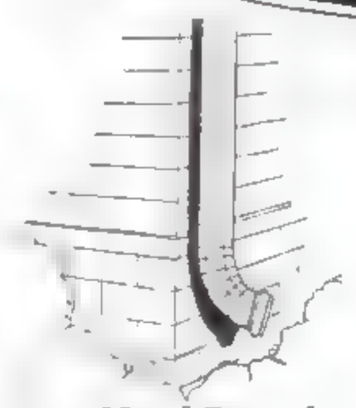

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him any more. I ought to thank him from the bottom of my heart."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Don't you understand? I've just realized that I'm up against the big temptation of my life. But I don't have to fight it. Wilbur has saved me. Good old Wilbur. Give him my love when next you write."

She threw her car into gear. "Don't you worry," she advised. "Even if there hadn't been a Wilbur, your freedom wouldn't have been in the slightest danger. I would have seen to that."

"Somehow, I don't care for that remark," Eden said. "It ought to reassure me, but as a matter of fact, I don't like it at all. Well, I owe you for another buggy ride. Sorry to see you go; it looks like a dull Sunday out here. Would you mind if I drifted into town this afternoon?"

"I probably wouldn't even know it," said the girl. "Good-by."

Bob Eden's prediction about Sunday proved true—it was long and dull. At four in the afternoon he could stand it no longer. The blazing heat was dying, a restless wind had risen; and with the permission of Madden, who was still ill-humored and evidently restless, too, he took the little car and sped toward the excitement of El Dorado.

Not much diversion there. In the window of the Desert Edge Hotel the proprietor waded grimly through an interminable Sunday paper. Main Street was hot and deserted. Leaving the car before the hotel, the boy went to Holley's office.

The editor came to the door to meet him. "Hello," he said. "I was hoping you'd come along. Kind of lonesome in the great open spaces this afternoon. By the way, there's a telegram here for you."

Eden took the yellow envelope and hurriedly tore it open. The message was from his father:

"I don't understand what it's all about, but I am most disturbed. For the present I will follow your instructions. I am trusting you two utterly, but I must remind you that it would be most embarrassing for me if sale fell through. Jordans are eager to consummate deal and Victor threatens to come down there any moment. Keep me advised."

"Huh!" said Bob Eden. "That would be fine!"

"What would?" asked Holley.

"Victor threatens to come—the son of the woman who owns the pearls. All we need here to wreck the works is that amiable bonehead and his spats."

"What's new?" asked Holley.

"Several things," Bob Eden replied. "To start with the big tragedy, I'm out forty-seven dollars." He told of the poker game. "In addition, Mr. Thorn has been observed burying a can that once held arsenic. Furthermore, Charlie has found that missing pistol in Thorn's bureau—with two chambers empty."

Holley whistled. "Has he really? You know, I believe your friend Chan is going to put Thorn back of the bars before he's through."

"Perhaps," admitted Eden. "Got a long way to go though. You can't convict a man of murder without a body to show for it."

"Oh, Chan will dig that up."

Eden shrugged. "Well, if he does he can have all the credit—and do all the digging. Somehow it's not the sort of thing that appeals to me. I like excitement, but I like it nice and neat. . . . Heard from your interview?"

"Yes; it's to be released in New York tomorrow." The tired eyes of Will Holley brightened. "I was sitting here getting a thrill out of the idea when you came in." He pointed to a big scrapbook on his desk. "Some of the stories I wrote on the old Sun. Not bad, if I do say it myself."

Bob Eden picked up the book and turned the pages with interest. "I've been thinking of getting a job on a newspaper myself," he said.

Holley looked at him quickly. "Think twice," he advised. "You with a good business waiting for you—what has the newspaper game to offer you? Great while you're young, maybe—great even now when the old order is changing and the picture paper is making a monkey out of a grand profession. But when you're old"—he got up and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder—"when you're old—and you're old at forty—then what? The copy desk, and some day the owner comes in and sees a streak of gray in your hair, and he says, 'Throw that doddering fool out. I want young men here.' No, my boy, not the newspaper game. You and I must have a long talk."

They had it. It was five by the little clock on Holley's desk when the editor finally stood up and closed his scrapbook.

"Come on," he said. "I'm taking you to the Oasis for dinner."

Eden went gladly. At one of the tables opposite the narrow counter, Paula Wendell sat alone.

"Hello," she greeted them. "Come over here. I felt in an expansive mood tonight—had to have the prestige of a table." They sat down opposite her. "Did you find the day as dull as you expected?" inquired the girl of Eden.

"Very dull by contrast, after you left me," he answered.

"Try the chicken," she advised. "Born and raised right here at home, and the desert hen is no weak sister. Not so bad, however."

They accepted her suggestion. When the generously filled platters were placed before them, Bob Eden squared away.

"Take to the lifeboats," he said. "I'm about to carve, and when I carve, it's a case of women and children first."

Holley stared down at his dinner. "Looks like the same old chicken," he sighed. "What wouldn't I give for a little home cooking?"

"Ought to get married," smiled the girl. "Am I right, Mr. Eden?"

Eden shrugged. "I've known several poor fellows who got married, hoping to enjoy a bit of home cooking. Now they're back in the restaurants, and the only difference is they've got the little woman along. Double the check and half the pleasure."

"Why all this cynicism?" asked Holley.

"Oh, Mr. Eden is very much opposed to marriage," the girl said. "He was telling me today."

"Just trying to save her," Eden explained. "By the way, do you know this Wilbur who's won her innocent, trusting heart?"

"Wilbur?" asked Holley blankly.

"He will persist in calling Jack out of his name," the girl said. "It's his disrespectful way of referring to my fiancé."

Holley glanced at the ring. "No, I don't know him," he announced. "I certainly congratulate him, though."

"So do I," Eden returned—"on his nerve. However, I oughtn't to knock Wilbur. As I was saying only this noon ——"

"Never mind," put in the girl. "Wake up, Will. What are you thinking about?"

Holley started. "I was thinking of a dinner I had once at Mouquin's," he replied. "Closed up now, I hear. Gone like all the other old landmarks—the happy stations on the five-o'clock cocktail route. You know, I wonder sometimes if I'd like New York today."

He talked on of the old Manhattan he had known. In what seemed to Bob Eden no time at all, the dinner hour had passed. As they were standing at the cashier's desk the boy noted for the first time a stranger lighting a cigar near by. He was, from his dress, no native—a small, studious-looking man with piercing eyes.

"Good evening, neighbor," Holley said.

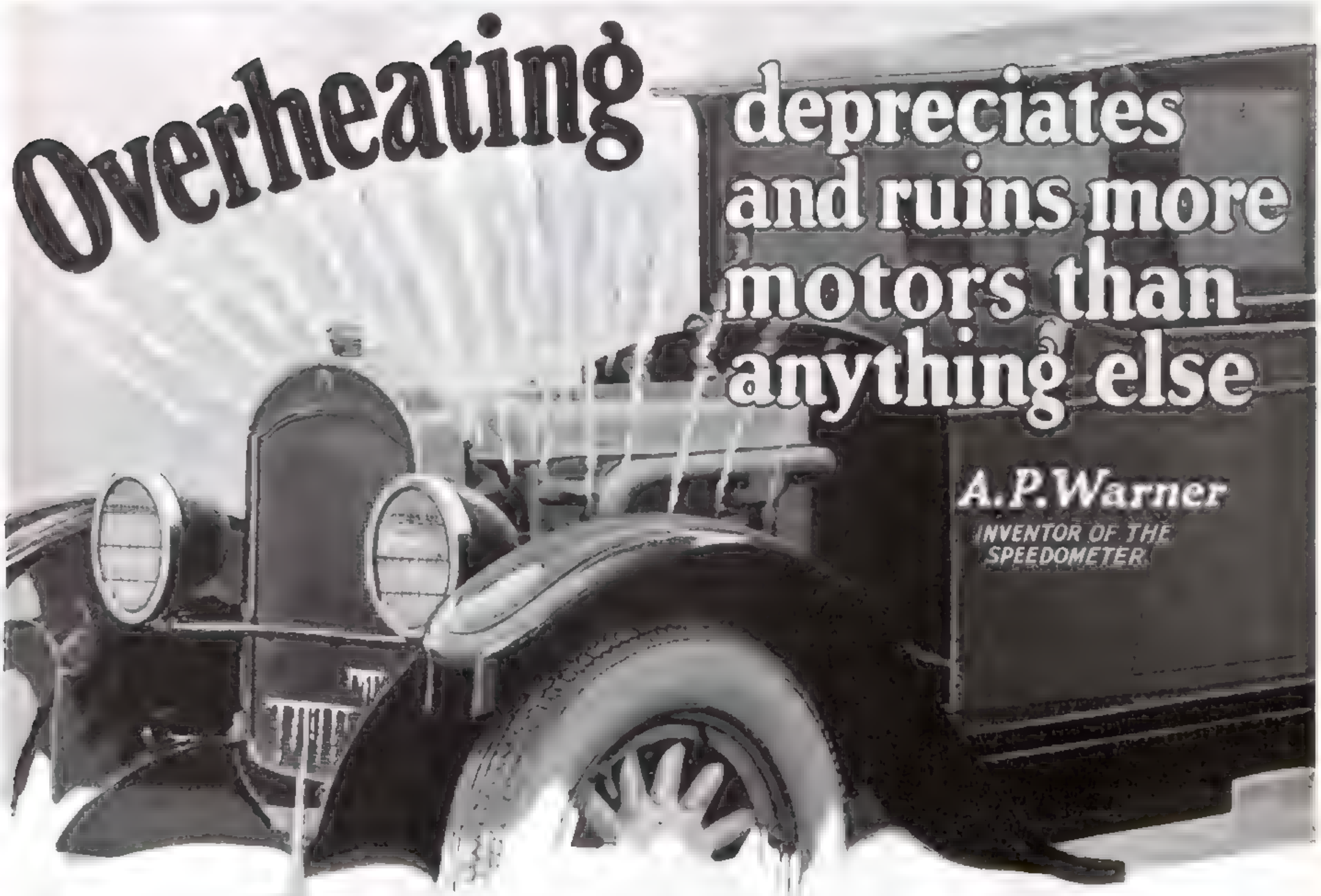
"How are you?" answered the stranger.

"Come down to look us over?" the editor asked, thinking of his next issue.

"Dropped in for a call on the kangaroo rat," replied the man. "I understand there's a local variety whose tail measures

Continued on Page 125

Overheating depreciates and ruins more motors than anything else



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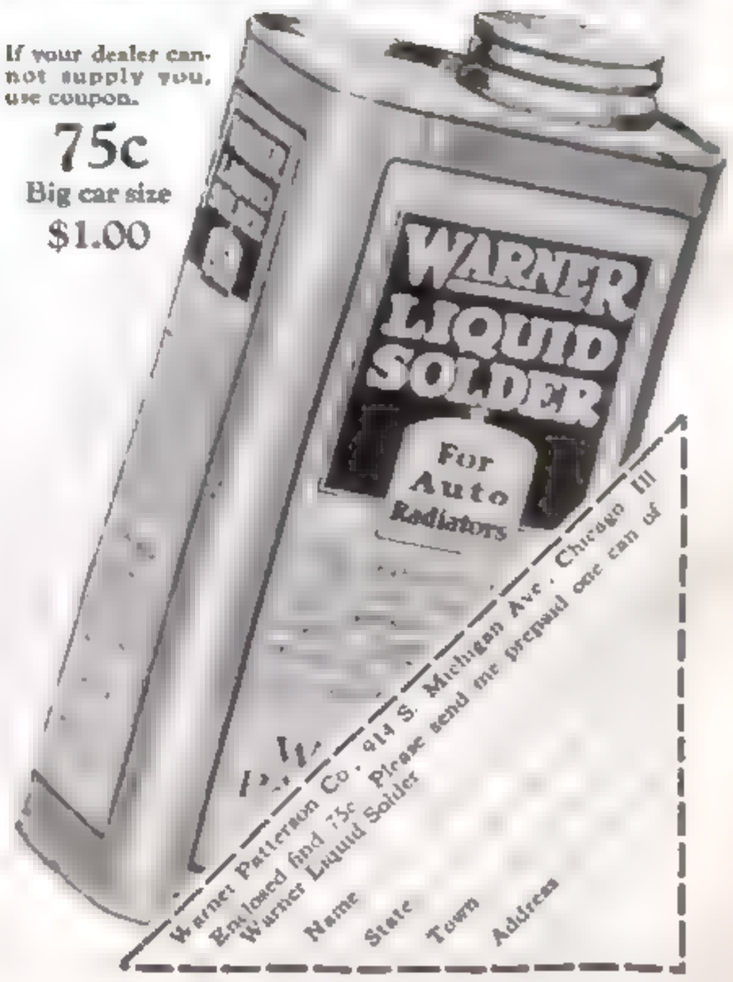

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(Continued from Page 122)

three millimeters longer than any hitherto recorded.

"Oh," returned Holley. "One of those fellows, eh? We get them all—beetle men and butterfly men, mouse and gopher men. Drop round to the office of the Times some day and we'll have a chat."

"Delighted," said the little naturalist.

"Well, look who's here!" cried Holley suddenly. Bob Eden turned and saw entering the door of the Oasis a thin little Chinese who seemed as old as the desert. His face was the color of a beloved meerschaum pipe, his eyes beady and bright. "Louie Wong," Holley explained. "Back from San Francisco, eh, Louie?"

"Hello, boss," said Louie, in a high shrill voice. "My come back."

"Didn't you like it up there?" Holley persisted.

"San Flancisco no good," answered Louie. "All time lain dlop on nose. My like 'um heah."

"Going back to Madden's, eh?" Holley inquired. Louie nodded. "Well, here's a bit of luck for you, Louie. Mr. Eden is going out to the ranch presently and you can ride with him."

"Of course," assented Eden.

"Catch 'um hot tea. You wait jus' litta time, boss," said Louie, sitting up to the counter.

"We'll be down in front of the hotel," Holley told him. The three of them went out. The little naturalist followed and slipped by them, disappearing in the night.

Neither Holley nor Eden spoke. When they reached the hotel they stopped.

"I'm leaving you now," Paula Wendell said. "I have some letters to write."

"Ah, yes," Eden remarked. "Well, don't forget—my love to Wilbur."

"These are business letters," she answered severely. "Good night."

The girl went inside. "So Louie's back," Eden said. "That makes a pretty situation."

"What's the matter?" Holley asked. "Louie may have a lot to tell."

"Perhaps. But when he shows up at his old job—what about Charlie? He'll be kicked out and I'll be alone on the big scene. Somehow, I don't feel I know my lines."

"I never thought of that," replied the editor. "However, there's plenty of work for two boys out there when Madden's in residence. I imagine he'll keep them both. And what a chance for Charlie to pump old Louie dry! You and I could ask him questions from now until doomsday and never learn a thing. But Charlie—that's another matter."

They waited, and presently Louie Wong came shuffling down the street, a cheap little suitcase in one hand and a full paper bag in the other.

"What you got there, Louie?" Holley asked. He examined the bag. "Bananas, eh?"

"Tony like 'um banana," the old man explained. "Pleasant foah Tony."

Eden and Holley looked at each other. "Louie," said the editor gently, "poor Tony's dead."

Anyone who believes the Chinese face is always expressionless should have seen Louie's then. A look of mingled pain and anger contorted it, and he burst at once into a flood of language that needed no translator. It was profane and terrifying.

"Poor old Louie," Holley said. "He's reviling the street, as they say in China."

"Do you suppose he knows?" asked Eden—"that Tony was murdered, I mean."

"Search me," answered Holley. "It certainly looks that way, doesn't it?" Still loudly vocal, Louie Wong climbed into the back seat of the flivver and Bob Eden took his place at the wheel. "Watch your step, boy," advised Holley. "See you soon. Good night."

Bob Eden started the car, and with old Louie Wong set out on the strangest ride of his life.

The moon had not yet risen; the stars, wan and far-off and unfriendly, were devoid of light. They climbed between the mountains, and that mammoth doorway led seemingly to a black and threatening inferno that Eden could sense but could not see. Down the rocky road and onto the sandy floor of the desert they crept along; out of the dark beside the way gleamed little yellow eyes, flashing hatefully for a moment, then vanishing forever. Like the ugly ghosts of trees that had died, the Joshuas writhed in agony, casting deformed appealing arms aloft. And constantly, as they rode on, muttered the weird voice of the old Chinese on the back seat, mourning the passing of his friend, the death of the bird Tony.

Bob Eden's nerves were steady, but he was glad when the lights of Madden's ranch shone with a friendly glow ahead. He left the car in the road and went to open the gate. A stray twig was caught in the latch, but finally he got it open, and returning to the car, drove into the yard. With a feeling of deep relief, he swept up before the barn. Charlie Chan was waiting in the glow of the headlights.

"Hello, Ah Kim," Eden called. "Got a little playmate for you in the back seat. Louie Wong has come back to his desert." He leaped to the ground. All was silence in the rear of the car. "Come on, Louie," he cried. "Here we are."

He stopped, a sudden thrill of horror in his heart. In the dim light he saw that Louie had slipped to his knees and that his head hung limply over the door at the left.

"Wait," said Charlie Chan. "I get flash light."

He went, while Bob Eden stood fixed and frightened in his tracks. Quickly the efficient Charlie returned and made a hasty examination with the light. Bob Eden saw a gash in the side of Louie's old coat—a gash that was bordered with something wet and dark.

"Stabbed in the side," said Charlie calmly. "Dead—like Tony."

"Dead—when?" gasped Eden. "In that minute I left the car at the gate? Why, it's impossible!"

Out of the shadows came Martin Thorn, his pale face gleaming in the dusk. "What's all this?" he asked. "Why, it's Louie! What's happened to Louie?"

He bent over the door of the car and the busy flash light in the hand of Charlie Chan shone for a moment on his back. Across the dark coat was a long tear—a tear such as might have been made in the coat of one climbing hurriedly through a barbed-wire fence.

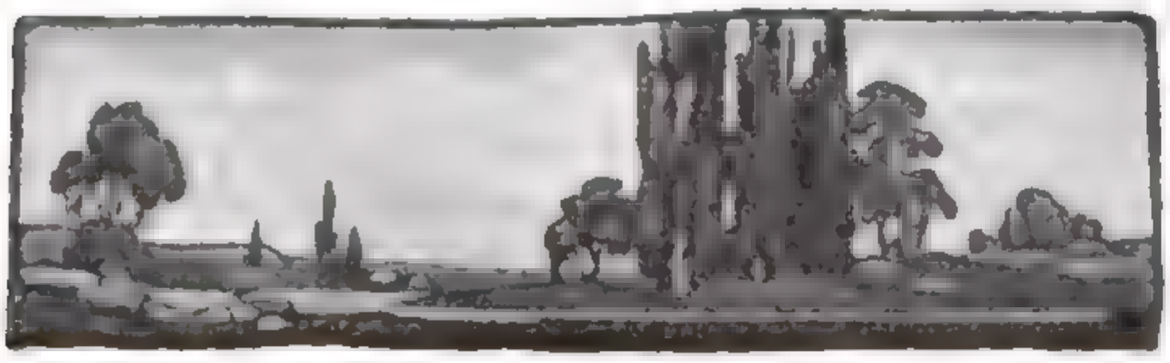
"This is terrible," Thorn said. "Just a minute—I must get Mr. Madden."

He ran to the house, and Bob Eden stood with Charlie Chan by the body of Louie Wong.

"Charlie," whispered the boy huskily, "you saw that rip in Thorn's coat?"

"Most certainly," answered Chan. "I observed it. What did I quote to you this morning? Old saying of Chinese: 'He who rides a tiger cannot dismount.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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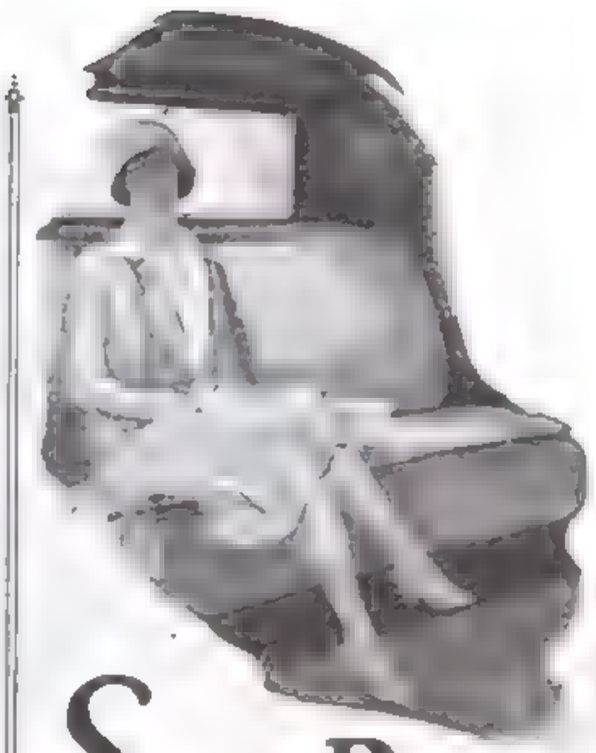

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CALIFORNIA'S WAR ON UGLINESS

(Continued from Page 9)

have thoroughly dried they are adobe bricks; and when they are stacked up in a wall, the wall immediately takes on a venerable, mellow and moth-eaten appearance that other materials acquire only after a century or so of use. With proper care, moreover, the wall will last for 150 years and more, so that as a building material it is nothing at which to sneeze.

The California missions became the economic centers of the Pacific Coast. The good fathers and their thousands of Indian neophytes raised wheat and hemp and cattle, tanned hides, made tallow, soap, leather articles and furniture, and bragged a good deal about the climate of the spots in which their various missions were located—as may be seen from the fact that the fathers of the Mission of Our Lady of Solitude, which was established in the beautiful Salinas Valley in 1791, obtained a grant to some adjacent hot springs and modestly named the grant Eternal Paradise, even though they had no real estate to sell.

To house their various activities they constructed other buildings, always along the simple architectural lines that had proved eminently satisfactory under somewhat similar conditions in Spain and Mexico.

With the country thus opened up, and with news of the California climate scattered freely through Spain and Mexico, various gentlemen of high degree secured political appointments, or grants of land about the size of a second-class Balkan nation, and migrated to California to live in the comfort to which they had been accustomed. They built haciendas and ranch houses out of adobe bricks—low, rambling buildings with walled courtyards in which the residents could have privacy when they wished it; buildings so constructed as to be warm in cool weather and cool in warm weather; buildings with no porches, projections, bell towers, handrails, staircases, awnings, chimneys, arches or other dewflickers that were not absolutely necessary in order to insure the comfort and well-being of the persons for whom they were built.

Decay of the Missions

Following these things, in the course of time, came the discovery of gold in California, the influx of eager fortune hunters and home seekers from Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana and even more effete Eastern centers, a rapid series of violent real-estate booms, the development of the Iowa-picnic idea, the opening of the oil fields, the jazz and madness of the movie age and the rush of automobiles and tin-can tourists to all sections of the state, including those remote regions that not even Father Junípero Serra had been able to reach.

Along with them came the cupola era. In 1845 all the missions were sold by the Government; and as soon as they were deprived of the watchful care of the good fathers they began to decay with the utmost enthusiasm.

In the eyes of the representatives of the cupola era who settled in the sections formerly dominated by the missions, the missions and their surrounding structures had all the interest and charm of a lot of town dumps. Through their muddy minds there may have passed an occasional speculation as to why any human being should have voluntarily spent his days in the equivalent of what seemed to them to be large mud packing boxes; but for the most part they were content to steer visitors apologetically away from the crumbling walls of the missions and proudly call their attention to the new town jail, modeled along the lines of the pumping station at Onion Falls, Ohio.

All up and down the beautiful valleys of California, from the Sacramento and San Joaquin to the Santa Maria and Santa Ysabel, pushing out in every direction from California's magically growing cities, and rearing themselves along the cliffs and beaches and rolling hill slopes that border her shore line, appeared the peculiarly shaped and colored structures of the cupola era.

They ranged from pure cupola to cupola with Doric, Japanese, Ionic, Colonial, Gothic, Chinese, baronial, Pullman car and mongrel influences. Swiss chalets, constructed along lines designed to cope with the snows of Alpine meadows, elbowed dak bungalows, whose structural peculiarities originated through the necessity of fighting the torrential rains and the steamy heat of equatorial India.

Ye Olde Mission Shoppe

The property owner who went to sleep in the evening, proud of a $50,000 residence in the Norwegian manner, might awake in the morning to find that his neighbor had started to build a $3000 imitation of a fortified Norman castle out of cedar shakes and sheet tin. Occasionally a Californian newly arrived from the cultured East would inherit or acquire an ancient adobe house of the sort that was originally built for comfort and long service. It usually proved to be too substantial and livable to be destroyed, but its simplicity could not be tolerated in the cupola era. Its owner would therefore add several cupolas and gables where they would be most conspicuous and least useful, attach a few pergolas to its more prominent sides, nail several yards of fretwork in all available places, and succeed fairly well in giving it the general appearance of a steamboat waiting room on the Volga River.

The gay and open-hearted freedom of the Golden West was keenly felt on every hand. As the supply of automobiles increased in the land, garages, filling stations and hot-dog stands were breezily erected in close proximity to the front doors of expensive and heavily cupolaed residences. The California scenery was gayly embellished with roadside signboards extolling the virtues of various lubricating and fuel oils, corsets, baking powder, automobiles, egg noodles, pancake flour, hostelries, canned goods, artificial hair and other commodities.

It was quite apparent that if any one of the modern cupolites had been able to change places with Father Junípero Serra, he would have built the missions in the architectural style frequently used for fire-engine houses in the suburbs of Boston around the year 1890, and plastered the old Spanish King's Highway with large signboards inscribed with the Castilian equivalent for "Ye Olde San Juan Capistrano Mission Shoppe. The best frijoles west of Madrid. Fine leather work, beadwork and Indian relics our specialty. A nifty place for nifty people. Discerning tourists accommodated. Two pesos ye night and uppe."

Along about 1895 there appeared faint stirrings, as the saying goes, of revolt against the total submersion of California in the cupola era. The Landmarks Club came into existence under the leadership of Charles F. Lummis, author, explorer and newspaper man, and began to agitate in shrill but apparently futile tones for the preservation of the decaying Spanish missions of California. The Landmarks Club and its supporters went around talking about the architectural perfection of the missions, and a large body of Californians thought they were crazy.

They talked about sentiment and the romance that clustered around the old

(Continued on Page 128)

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(Continued from Page 126)

missions the romance that was being choked and destroyed by the machine-made, the commonplace, the standardized, the characterless and the dull; the romance of the crusaders of the sword and the cross who clanked along El Camino Real to Santa Barbara and Monterey and other drowsy beauty spots long before the redcoats took the road to Lexington and Concord; the romance of the tall red galleons from the Philippines that cruised homeward along the hills and beaches and shifting sand dunes and sheer cliffs of California, dodging the harrying guns of Sir Francis Drake, long before the Pilgrim Fathers drove their little wave-racked craft behind the bleak and barren tip of Cape Cod.

The Landmarks Club people then went at the matter from another angle. They solicited help for the missions on the ground that history and beauty have a high market value; that all the money and all the brains and all the energy in America cannot build another San Juan Capistrano or Santa Barbara Mission, or another century-old adobe house, and surround it with the atmosphere of a Father Junipero Serra or of the hospitality and joyousness which the aristocracy of Spain brought to their California adobe haciendas during the pastoral period of the Spanish grants.

Each year, they pointed out, hundreds of thousands of persons visited the rapidly disappearing ruins of the missions and historical adobe houses, such as the De la Guerra adobe at Santa Barbara and the adobe hacienda at Camulos, midway between Los Angeles and Ventura, that was immortalized when Helen Hunt Jackson made it the home of her beautiful and warm-hearted heroine, Ramona. In the years to come, they carefully explained, countless millions would come to California to see these relics of California's age of romance, and each one of the millions would leave a certain amount of money to be distributed among the Californians in the clothing, grocery, trucking and suchlike businesses. Consequently the preservation of these things would be of great material advantage to the entire state.

"Beauty and sane sentiment," insisted Mr. Lummis, "are good business, as well as good ethics. Carelessness, ugliness, blind materialism are bad business. The ideal lasts longer than anything you can buy or sell or build. And romance is the greatest riches of any people."

Looking for Spain in America

This argument caused the Californians to look at the ancient missions with a new and somewhat reluctant respect. It even caused them to dig meditatively into their pockets and contribute to the preservation of the missions. In 1916, twenty-one years after the Landmarks Club had started its work, there was an assemblage of 7000 people at the San Fernando Mission in the San Fernando Valley, back of Los Angeles. The enormous monastery and church had been reroofed and saved by the efforts of those who had broken away from the chains of the cupola era.

In spite of the gradual awakening of California residents to the commercial value of the missions, the awakening of the same people to the value of the state's architectural heritage was delayed. In 1914, for example, a distinguished American architect, George Washington Smith, who had studied in Europe for several years, returned to America shortly after the outbreak of the war. The turmoil and the nerve-destroying noise and the architectural mediocrity of Eastern cities filled him with slow shooting pains. He therefore decided that he would proceed to California, where the Spaniards had left their architectural imprint, in the belief that he could be happier in an atmosphere that the Spaniards had transplanted to America some centuries ago.

So he proceeded to California, nourishing this pleasing thought during the journey; and when he arrived in California he descended eagerly from the train, hastened out into the countryside and peered hither and yon for the atmosphere of Spain in America. To his surprise and bewilderment, there wasn't any. The missions, it is true, were there, most of them far removed from the beaten track, and as crumbled in spots as a secondhand birthday cake in which a birthday party has been delving for the concealed ring, coin and thimble. But there was a total dearth of gracious and plainly severe adobe residences in whose flower, vine and tree filled patios and on whose wide verandas the happy residents dozed in the sun, and smoked and lounged and made love and trained their dogs, as described in the works of Helen Hunt Jackson.

There were frequent traces of Swedish-Rumanian atmosphere in some of the dwellings, and neo-Hoboken, and cock-eyed Tudor, and late Revere Beach, and Keokuk mansard, and what not; but of the true California-Spanish atmosphere there was hardly a touch, pinch or whisker.

Bavarian Castles in Spain

Smith consequently settled down in Santa Barbara and built himself a fairly inexpensive home in exactly the style that the Spaniards, back in the eighteenth century, had found best adapted to life in California in general. All useless ornament was banished from it. It was as free from cupolas, towers, gables and fretwork as an infant frog is free from hair.

This house was no sooner exposed to public view than cries of "I want a house like that!" began to go up. There is little use in speculating concerning the reason. The years of persistent endeavor on the part of a comparatively few lovers of beauty to save the old missions may have had something to do with it; a silent revolt against the atrocities of the cupola era may have been simmering in many breasts for many years, waiting only for a spark to cause it to burst into violent eruption; the time may merely have been ripe.

Whatever the cause, the movement for residences in the genuine California-Spanish or Mexican-Spanish style took shape; and California was fortunate enough to be blessed with young architects who were able to meet the demand with work that closely approximated perfection in purity of line and beauty of proportion.

This sudden emergence from the architectural swamps and miasmas of the cupola era was not accomplished without a certain amount of mud spattering and side slipping. In the beginning each individual who struggled up toward decent things was forced to play a lone hand. If he had an able architect who had thoroughly familiarized himself with the traditions of California-Spanish architecture, he found himself the owner of a good house. Too often, however, when his house was finished, the adjoining property was purchased by a gentleman whose mind was still cluttered with the fripperies and cobwebs and garbage and junk heaps of the cupola era.

He therefore went ahead and completed a lovely miniature castle in the best Bavarian beer-cellar manner or a snug little villa with an Egyptian-tomb motif.

Or an amiable soul with a subnormal sensitiveness moved up on the other side and placed a hip-roofed and squeak-hinged garage in such a position that it towered over the immediate foreground like a Sierra Madre mountain.

And too often, unfortunately, a home carefully designed by an architectural genius and constructed by an honest contractor so that it conformed in every way to the best traditions of California-Spanish architecture would find itself burlesqued on the adjoining property, a year or two later, by a home in the cupola-Spanish or Hollywood-jazz-Spanish manner.

Between 8 and 10 per cent of the people who build homes, according to the records, are willing to part with the small amount of extra money that is needed to enlist the

services of an architect. The rest of them depend on their own plans or on plans executed in spare moments by their contractors or carpenters.

Between, therefore, the ideas of movie-mad and noise-intoxicated persons as to what constituted California-Spanish architecture, the product of architects who were willing to cater to the mussy ideas of clients who were still afflicted with cupola-era minds, and the shocking architectural output of some contractors and builders who knew as little about California-Spanish architecture as they did about the mating customs of the tube-nosed fruit bat of New Guinea and North Australia—concerning which very few persons know anything at all—California's constantly increasing numbers of beautiful homes in California-Spanish style were counterbalanced by regiments of near-Spanish houses that would have made any hacienda owner of the olden days take to his bed with a sick headache or a touch of the Majorcan zing.

The builders of near-Spanish homes were addicted to certain peculiar symbols that apparently typified Spanish architecture to them. They seemed to think that cement or stucco, instead of being applied smoothly and simply to outer and inner walls, had to be applied in various tricky ways. They had to be colored in strawberry reds and arsenical greens and hang-over browns and poisonous blues. Awnings had to be attached to them with spears. Windows and doors had to sprout little tile-covered eyebrows and mustaches. In cases of very tricky and elaborate houses, they were embellished with bell towers that held no bells.

The Advantages of Zoning

The origin of some of the symbols that represent Spanish architecture in minds that have not yet emerged from the cupola era is extremely difficult to trace. An effort was made to discover where near-Spanish architects had picked up the idea that the awnings of a Spanish home ought to be supported by spears. So far as can be learned, the first builder to use the spear-supported awning had come across the old Biblical picture showing a gentleman and his family seated under a Biblical pup tent in the lee of a desert grapevine, in which the front flap of the Biblical pup tent is held up by a pair of spears. The idea of the spears appealed to the builder, and he used it, and it spread like wildfire to every city and town and country village corner where the work of the Spaniards in California was being aped by persons who had no idea what the Spaniards did.

As a result of all these things it began to dawn on persons of taste and intelligence that they had as much right to be protected from a neighbor who wished to erect an ugly residence or an architecturally rotten garage in close proximity to them, and thus slash hundreds if not thousands of dollars from the value of their properties, as they would have to be protected from a neighbor who deposited his trash on the edges of their property, or built a glue factory under their living-room windows, or was otherwise guilty of offensive practices that destroyed values in his neighborhood.

Charles H. Cheney is a city planner who has written numerous city planning and zoning laws and ordinances adopted in California, Oregon and other states. He points out that as recently as the Spanish-American War there was no control over the use of property in American cities and towns. Any such control would have given rise to squawks of protest and cries of "Un-American!" Not many years after, however, many American cities had accepted city-zoning laws that regulated the height of buildings and the area of the lot covered.

There was still a feeling that no one had the right to say that an American citizen couldn't build what he pleased where he pleased; and it was generally believed that the town which attempted to stop a man from using property as he saw fit would promptly be blasted by a bolt from the Great White Father at Washington.

Nevertheless, only a few more years elapsed before towns with intelligent leadership were accepting residential zoning. They were protecting residential districts by excluding such matters as industrial plants, stables, garages, warehouses, laundries, and so on; and they were protecting industries by excluding such annoyances as the small-home owner who emits frequent roars of protest and refuses to be taxed for such industrial necessities as wide, heavy-hauling pavements, extra large sewers for industrial waste, high-pressure mains for extra fire protection, sidewalk spur tracks, elevated sidewalks for delivery, and other advantages that more favorably located competing manufacturers obtain without question.

Without such zoning the owners of residential property on the edges of industrial sections are perpetually letting their property slip into slums in the expectation of selling to a manufacturer, and investors in real estate are constantly suffering from the encroachment of undesirable businesses on a good residential neighborhood, a good apartment-house neighborhood or a good business-income-bearing neighborhood. Investors, banks, mortgage-loan companies, the small-home owner, the renter, and both capital and labor were years awaking to what was biting them with such persistence and severity; but when they finally awoke they all screamed loudly for zone ordinances.

People of otherwise high intelligence have been equally slow in waking to the evils of ugly buildings.

"So far," says Mr. Cheney, "no aesthetic questions have been involved in the matter of zoning. The thing has been purely economic and social. Since we have been forced to live together closely, we cannot have peace and comfort in living unless we can agree to give up some of our looser rights. The future will see the aesthetic values of living—the so-called amenities of life—as fully and carefully safeguarded as the economic and social side of life is being safeguarded in many communities by zoning ordinances.

"This will be done by group action; communities will get together and agree on a committee of architects, engineers and laymen who shall pass on all plans of new buildings, and say whether they are reasonably decent in design. This, after all, is not greatly different from the present situation, which requires persons to present their building plans to a committee for judgment as to the safety of the buildings."

In Search of Beauty

It might be remarked in passing that there are a number of determined individuals on the Pacific Coast who declare passionately that one can be conscious of as much ugliness through the ears as through the eyes; that the nerve-shattering roars, explosions and squeals of countless motors that make modern life a ceaseless din are a relic of the cupola era that is as inexcusable as ugly dwellings, unsightly and over-prominent garages and view-destroying signboards; and that the person who is so careless of the general welfare as to make such noises will be roughly handled in civilized communities in another ten years.

At any rate, the trend toward the safeguarding of the amenities of life has grown so strong in some sections of California as almost to submerge the cupola era and its atrocities. Let us consider, for example, the tumbling, rolling, canyon-cut range of hills that extends from Hollywood out past Beverly Hills to the sea. As recently as 1920, which was approximately the year when the California revulsion against the cupola era began to gather genuine momentum, the land in these hills was regarded as having little value. The flat land at the base of the hills was the only land that was regarded as the proper place for home sites; and some real-estate men, in an effort to create additional interest in the flat land, gave away a hillside lot with every lot sold on the flat land.

Friendly, *but Friendless*

SICK at heart he watched them go. Last year he was always asked to join this merry group, but now the invitations were becoming fewer and fewer. He touched his face gingerly in miserable speculation. Could it be . . . . . ?

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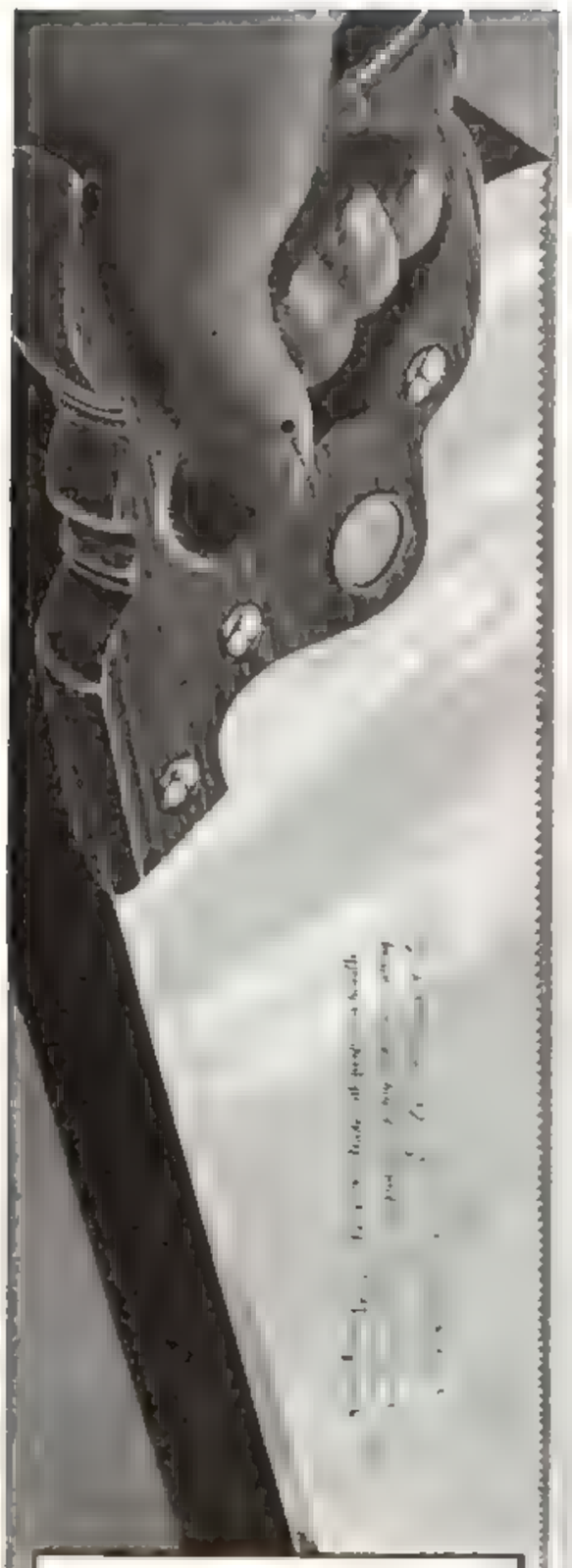

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Then came the craving for beauty and the longing to be free of the standardized crowds and machine-made houses that are common to all cities that passed through the cupola era; and as a result of this craving, people moved up into the hills and gobbled up home sites.

Today the lots on the flat land have increased comparatively little in value in the past few years, while the land in the hills has shot up to prices ranging from $5000 to $20,000 an acre.

In and out and around the crest of the hills, from Hollywoodland to the cliffs of Santa Monica Bay, runs a boulevard known as the Mulholland Drive.

It is customary for excitable Californians to point out sundry stretches of California road as being more beautiful than certain of Europe's famous roads. This is largely bunk, since every beautiful road has certain characteristics that set it apart from all other roads. It is impossible to state with any accuracy that the Corniche Drive, which swings high in air above the Mediterranean and such jewel towns as Cap Mentone and Monte Carlo and Monaco, is more or less beautiful than the great military road that climbs in dizzy and interminable zigzags from the bottle-necked harbor of Cattaro over the frowning sides of Mt. Lovchen and into the heart of Montenegro, or than the other great military road that cuts across the ashen mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina and coasts down the cypress-covered Dalmatian mountainsides to the water-lapped walls and towers of Ragusa and the pearly haze of the Adriatic.

These, I believe, are the three greatest scenic roads of Europe; and to my way of thinking, the Mulholland Drive, twisting now toward the great Los Angeles Plain, the pale-blue ocean and the deeper blue of Catalina Island, and now toward the fertile San Fernando Valley and the towering bulk of the Coast Range that forms a mighty back drop for it, deserves to rank with these three roads as one of the world's beautiful scenic spectacles.

So, for that matter, does the road that rides the crest of the hills above Santa Barbara, looking down on one side to the great amphitheater in which Santa Barbara lies smiling out at the sea and the soft blue flanks of the Channel Islands, and on the other side to the mighty slopes of the Santa Ynez Mountains and the Sierra Madre.

Cooperative Restrictions

And having embarked on this subject, it might be well to soothe the feelings of any supersensitive Californians and go the whole hog, in a manner of speaking, by stating that no five European countries can produce a fraction of the scenic beauties that escaped unscathed from the vandals of the cupola era and that are spread before the traveler in every section of California—thousand-hued deserts, snow-capped mountain ranges, hidden valleys, orange groves, innumerable varieties of seashore, mighty forests, and any other variety of scenery in its most emphatic form that anyone cares to name.

That, however, is a slight digression from the matter in hand. In the hills stretching from Hollywood past Beverly Hills to Santa Monica there are 70,000 acres of land. Already the hills are dotted with beautiful homes, constructed by sworn enemies of the cupola era; and persons who know the real-estate situation say that not many more years will elapse before all the hill slopes will be covered with the largest assortment of beautiful homes ever concentrated in a similarly sized stretch of territory. They base their deductions on the fact that the owners of the 70,000 acres of hills have signed a declaration of restrictions, and that by the declaration nobody can build anywhere on the entire 70,000 acres without first submitting his plans to a well-remunerated board of architecture consisting of two architects appointed by the American Society of Architects, Southern California Chapter, one engineer appointed by the Southern California Chapter of the American Institute of Civil Engineers, one landscape architect appointed by the Southern California Architectural Association and one layman appointed by the landowners.

On another side of Los Angeles, on a swelling promontory jutting boldly into the Pacific, is the infant resort of Palo Verde.

The ever-spreading determination to be free from the cupola era resulted, in Palo Verde, in the most rigid of architectural restrictions under the guidance of Charles H. Cheney, the city planner, and Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect. These restrictions are good until 1960, with automatic extension for successive twenty-year periods thereafter, unless changed by two-thirds of the property owners. By their terms every building plan must be submitted to an art jury, which has a $300,000 endowment to make sure that its interest won't slacken. There is also a community association, in which every building lot has one vote, and this association owns 700 acres of park within the resort, including shore line, golf links and school sites.

Freedom From Billboards

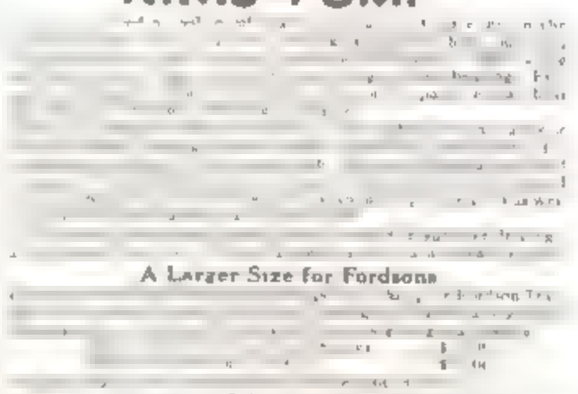
No billboards, advertising signs or for-sale signs are permitted to be erected; all necessary store and business signs must have the approval of the art jury; no poultry, horses or cows can be kept near other residences without special permits from the Community Home Association; industries, asylums and nuisance businesses are prohibited; no trees more than twenty feet in height can be cut down without the consent of the park department; home owners are obliged to erect their garages in locations that will prove least obtrusive and objectionable to adjoining property owners; and every possible precaution has been taken to preserve the views of ocean and mountains, to increase the natural beauty of the land with trees and shrubbery, and to make sure that the home of no resident can ever be damaged by an unsightly or undesirable structure. Nearly every structure that rises in Palo Verde is exactly the type of structure that the Spaniards would have built when they first came to California.

The same insistence on the preservation of beauty, the adoption of suitable architecture and the utter undesirability of persons who are willing to force poorly built and badly designed structures on their neighbors has gained an unbreakable foothold along the beautiful hill slopes and valleys in the shadow of Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson on the outskirts of Pasadena. Farther to the north, only a few hours south of San Francisco, one finds the same thing occurring on the historic Monterey Peninsula. The ancient town of Monterey itself has interlarded its beautiful and well preserved adobes with some of the most depressing products, in stores and homes, of the cupola era; but across the peninsula, where the hill slopes rise abruptly from the silver crescent of Pebble Beach, and the contorted limbs of the Monterey cypress cling desperately to their last stronghold, all the loveliness of one of California's loveliest spots has been preserved by rigid restrictions; and all the genius of the mission builders has been perpetuated in homes to which California's leading architects have devoted their talents.

Greatest of all the examples of California's war on the ugliness and stupidity of the cupola era, however, is found in the city of Santa Barbara. Of all the California towns Santa Barbara was possibly most suitably situated for a well-executed leap at the throat of the dullness and commonplaceness and grime and turmoil that overwhelmed and strangled so much beauty, peace and civic character in almost every city in America. Lying in a bowl in the hills and facing the beautiful Channel Islands across a stretch of pearl-blue water, she was sheltered both from storms by land and storms by sea. Father Junipero Serra built the great gray mission here, and the soldiers

(Continued on Page 132)

A Cool Ford in Hottest Weather
HASTINGS
NIMS PUMP



A Larger Size for Fordsons

Hastings Oil Circulating Piston Rings

Hastings Real Glass Windows for All Ford Cars

(Information on Hastings Products)

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO.
320 East Mill St. Hastings, Michigan

Tain't gwine rain no mo'

CRACKPROOF
garden hose

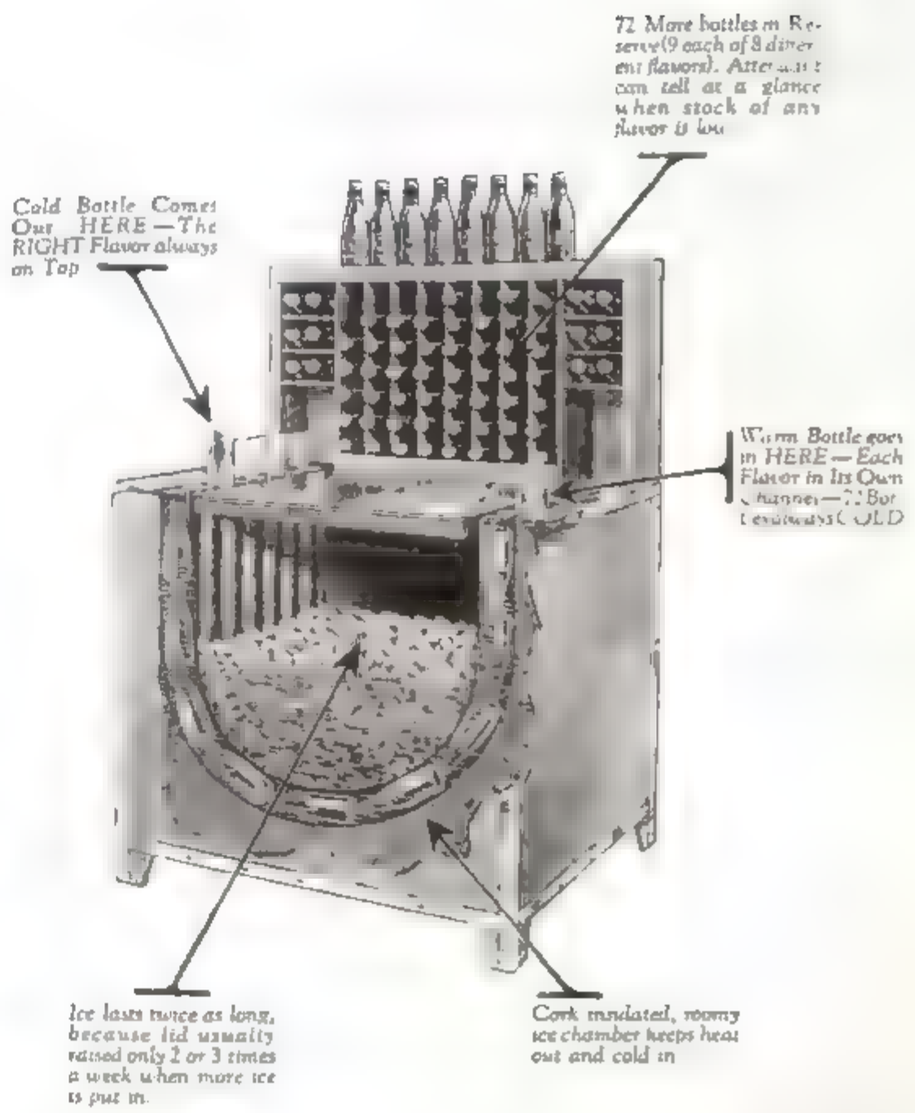
THE beauty of CRACKPROOF garden hose (SUNPROOF is the same hose with a red cover) is more than "skin deep." Its attractive appearance is but the visible indication of the quality—the durability—the strength that is built into every foot.

This sturdy garden hose is manufactured under a process originated by the Pioneer Rubber Mills five years ago. Today there are more than 2,000,000 users of CRACKPROOF or SUNPROOF garden hose in the United States.

It should be in your home.
Your dealer will supply you.

PIONEER RUBBER MILLS
345-353 Sacramento Street
San Francisco, Calif., U. S. A.

One of the largest manufacturers of garden hose in the world


72 More bottles in Reserve (9 each of 8 different flavors). After a while you can tell at a glance when stock of any flavor is low
Cold Bottle Comes Out HERE—The RIGHT Flavor always on Top
Warm Bottle goes in HERE—Each Flavor in Its Own Channel—72 Bottles Constantly COLD
Ice lasts twice as long, because lid usually raised only 2 or 3 times a week when more ice is put in.
Cork insulated, roomy ice chamber keeps heat out and cold in

Sell 7 Cold Drinks Where You Now Serve One

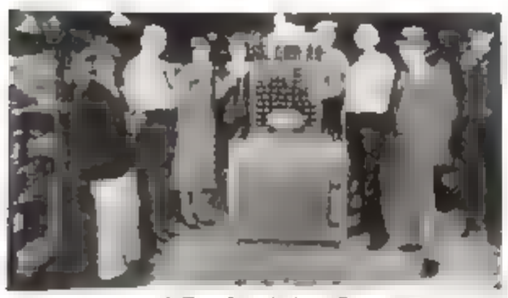


Photo of Burba Allen Drug Co.
McAlester, Oklahoma

Sold 5 Cases per Week—Now Sells 75

Hy Way Filling Station, Sardis, Miss., wrote: "Liquid Cooler has increased our sale of bottled drinks from 5 to 10 cases a week to 75 cases a week."

Robert V. Turner Jr., Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Marshalltown, Ia., wrote: "The men with the Liquid Cooler get all the business. Coolers we have installed show increases as high as 780%. One dealer ordered 78 cases first week. Prior to this was using only 10 cases."

Mains & Gaertner, Denver, Col., wrote: "Sales increased 300%. The Sanitary Candy Co., Fort Worth, Texas, wrote: "Have sold more cases than ever with increased business. Also dealers pay for the Liquid Cooler."

C. G. Sutton, Traverse City, Mich., wrote: "Sold 35 cases in 2 hours from one Liquid Cooler at Northern District Fair. Two Liquid Coolers sold more goods first 3 days than all other concessions."

M. B. Siegel, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Profits $22.84 a day for the first 10 days."

The Liquid BOTTLE Cooler

With Fewer Clerks and 50% Less Ice

144 Bottles Always Sorted by Flavors—Warm Ones Turn Ice-Cold as They Pass Through This Cooler

Earns $10 to $30 a Day Clear!

6 Months to Pay at 35c a Day

This 3-Second dispenser and cooler is a product of a 7 million dollar concern—the Liquid Carbonic Co., the world's largest makers of the gas that charges all bottled drinks with life and sparkle. So do not hesitate to send the coupon by next mail for Free Book of photos and actual profit records.

Over 16,000 Liquid Coolers all over America are raking in the drink money for wide-awake dealers.

Some dealers have made the first down payment of $40 from the profits of ONE day's sales.

Thousands of dealers have paid for the Liquid Cooler with the profits from *one day's business a month* for six months.

It is not unusual for the Liquid Cooler to bring $100 profit—*its entire purchase price*—the first 10 days.

Some dealers have paid for theirs from the first FIVE days' profits.

And many, like the Sanitary Market, Waco, Texas, refused to handle bottled drinks until they saw this quick, tidy, compact trade winner.

The Right Flavor Always Right on Top and COLD!

Push a warm bottle in and out comes a COLD one—that's the easy way the Liquid Cooler works.

Nine bottles of each flavor are sorted in separate tubes, eight tubes in all—each tube its own flavor. So there's 72 bottles always cold, and the right flavor always right on top.

You can't run short. For reserve rack above holds 72 more. One glance tells you when any flavor gets low.

See Why It Draws Crowds

Good Spenders come again and again for that REAL COLD bottle served clean and quick. They know the man with the Liquid Cooler always has the flavor they want—Orange, Grape, Coca-Cola, Root Beer—whatever it is. They know they're not forced to take some "second choice" because their favorite is all gone. And they like to watch the Liquid Cooler in action.

Fit for the Finest Place

Liquid Cooler occupies only 30 x 35 inches of floor space—the biggest payer per square foot known to trade.

A handsome fixture in buff enamel with flashing nickel trim, solidly built of wood and metal. Bottle Tubes encircle roomy ice chamber that is free to use for other things.

Last Offer this Season—Hurry!

This is our last offer this season. There's no doubt about what the Liquid Cooler will do, so clip the coupon now and send by next mail. No obligation. Accept our book "Buried Treasure," Free. If you have sold bottled drinks you'll see that the money you've made isn't a marker to what you can make.

If you haven't sold bottled drinks, this book will start you on the road to new riches.

12 Reasons
Why 16,000 have already bought it

1. Draws Crowds of Good Spenders
2. Sales Gain 100% to 700%.
3. Earns up to $675 a month, and more.
4. Saves ½ to ¾ of the ice.
5. Saves 60% of the floor space.
6. Saves clerk hire.
7. 3-Second Service—Serve 7 Where You Now Serve One.
8. Flavors All Sorted—no fumbling among unassorted bottles.
9. No plunging hands in icy water.
10. Only COLD bottles can be served.
11. Shows you how many bottles of each flavor in stock—you can't run short.
12. Reserve supply assorted by flavors in handy rack on top.

SEND COUPON

The Liquid Carbonic Co., Dept. 7-S
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your FREE Book, "Buried Treasure," and easy terms on the Liquid Bottle Cooler.

Name _____

Address _____

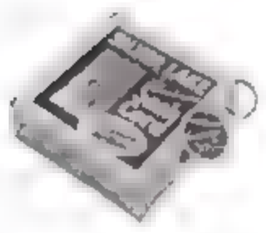
Bottler's Name _____

THE LIQUID CARBONIC COMPANY

3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. 7-S, Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Red Diamond Gas which puts the life and sparkle in Soda Water—also of Fillers, Carbonators, Soakers and other machinery for the manufacture of Carbonated Beverages

and every window
TROUBLE-PROOF
because Silver Lake Sash Cord (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) has been used throughout—the solid braided cord that is *guaranteed for 20 years.*



In the handy 50c package (with illustrated directions) for replacements, and in 100-ft. hanks for quantity use. Insist upon the genuine Silver Lake—the name stamped on every foot.

SILVER LAKE CO.
310 Nevada St. Newtonville, Mass.
Manufacturers of Solid Braided Cordage

From Hardware and Builders' Supply Stores

© 1926, S. L. Co.

Silver Lake Sash Cord
LOOK FOR THE NAME STAMPED ON EVERY FOOT OF CORD

$131.00 in One Month Without Leaving Home!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
422 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
How can I make my spare hours pay? No obligation in asking.

*Name*_____ *Age* _____

Street

City *State*

Leon B. Wade
of Massachusetts

LEON B. WADE is a subscription representative in a little Massachusetts town. In a single month, not long ago, he earned exactly $131.00 *without leaving his home!* How?

He earned this extra money by telephoning to many of his friends and neighbors and by writing personal letters to others. He told them that he represented *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* and would be glad to forward their orders. Some sent him new subscriptions, others their renewals—Mr. Wade's total profits were $131.00.

Extra Money for You too!

Whether you live in a small town or a large city, whether you are 18 years of age or 80, whether at one time you have days to spare or only an hour or so—we'd like to make you the same cash offer we made Mr. Wade.

Shall we send you all the interesting details? Then just get your scissors and clip the coupon above

(Continued from Page 130)

of Spain were housed in a presidio near by. A town sprang up—a beautiful town of low-roofed and wide-verandaed adobes, set in riotous masses of flowers, of picturesque streets looking out on the blue Pacific, and of tiny alleys leading into tree-shaded courts in which the sword repairers and the armor makers and the booterers and the mantilla makers offered their wares. Spurs clanked on the uneven cobbles; close-shawled señoritas accompanied their duennas with downcast eyes; brown-robed Franciscans moved calmly through the crowds. Of all the famous brands of hospitality in old California, the hospitality of Santa Barbara was the most celebrated.

Years passed, as years have a habit of doing. To the Santa Barbara slopes, looking out over the same pearl-blue strip of ocean to the same hazy-blue sides of the Channel islands, came Americans in search of warmth and peace and beauty—Americans of wealth, traveled Americans of taste and culture and refinement. The town of Santa Barbara grew. On State Street—Santa Barbara's old Estado—rose business houses of smooth-textured brick and somewhat poisonous-colored tile, and boxlike structures of wood with false square fronts. The street became a bucolic street; a new and raw and makeshift street; a hick street, as the saying goes.

Some of the ancient adobes stood in the way of progress. Santa Barbara's sterling business men looked at them indifferently, and mildly wondered whether a mud house had any value. Obviously not; so the houses vanished. Elaborate structures of nice smooth brick replaced them, or delightfully involved wooden structures with Gothic towers and late Etruscan porte-cochères and medieval doorways and James K. Polk piazzas.

The campaign to save the missions spread up and down the state. The Community Arts Association came into existence in Santa Barbara in 1920 for the purpose of affording training and expression in drama and the allied arts. The members kept on rubbing the dust out of their eyes and watching a few more ancient adobes vanish before the heavy foot of progress. In 1921, the Community Arts Association started a music branch and watched the rise of a few more samples of cupola-era architecture. In 1922, the association started what is known as the Plans and Planting Committee, and the work of rescuing Santa Barbara from the engulfing fog of the cupola era was on in earnest.

The Carnegie Grant

It might be interpolated at this point that in October, 1922, the Carnegie Foundation made a grant of $25,000 a year for five years to the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara. Dr. Henry Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation, explained that the income of the Carnegie endowment was for the general use of "promoting the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States."

"In making this grant," said Doctor Pritchett, "the Carnegie corporation had in mind the direct work of the Community Arts Association in the community, both for the appreciation of beauty among its inhabitants in their homes, their gardens, their streets and public buildings, and also instruction to children in the schools, to youth and to adults in such selected courses as seemed most available for the use and instruction of the community. The direct purpose of the gift was to aid in establishing an association whose work would make for a wider appreciation of beauty on the one hand and for a trained and technical skill on the other. The trustees of the corporation believed that the accomplishment of these two objects could not fail to contribute to the usefulness and the happiness of the inhabitants not only of this city and of this region but of the country; and that a demonstration of a coöperative community arts association in one community would be both stimulating and helpful to the same cause in other communities."

The association began its work by persistently dinning into the ears of Santa Barbara merchants the enormous commercial value that the city would have as a tourist attraction if it preserved in its shops and public buildings the Spanish traditions that it had inherited from Father Junipero Serra and the Spaniards who built it. It then provided a great object lesson by expanding a group of old Spanish adobe houses—dull and dilapidated-looking enough before the architectural wand of Jimmy Craig was waved over them—into El Paseo, a quadrangle of studios and shops that for beauty and picturesqueness is second to no group of small buildings in any country in the world.

America the Beautiful?

Travelers from all parts of the country promptly poured down the side street on which the entrance to El Paseo is located, and viewed with low cries of delight the tile-floored restaurant, the spotless white walls with their bright red roofs, the little balconies and the grassy quadrangle, the art gallery where the city's artists exhibit their work, the shops with leaded windows, the offices and exhibits of the Plans and Planting Committee, and its scores of ravishing and unexpected features.

Here and there through the city a merchant remodeled his shop to conform to California-Spanish architecture. The Community Arts Association worked out small-house plans in the Spanish style, and labored assiduously to make the community discard the ugly and retain only the good. Ugliness and the ruining of the country's natural beauty were persistently denounced as terrible and unforgivable sins. Working in conjunction with the National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, the Community Arts Association saw that every resident in and visitor to Santa Barbara had directly put to him the query: "America the beautiful or the ugly?"

"America," said its bulletins, "lives today on wheels."

"The stream of automobile traffic swells at an incredible rate."

"It trails the commerce of the city along every highway."

"It turns our quiet roads of rural beauty into ugly business streets."

"If you would have America beautiful, tell business to respect beauty."

"Buy your gas from the best-looking filling station and your food from the stand that is attractive, not ugly."

"Insist that the signboards shall be swept off the landscape and confined to commercial districts, where they will not injure scenery, civic beauty or residential values."

By early 1925 the work of the Community Arts Association had borne such fruit that the aspect of the city had begun to change a little.

Opposite El Paseo stood the white Spanish building of the Daily News. The Lobero Theater, the Little Town Club, the University Club—remodeled into pure Spanish beauty from one of the most horrible examples of cupola architecture ever seen—and many private homes had given Santa Barbara a distinctive flavor.

A city-planning commission had worked out and adopted a zone ordinance which imposed restrictions as to the use and height of buildings, the location of private garages and kindred matters. The Santa Barbara papers were passionately advocating architectural reforms.

Late in March, 1925, the Santa Barbara Morning Press editorially queried the people of the city in the following pregnant words:

"If every building along each side of State Street, from the wharf to the upper end, was in Colonial Mission, would it be worth anything to Santa Barbara?

"The city would be the most famous in the world and people would come here by the hundreds of thousands to see it.

"Millions of dollars a year would be spent here as a result.

"Then why not make it that way?

"It can't be done in a week, a month or a year; but some day all of State Street can present an unbroken appearance in architecture typical of Santa Barbara and suitable to its surroundings

"All that is necessary is for every owner of property to keep the idea in mind when erecting new buildings and for others to follow the system when making alterations or repairs.

"Owners of the old Central Bank building at the northwest corner of State and De la Guerra streets have demonstrated what can be done. They took a typical Main Street bank building, such as might be seen in probably a thousand cities in the United States, and converted it into something that can be seen in few places outside of Santa Barbara. They have added to the beauty of Santa Barbara, have enhanced their own property, and have welded another link into the chain of progress toward a goal that will place Santa Barbara in a class distinct from anything else in the United States.

"Rebuilding Santa Barbara in conformity with its history and traditions has two sides to it. The city is made more beautiful for our own people and more appealing to tourists. The latter mean dollars for Santa Barbara. It is necessary to talk to most people in terms of dollars. There are always an æsthetic few in any community who would do the right thing because it is right or looks right, but the great majority must see the financial value of a thing. To the latter, what can offer more appeal than to bring about a uniform Santa Barbara, a Santa Barbara that is different; one that will make every visitor talk and others come here to see?

"We can keep our traditions, build a city that is beautiful and one that we can enjoy, and at the same time one that will draw people here to see it and live in the spell of its charms; or we can build as they build everywhere, be like every other city and not even attract a remark from a passing tourist."

Nature Makes an Assist

"Santa Barbara will never be a great commercial city, because there is no country surrounding it of sufficient size to make it a great shipping point. It can never be a great manufacturing city, because it hasn't the room, nor has it the rail transportation. But Santa Barbara can be the greatest recreation center in the country. And it can only be that by making itself attractive to persons seeking recreation, rest and beauty. To attract people we must have things they like to look at and conditions under which they like to live. That means beauty.

"The most beautiful woman, adorned unattractively, attracts little notice. Santa Barbara has the setting for a beautiful city. The people can adorn it appropriately and with taste and make the world admire, or they can array it garishly and force the world to pass us by as it passes millions of other garish commonplace places."

The stage having thus been set, the Community Arts Association received unexpected assistance—assistance that would probably have been refused if it had been offered ahead of its arrival. On June 29, 1925, Santa Barbara was attacked by an earthquake of considerable violence and persistence, and when the dust clouds had subsided many ugly and badly constructed buildings—and ugliness and bad construction almost invariably go together—on Santa Barbara's Estado lay in ruins.

It is also worthy of note that the beautiful new buildings in the California-Spanish style, designed by good architects and constructed out of honest materials by honest contractors, were undamaged. This state of affairs has always existed in California, and will always continue to exist. Properly constructed buildings are almost never damaged by earthquakes. Those that suffer are usually the cheap, the gimcrack, the shoddy, the dishonest—and the stupid.

Immediately after the earthquake the city, spurred on by the Community Arts Association, set up an Architectural Board of Review consisting of J. E. White, chairman; William A. Edwards, George Washington Smith, Carleton M. Winslow; and Bernhard Hoffman, secretary. To this Board of Review the business men of Santa Barbara came with their plans for rebuilding, and the Board of Review suggested and argued and altered and otherwise labored so that the entire business section of the city might be a harmonious whole along California-Spanish lines.

Laundries, roundhouses, factories, railroad offices, shoe shops, cafeterias and every other sort of shop submitted gladly to the suggestions of the Board of Review. An occasional citizen emitted deafening roars at the idea of using California-Spanish architecture, saying that he wanted something purely American. Investigation usually showed that he wanted Des Moines-Queen Anne, and a brief argument soon sufficed to bring him into line.

Santa Barbara Reborn

By the first few days of 1926, when the good citizens of Santa Barbara were hoeing around their rosebushes and their snapdragons and their heliotrope bushes and what not, in preparation for the arrival of the Garden Clubs of America later in the spring, Santa Barbara's main street possessed a rare beauty and charm.

Irregular white façades, embellished with occasional wooden balconies, shone in the warm winter sun. Orange sailcloth awnings, hanging loose across the windows, moved idly in the mild breezes. The names of the shops, or of their owners, or of the commodity which they offered for sale, were set in dull wrought-iron letters across the shops' white fronts. Occasional arcade fronts increased the sidewalk space. Electric-light poles had vanished, and at night each shop glowed with a white flood of indirect lighting. Here and there a recalcitrant shop owner had disfigured the front of his place of business with crude electric signs or near-Spanish eyebrows; but from day to day he was waxing more and more uncomfortable under the scornful gaze of his fellow townsmen.

If the spirit of the Community Arts Association goes abroad in the land the cupola era is doomed. With the experience of Santa Barbara as a model, no community of intelligence and determination—even though it lacks earthquake coöperation in the elimination of ugliness—needs to despair of ultimately recovering at least a part of the beauty and the architectural heritage that the stupid, careless and ignorant people of the cupola era did their best to wreck for themselves and for posterity.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Exeter

For sport or outing there is nothing smarter than a Florsheim two-tone low shoe. Gives a rich touch of color to your attire. A style of the finer kind for the man who cares.

Style S-160

Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers · CHICAGO

Most Styles $10

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Universal Cooler fills *a universal need!*

THE sterling dependability of Universal Cooler—inevitable result of its inbuilt quality, simplicity of design and positive automatic action—is commending it everywhere to dealers and users alike. Often, too, is wonder expressed that so fine a product should be so moderate in price.

Typical Basement Installation
Cooling unit in your present ice box. Compressor and motor unit in basement

Universal Cooler is supplied either in quality self-contained metal units or in electrical refrigerating units which can be installed in practically any ice box. Units are available for as low as $190 f. o. b. Detroit. A few desirable territories are still available for the right type of dealer.

[MEMO] Write today to Universal Cooler Corp., Detroit, Mich.

UNIVERSAL COOLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

FOR over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is markedly efficient as an Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine "Phillips," the *original* Milk of Magnesia.

Each bottle contains tested and proved directions; also authoritative list of uses.

Prepared only by

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

What Do YOU Say to Selling a Day for $12?

"I wrote you for your offer because I thought I could make a little 'side money' during my vacation," writes Shirl H. Stewart, Montana.

"I do not know yet what my best day's profit will be (he had bonus still to come when he wrote) but I think it will amount to between $12 and $15. Perhaps I will do better with more experience."

IF you have a few spare hours that you would exchange for CASH, let us outline the Curtis subscription agency plan for you. Is there any reason why you should not do as well as Mr. Stewart? Experience not necessary. You needn't spend a cent. Mail the handy messenger below *today*.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
406 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Send me your spare-time cash offer. I'll look it over.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

FISHIN' FOR FISH

(Continued from Page 15)

"slick" and leap viciously at the baited hooks.

I know of few jobs harder than a day of bluefish trolling when the fish are biting. I have stood in the boat for hours hauling in one line after another, unhooking and casting out again until I was utterly exhausted. In one morning I have worn out three pairs of workman's canvas gloves at this task. When the schools are large, there may be many boats trolling in the same area. The fisherman must be careful then, not to cut across another's lines, or to entangle his own. Bitter feuds have arisen over such accidents. Occasionally one may see a lone troller. He stands, facing backward in the stern of his boat, guiding it by holding the tiller between his knees. As he can only guess where he is heading, such a fisherman is a constant menace to others near by and is curtly discouraged. If a troller's lines are cut by a carelessly operated boat the common reprisal is to cut the offender's lines by steering across them in turn.

Occasionally Enoch and I found a school of bluefish that didn't need trolling to attract them. Then we worked furiously. In the midst of such a school we used barbless hooks, for time was too precious to waste in working the barb out of a fish's jaw. Landing the fish, flipping it from the hook, rebaiting and casting overboard became almost one motion and lasted without cessation until the school disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

Sometimes, though less often now than formerly, the hungry hoards of bluefish come close to shore. They may be heralded by a frightened vanguard of menhaden and other fish, so terrified that they leap onto the dry beach to escape their insatiable foes.

In the old days the discovery of such a school meant that every man near the beach dropped whatever he was doing to hook or net bluefish. Near our town was a community famous for its piety. Old-timers there have told me that the arrival of a school of bluefish was enough to break up even their Sunday services. Somehow, in the midst of the sermon, word would spread that the bluefish were in. One by one, then, the deacons and elders walked furtively, with the soft, quiet tread of the leopard, toward the door, until the pastor was preaching to a congregation composed exclusively of scandalized womenfolk. But the pastor wasn't worried. He knew his flock and his community. Down at the edge of the surf he could find those missing worshipers, engrossed, with hand line and net, in a business that was not beneath the earliest and best of the Disciples.

The Boatman Turns Mechanic

There were other than bluefish in the wide waters to which our chugging motorboat bore us. The flashing bonito, like its cousin, the bluefish, an insatiable hunter; the striped bass, a strong, powerful fighter, which bites from April to November; the drum, a hard-tugging ground feeder; the cod, a winter fish, heavy but meek; the kingfish, swift and beautiful; the mackerel; the leaping tuna—all were played for or fought with out there among the wonders of the deep. Sometimes we saw whales, for they are by no means unknown off the Jersey Coast. We gave them wide steerageway.

Today such small-boat shoresmen as Enoch and I are disappearing from the beaches. The industry is too big—it has felt the grip of organized capital. Some are going on the smacks and steam trawlers of the big fisheries, some are taking dull jobs ashore, some—former comrades whisper—are driving sporty roadsters and buying expensive radios after running their small boats to and fro at dead of night between outlying boats from the Bahamas and darkened trucks ashore. With them will disappear, soon, many fear, the finest seaman of them all—the line fisherman from the daring, graceful fishing smacks. The bank trawler and the pound nets, they say, may ultimately eliminate skilled labor from fishing and make of its hardy crews mere sea mechanics, tending boilers and winches, mending nets and gutting the catch. Trawler skippers say they can develop satisfactory deck hands in one or two trips. It took a lifetime and possibly generations of salty forbears to make a hand-line fisherman.

Perhaps this is as it should be, for no one doubts that modern methods are more efficient. Next to agriculture the fisheries are the most important source of human food, and the race grows ever larger and hungrier.

Certainly the fish are helping to meet the demand in a variety of ways. They are eaten fresh. They are preserved by freezing, canning, salting, pickling, smoking. Those that are not edible are made into oil, fertilizer and meal.

Isinglass is manufactured from the swim bladders of some fish. Skins from others are utilized for glue manufacture. The skins of sharks are tanned into leather. Scales are used, sometimes, in the manufacture of pearl essence.

Gregarious Fishermen

Harvesting this yield of the sea, there are in the United States and Alaska alone some 154,000 men. Their equipment, according to recent government figures, represents an investment of approximately $182,000,000; includes nearly 6000 vessels of five tons net or over; more than 54,000 power, sail and rowboats, and fishery apparatus valued at about $17,000,000. Their annual yield of 2,600,000,000 pounds has a value to the fishermen of $85,000,000. More than 60 per cent of the catch comes from the Atlantic Seaboard.

The hand-line fishermen of today are by no means limited to those who put out from shore in small boats. From Middle Atlantic States ports as from New England, a hand-line fishery may send out a schooner or steamer carrying a dozen or more dories. On the run to and from the fishing grounds the small boats are nested on the deck. When the grounds are reached they go overboard, with each man in a dory operating two or three lines in water from fifteen to fifty fathoms deep. The dory man averages two trips a day from the mother ship, starting his first before sunrise. When the schools are running thick he may make as many as four trips, returning each time with a loaded boat. Like the boatman who puts out from shore, he baits with clams, menhaden and similar foods.

On prolific grounds one can at times see hundreds of these dories within a small area. Near them may be deck hand-line smacks—ships whose fishermen cast from the deck. Fishing is basically a gregarious trade. There seems always to be room for more lines. It is possible that fish bite where they see others biting. This may be because they are both nearsighted and greedy. If one fish knows another has a tempting bit of food, he follows and tries to get what is left, or another snack near by. Perhaps that is why the hand-line fisherman, or the angler, so often finds two fish on his line when he starts pulling in.

Nevertheless, many professional fishermen hate company. I have seen boatmen resort to all sorts of tricks to throw others off the trail. If they are making a good catch and see another boat approaching, they may drop an anchor with a small float attached and leave the spot to return to it later. I remember two trollers who made phenomenal catches of bluefish one season. We all tried to learn their secret, but failed. Finally it came out somehow that they painted their squid—an artificial bait—a certain color each day. When they returned at night they repainted it so we would not learn the method. By the time the other shoresmen had caught the trick, that color

(Continued on Page 136)

Are Comparative Sales An Index To Merit?

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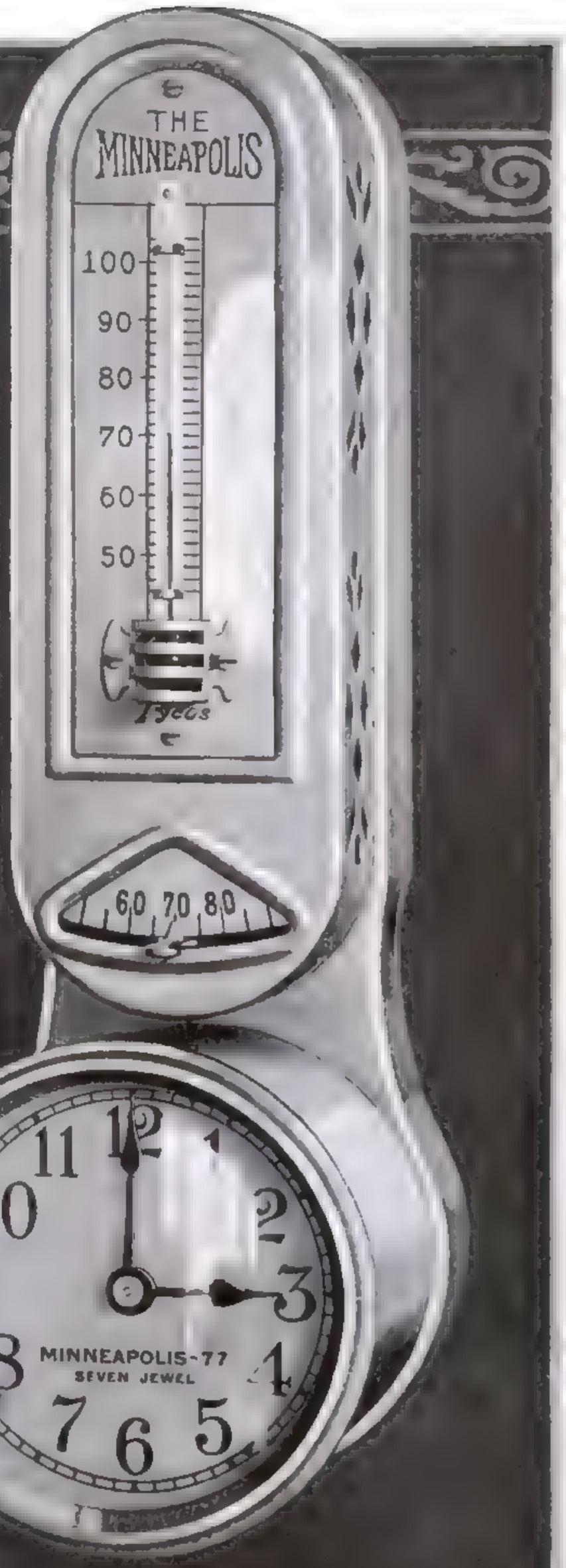

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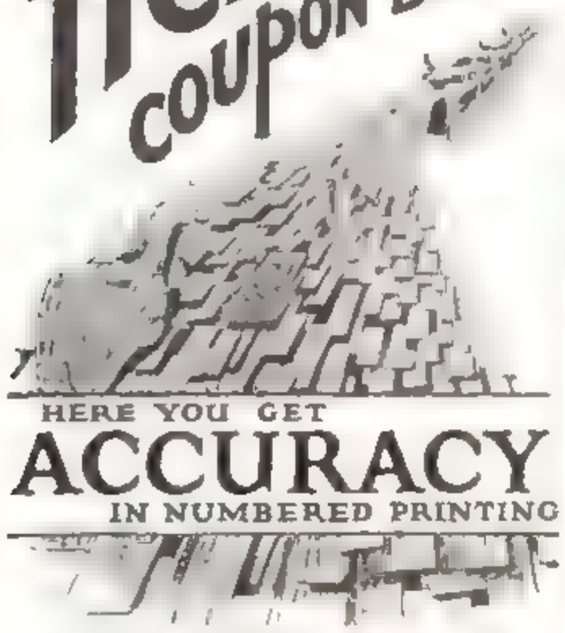

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BIJUR
LUBRICATING CORPORATION
NEW YORK CITY
Originators of Instant Chassis Lubrication

(Continued from Page 134)

no longer appealed to the bluefish. At least they didn't bite on it.

When a smack comes in heavily loaded rival fishermen always attempt to learn where the big catch was made. But the successful ones are evasive. If it is a hand-line schooner efforts will be made to pump the crew, but this, too, is generally fruitless. Often the first vessel in has a good load of fish. The buyers, representing the fish markets, will ask how the other ships made out. No one ever knows. It is, of course, to the interest of the fisherman to create the impression that his is the only successful ship, for this may boost the price.

The so-called trawl line, or long line, is another effective type of hand-line fishing gear. The vessels which carry these seek chiefly the ground fish, such as haddock, cod and hake. Most of them sail from New England, but the Middle Atlantic States, particularly New York, send many out. A trawl-line fishing boat may carry from twelve to sixteen dories, each supplied with from four to six tubs of trawl and each tub holding a line carrying about 500 hooks. Two men are assigned to a dory. When the presence of fish is discovered the small boats put out. One man rows, the second casts a buoy from the stern, then carefully feeds out the coiled line with its dangling hooks until the entire trawl has been set. Thus a string of hundreds of baited hooks, hanging at intervals of about five feet, awaits the fish. Sometimes the trawl lines are set overnight; sometimes the fish are removed the day the trawl has been set. When fish are running plentifully the trawl may be under-run, which means unhooking the catch and rebaiting without pulling the trawl. When the trawls are hauled aboard they are re-coiled carefully in the tubs in such a way as to make rebaiting and unwinding easy. It is a process requiring rare skill and long experience.

The trawl-line fisheries, like the hand-liners, operate largely on the share system. A fisherman, by this method, receives a salary of perhaps forty dollars a month and a share of his catch. Naturally there is often keen rivalry between the dory crews to be high boat, or the greatest earner. There is, too, an urgent desire to sail under the right sort of skipper, for on his judgment and experience—his ability to smell the fish—depends the success of the trip. Except on a few banks the trawl line is gradually supplanting the hand line among line fishermen.

Impounding the Fish

To me the line fisherman has seemed ever the most picturesque member of this ancient profession. But in comparison with a net fisherman he is by far the less productive. While the New Jersey hand and trawl-line fishermen took 4,500,000 pounds from their coastal waters in 1921, the purse seines took 14,000,000 pounds, and the pound nets and weirs 46,000,000. The pound net is considered by many of its opponents the most ruthless enemy of edible fish yet devised by man, which is perhaps another way of saying it is the most effective fishing gear. It is a form of fish trap, consisting of a stationary net fastened to stakes driven into the sea bottom. It has been opposed by sportsmen and many fish conservationists, who protest that it catches all the fish swimming within its limits; that one pound may produce from 150 to 200 barrels a day; that it takes, among others, the spawning fish, and thus decreases not only the present but the future supply. Efforts to declare a closed season on pound nets have been answered by commercial fishermen with the statement that they must keep the pounds in action constantly to supply the market demand. The same opposition has developed and the same answer has been made in reference to purse seining.

The pound fishermen are in many ways a class by themselves. Formerly they were of American stock. Today, on the New Jersey coast, at least, they are largely foreign-born, working, perhaps, under an American skipper. The men live in permanent barracks on the shore near the pound, sleeping usually in bunks. They visit the net daily. When I was temporarily with such a crew some years ago, we had a thirty-foot, eight-oared boat of the type formerly used by the Coast Guard. In this we pulled through the surf and some three miles more out to the net. Our skipper was a huge, raw-boned, former line fisherman. I shall always remember him, a Vikinglike figure, as, rubber booted and in oil skins, he stood on the wide stern seat, handling a huge oar as a rudder and driving his boatful of straining rowers head-on into the curling combers.

Now the work has softened a bit. Many of the pound boats I have seen recently are equipped with gasoline motors. Some of the nets are less than a half mile out, some are five miles out. I have seen nets within a few hundred yards of shore, where the boatmen who operated them never touched an oar. They used what they call a "pulling-out line"—a long rope stretched from a pound stake to a stake on shore. The boatmen simply grasped this line and pulled the boat hand over hand to the net.

The Bane of Net Fishers

At the net itself the process has not changed. Standing on the thwarts of their boat or balancing precariously on the gunwale, the men hook their fingers into the coarse meshes of the net and pull it up slowly. As this process continues hundreds upon hundreds of fish are packed in a mass in the small pocket that remains near the surface of the water. There are few more beautiful sights than this shimmering mass of color, twisting and squirming under the early sun. Every type of sea life found in the Middle Atlantic Coast waters may be in that net—alewife, bluefish, drum, hake, herring, mackerel, tuna, turtle, as well as the coarser menhaden, sea robin, shark, skate, ray, king crab, or squid.

The hatred that mankind the world over feels for the shark has in the past found expression also among the pound fishermen. They have had good reason for that hatred. Along with the food fishes the shark finds its way into the pound net. Sometimes it is content to stay there and gorge itself on the accumulated catch. Sometimes it tears through the net, damaging equipment as well as opening a way of escape to hundreds of other fish. Its appetite seems insatiable. I have seen the pound net drawn up with a huge shark in it apparently still eating greedily as it was pulled to the surface, although it may have been gasping in that mass of smaller fry.

It is fascinating to watch a group of pound fishermen balancing on the edge of the boat while they fight with pitchforks or boat hooks a giant thresher shark, which may reach a length of fifteen feet. There are many big as well as small sharks in the Middle Atlantic waters. Specimens of the tiger shark, which sometimes attains thirty feet, have been caught off Cape May, Sea Isle City and Beesleys Point in New Jersey. The basking shark, the dusky shark, the brown shark, the great white shark, fierce and voracious wolves of the sea, have been caught on those fishing grounds.

Sometimes the squid, a species of cuttlefish, finds its way into the nets and battles in its own strange fashion the alien fishermen. The squid is the originator of the smoke screen. He defends himself by shooting out a black, inky liquid hiding him from view in the darkened water. I have seen a squid spray the faces and clothes of the pound fishermen until they looked like stokers from the coalhole. The squid has little commercial value, although it supplies excellent bait. Some of the foreign fishermen consider the tips of their tentacles a rare delicacy. They will bite them off raw as they haul the squid out of the net, and swallow the repellent morsel with evident pleasure.

Both the shark and the squid are now regarded with more tolerance by fishermen

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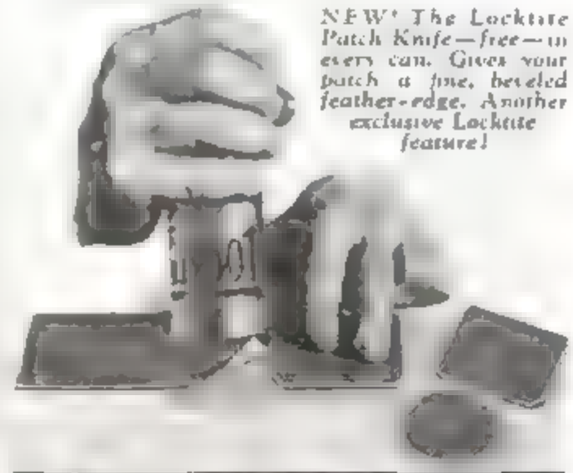

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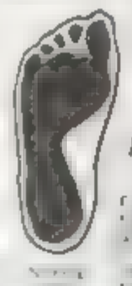

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Just slip Nature-Treads in your shoes and walk with a new feeling of comfort and freedom

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Ask your nearest shoe dealer or [illegible] for illustrated circular and measurement chart (sent free if you send your shoe dealer's name). Clip this ad

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PYRENE is man's best friend, wherever there is danger from fire. IMPROVED PYRENE is always ready to work quickly and save life and property on land, sea or in the air.

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Caution: Use only Pyrene Liquid (patented) with Improved Pyrene Extinguishers.

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CAREFREE hours, hatless, on the beach . . . A brisk summer breeze . . .

Times like this it takes more than ordinary brushing to keep your unruly hair smooth, in place.

To keep your hair the way you want it—smart, lustrous, all day long—*Stacomb*. A touch of Stacomb in the morning, and for the rest of the day you can forget your hair! Stacomb never leaves it brittle, as water does. Never makes it sticky or matted either. Helps prevent unsightly dandruff too. Comes in jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug and department stores.

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than was the former custom. There is a large foreign-born element in the big cities which is not averse to either as food. Instead of being destroyed as pests, many such fish are now sent to market.

Greater than the catches of the pounds, however, are those of the menhaden steamers. Of all the wonders of the deep, there is to my mind none to surpass the lowly menhaden. This fish, a member of the herring family, is found along the Atlantic Seaboard from Maine to Florida, under many aliases, including pogy, hardhead, bony fish, mossbunker, bugfish, fatback, shiner, and the like. Its average length is from ten to twelve inches; its weight a little less than a pound. Menhaden are not popular as food, although they have been sold fresh, salted and canned. They are, however, of tremendous economic importance to man, because of their oil and their use as fertilizer. They are of greater importance to other fish, because they are the perennial, unlimited food supply, the moving free-lunch counter of the sea. They seem infinite in number. They are the prey of every predatory fish that swims the Atlantic waters. They travel in schools acres in extent, and are constantly attended by dog sharks, bluefish and similar enemies. Sometimes certain species of whale come from beneath and gulp huge mouthfuls. On the mouths and gills of the menhaden themselves fasten, at times, peculiar parasites, which take toll of all the food which the host swallows. After all these enemies have taken their share comes man with his steamers and nets, and loads tons of them aboard by machinery.

Nature, in her scheme of things, seems to have cast the menhaden exclusively in the rôle of martyr. Apparently its only province is to die that other species may live. It assures our fish supply, it fertilizes our farms, it feeds our stock, it gives us oil for soap, for candles, for paint, for leather dressing, for a variety of other industrial uses. One scientist has traced its service to mankind back hundreds of thousands of years to advance the theory that the menhaden with other marine life is the source of all petroleum deposits. Where oil wells gush forth to make Lo, the poor Indian, a rich man, or to cause acrimonious diplomatic conversations, there, he suggests, once swam millions and millions of menhaden, to be swallowed in some vast cataclysm of Nature and held in storage until the machinery of men demanded their oil.

A Finny Martyr

The menhaden make their appearance on the North Atlantic Coast in early spring and remain until autumn. Their immense schools swim close to the surface, the fish packed closely together. As thousands of fins cut the surface of the water, they cause a gentle but unmistakable ripple which can be seen for miles from the crow's nest of a vessel.

Today, I suspect, the schools are smaller than in the past. There is on record the testimony of an old seaman who said he once met a school two miles wide and forty miles long and sailed through it. These immense schools drift along from morning to night, with their mouths at the surface. G. Brown Goode, former Commissioner of Fisheries, who studied them, believed that with their widely expanded jaws and the complicated straining apparatus formed by their gill rakers, they are able to gather nutritious food which is floating on the surface.

"It is not hard," reported Goode, "to surmise the menhaden's place in nature; swarming our waters in countless myriads, swimming in closely packed, unwieldy masses, helpless as flocks of sheep, close to the surface and at the mercy of any enemy, destitute of means of defense or offense, their mission is unmistakably to be eaten. In the economy of nature certain orders of terrestrial animals, feeding entirely upon vegetable substances, seem intended for one purpose—to elaborate simpler materials into the nitrogenous substances necessary for the food of other animals which are wholly or in part carnivorous in their diet. So the menhaden, deriving its own subsistence from otherwise unutilized organic matter, is preëminently a meat-producing machine. Man takes from the water annually 600,000,000 or 700,000,000 of these fish, weighing from 250,000 to 300,000 tons, but his indebtedness to the menhaden does not end here. When he brings upon his table bluefish, bonitos, weakfish, swordfish, bass, codfish, which is he eating? Usually nothing but menhaden!"

Goode's report was written years ago. Meanwhile the catch has increased enormously. In 1923, for example, the fifty-two American factories engaged in the manufacture of fish oil, scrap and meal from menhaden utilized 1,110,291,427 fish, weighing 666,174,873 pounds. Their production of dry scrap and meal, used as animal feed and fertilizer, totaled 43,452 tons, valued at $2,029,406; of wet or acidulated scrap -preserved fertilizer—44,935 tons, valued at $1,064,870; of oil, 7,461,365 gallons, valued at $3,316,277. The total value of menhaden products in 1923 amounted to $6,410,553.

Pulling the Purse Strings

Menhaden are captured in purse seines—nets which can be dropped in a circle around a school, then closed at the bottom with a purse string in such a way as to make escape impossible. The seines I have seen are from 300 to 400 yards long and about twenty yards deep, with 1.75-inch mesh. Cork floats buoy up the top edge. At the bottom are brass rings about four inches in diameter, weighing a pound and a half apiece, through which the purse line passes. These seines are carried on steamers which customarily put out early each morning and return to the factory at night. Almost every seashore visitor has seen these ships, resembling large tugboats, steaming within a few miles of the coast, where the menhaden usually run. The boats are built with quarters forward, the engines, boilers and bunkers toward the stern, leaving a large hold in the middle for the dumping of the fish. Their capacity may be as high as 1,500,000 fish.

The steamers carry purse or seine boats about thirty feet long and striker boats about twelve feet long. When the lookout, watching from the crow's nest high on the mast, sights the telltale ripple which means a school of fish, the seine boats are lowered away and the striker boat pulls off in advance to keep track of the fish and to inform the captain by signals the direction in which they are moving. The captain is usually in charge of one of the seine boats and the mate at the helm of the other. Each of the seine boats carries half of the seine. As their oarsmen row rapidly in wide curves to surround the fish the striker gets a position on the opposite side of the school and attempts to cut off escape of the fish by splashing the water with an oar. Finally the two seine boats meet. Then the tom, a lead weight of about 300 pounds, is attached to lines and dropped overboard to hold the ends of the net as it is pursed.

Firmly imprisoned in the net, the school then is held until the steamer pulls up alongside. From the deck of the vessel drops the bailing net, a bag about four feet deep, held in a circular frame of iron four feet in diameter, and swung on a boom. Down into the squirming mass of fish dips this net, and lifts the captive thousands into the hold of the steamer. By this method the fish may be handled at the rate of 500,000 an hour.

As the fish tumble into the hold the cook usually stands near by with a long hook, with which he nips out for the ship's mess whatever edible species may appear. The captains are instructed not to take food fish, but a few—menhaden men insist very few—are, of course, scooped up as they feed on the edges of the school when the strike is made. Sometimes hours of work results only in a stab. That means the set was made, but the net was found empty when pursed. Sometimes a pullback occurs,

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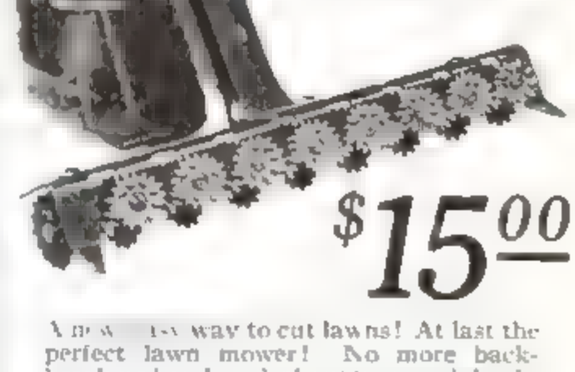

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The Montamower weighs only 7½ lbs! Montamower is built of finest steel—cutters last two to four years without replacing or sharpening. And then they can be replaced like razor blades, at amazing low cost

Unlike ordinary mower Montamower trims cleanly right up to walls, fences, etc.

Montamower leaves no fringe around trees to be cut by hand.

As Easy to Handle as a Rake!

This new Montamower can be carried easily in your hand. Mows down the grass with perfect evenness and almost silently. As easy to use as a rake. It is not right how cut [illegible] and long, tough grass, nor for use in wet, swampy or loose, sandy ground. Such a machine, we believe, is mechanically impossible.

TRY 10 DAYS

The success [illegible] the Montamower [illegible] would [illegible] Wm. Reuss, Mich. "Used Montamower all last year. Would not take a hundred dollars for it now if I could not replace it. It does everything that can be done with the ordinary mower and is worth its price as a trimmer alone." Frank A. Ashton, Grand Rapids, Mich. Such is the general opinion of this wonderful new mower

And so certain are we that you will be just as enthusiastic, just as delighted, we want you to try the Montamower at our risk. If after 10 days' thorough test you are not satisfied return [illegible] day. Know the pleasure of this new way to cut your lawn, this new way to keep your lawn trim and beautiful. Send money order, check or express money order for $15 and the machine will be sent prepaid. Or C. O. D. if you wish pay the postman $15 plus a few cents postage. Mail the coupon while it is before you.

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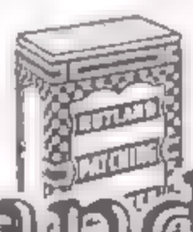
Get it at any paint, wall-paper or hardware store. If your dealer hasn't it, mail coupon below. Send no money. We will send you a 2½ lb. carton and you can pay the postman 30c, plus postage on delivery. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Dept. B15, Rutland, Vermont.



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PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK". Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

That means the fish disappeared before the net encircled them. A set can customarily be made and pursed in about forty minutes. After a sufficient catch has been made the steamer puts back to the factory, where the fish are unloaded and the involved and odorous process of converting them into the materials of commerce begins. There are ships which begin the process on board, but these are recent and relatively few.

The steam trawler is another effective piece of fishing gear. The word trawler has many definitions. To the average fisherman it is applied—erroneously, any etymologist will assure you—to a fishing craft which moves exclusively under steam or gasoline power in contradistinction to craft propelled by sail or carrying merely auxiliary engines. Sometimes the trawl-line or long-line fishing craft is called a trawler. Actually a trawler, as its name suggests, is a boat which drags a net along the bottom of the sea. The trawler, in this sense, is more popular in European than in American waters, but its use is spreading here, principally off New England, where lie our most productive fishing shoals. There the otter trawl is popular. Reports for 1923 show that thirty-three otter-trawl vessels landed at Boston, Gloucester and Portland 54,298,289 pounds of fish, valued at $1,696,321, more than 31 per cent of the quantity and 24 per cent of the value of the total catch landed by fishing vessels at those ports during the year. The use of the trawler of this type is gradually spreading southward.

The average trawler steaming out of the New England ports is a vessel of about 115 feet, with gross tonnage ranging from 250 to a little less than 300. The trawling winch is forward of the wheelhouse and consists of two power-driven drums operating the wire cables of the net. The trawl is a conical, baglike net, held open by two boards so arranged that the pressure of the water causes them to spread apart. The net is about 150 feet long, with the mesh growing gradually smaller toward the end. It is towed along the bottom at from two to three miles an hour, and is frequently emptied and dropped over again. Another form is the beam trawl, in which the bag net is attached to a beam with iron runners at the ends to keep the net extended and prevent it from burying into the sea bottom. Still a third type, used principally abroad, consists of a net drawn between two vessels moving in a parallel course about 250 yards apart.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle

In recent years the trawlers and other steam-operated fishing boats have worked almost a revolution in the fishing industry. Some ships carry, in addition to the regular equipment and crew, a wireless outfit and operator. When a big haul is made they flash the news to owners at home.

The effectiveness of modern methods has naturally aroused among conservationists fear for the future supply of favorite fish. This has been answered partially by plans for protecting our marine resources by legislation, by fish culture, by transplanting dwindling species, and by propaganda seeking to popularize certain fish now plentiful but in little demand. The serious nature of the problem was pointed out a year ago by Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, when he called a special conference of representatives of the states concerned.

"The difficulty of the Atlantic Seaboard," he said at that time, "rests with the divided authority, as between the states. Fish do not recognize state lines, and no one state can of its own action give adequate protection to any single one of our Atlantic Coast species.

"Thirty years ago the annual take of shad in the states from Georgia to New York was over 50,000,000 pounds per annum.

"But from overfishing the catch has steadily decreased until during the last few years it has averaged less than 13,000,000 pounds per annum. They sell for about $1.75 a fish. Towns and villages which formerly thrived upon them are growing poorer and poorer by the loss of livelihood.

"Now here comes the sardonic humor. The Federal Bureau of Fisheries transplanted young shad into California, where there was never a shad before. Under the careful protection of the California Fish Commission they thrived, until this year California will ship about 2,000,000 pounds on ice 3000 miles into the Atlantic Seaboard States, where they are solemnly sold as the great and rare delicacy of the Atlantic waters."

All this is, of course, as important to the housewife as to the conservationist. But there is one problem which, so far as I have observed, causes her still greater concern—how to tell whether or not a fish is fresh.

There are many methods. The quickest is to look at the fish's eyes. If they are unduly gray and sunken, that fish shouldn't go on the table. If the gills have lost their characteristic color—usually red—and are gray and slimy, the fish has not only been out of the water three or four days but has been kept at too high a temperature in the interval. If there is still doubt, a major operation with the kitchen knife will bring forth further evidence. If the fish is fresh it is hard to strip the flesh from the backbone; if it is stale the flesh comes off readily. In extreme cases there is always the infallible sense of smell. The nose, like the professional, doesn't pretend to give that fish a chance.

A Sportsman by Accident

Then, too, progressivism has hit the fish business, with the result that everywhere modern practices are being adopted to give the housewife what she wants and in a way to give her the least trouble. Fish are now being handled with greater care than ever before, to insure their freshness and distinctive flavors.

Once, back in 1917, I was learning with several thousand others how to hunt the elusive tin fish, more widely known as the submarine. Our group was to hunt it in seaplanes, and we practiced daily over a prescribed training course off the southern tip of Florida.

On one leg of the course bulked a small sea corral known among student pilots as the Turtle Farm. It consisted of thick logs driven into the sandy bottom of shallow water in such a way as to form an inclosure roughly rectangular in form. In this pen were imprisoned scores of the huge green turtles of Southern Florida, awaiting their call for the soup of the evening.

One day I had some minor ignition trouble not far from the Turtle Farm and made a landing on the water to correct it. As I worked the wind blew my bus toward one side of the stockade. Just before touching it I walked out on the edge of a wing, then stepped on the logs to ward the plane off and avoid damaging the delicate struts or the fabric. Unfortunately I was near one corner of the stockade, and suddenly the breeze whipped the tail of the plane around. Quickly I gripped the first hold I could to keep the ship from drifting away. It was a thin wire supporting one of the aileron horns. As I tugged, the wire snapped, and I plunged backward, down among those big turtles whose sharp and powerful beaks can shear like a pair of giant scissors.

No acrobat ever leaped from his mat more quickly than I climbed from the waters of that sea corral to the tops of the logs. But my troubles weren't over. The plane was drifting away, and there was nothing to do but swim for it. I knew that sharks frequently prowled those Southern waters—big sharks too. I tried to forget about them as I dived over and splashed the fastest crawl I knew toward the drifting pontoon. I made it without further incident, finished up my repair job and flew back to the station.

But that, I have since reflected, was the only time I ever gave the fish a sporting chance.

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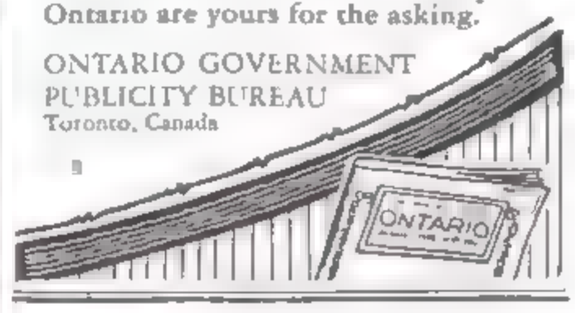

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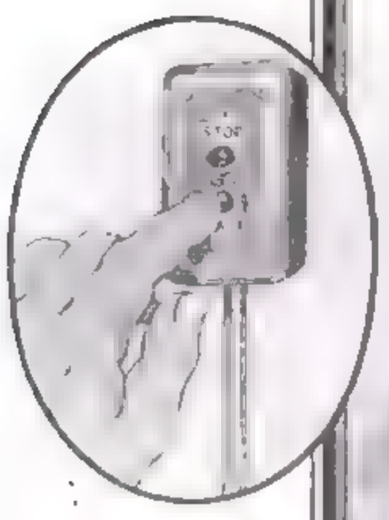

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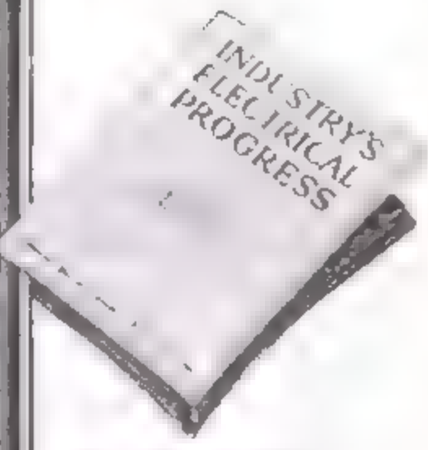

This booklet "Industry's Electrical Progress" puts into concise, interesting form the story of savings through modern motor control. Write for your copy today

Motors by themselves are only brute force

The economies that electric power brings to industry depend on correct motor control

IT seems so simple—and yet in so many plants this basic truth is often neglected.

Motors by themselves are only brute force!

Engrave it on the minds of the men who design *your* equipment. Burn it into the memory of those who specify—those who buy. For today it is the battle cry in the fight to reduce manufacturing costs!

Every motor you put into service offers the opportunity of minimum operating expense. It can save in power costs. It can speed up production. It can save in labor—that major item of manufacturing burden. But you are trifling with opportunity if you leave these possible economies to chance—these economies that result not from the mere installation of motors, but from the production efficiency you are able to obtain through the perfect control of their brute force.

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Carry this story to the men of your plant! Have them check the motors you have in service. Like many other plants, you will find that modern motor control on many existing drives will pay for itself in a few months—and then add steadily to profits.

If you desire, Cutler-Hammer field engineers will gladly counsel with your plant men or consulting engineers to determine where savings may be obtained—to show them the latest control equipment available for every need. Their recommendations are based on more than thirty years' experience. This service is also offered for the planning of new drives, and their co-operation does not place you under any expense or obligation.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.

Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

This May Look A Bit Complicated

But It's Well Worth Following Through

The Land Department of the Northern Pacific Railway used a black and white page in the December, 1925, and January, 1926, issues of *The Country Gentleman*, and similar space in the corresponding issues of two other national farm papers.

This is what happened, measured by inquiries received in the following four months.

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March	Total
The Country Gentleman	445	587 80 (Dec.) 667	31 (Dec.) 64 (Jan.) 95	9 (Dec.) 32 (Jan.) 41	1248
Second Farm Paper	197	191 71 (Dec.) 262	21 (Dec.) 63 (Jan.) 84	0 (Dec.) 0 (Jan.) 0	543
Third Farm Paper	139	169 19 (Dec.) 188	2 (Dec.) 30 (Jan.) 32	0 (Dec.) 0 (Jan.) 0	359

In brief, *The Country Gentleman* produced about 58% of the traceable returns—though it received only a little over 25% of the money expended by the Northern Pacific on this campaign.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

More than 1,200,000 a month

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Mechanical Hand
THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR

The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

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Eclipse starter drives, in their several variations, are simple, sturdy and effective—insure maximum ease, convenience and dependability in starting any gas engine. Throughout the world, "Eclipse at Elmira" is known as an authority in this important field, and its products accepted as standard.

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Wurlitzer Studio Uprights, $295 and up. • • • • Studio Grands, $625.
Other Wurlitzer Grands up to $5,000.
All prices f. o. b. factory

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

bridge, where the first officer finds them signaling full speed astern to the engine room in mid-ocean, unlike cattle which would not, nor could not do such tricks nor couldn't sing close harmony all night, and besides cattle are grateful for their food and if they do not like it they sleep on it and do not shove it down a steward's neck nor throw boiled potatoes at their friends, unlike students which do and many more things beside and grumbling like a stowaway on a guano ship, so what I say is why don't they stay home, and if the answer is that they haven't got any homes, then the answer is the real-estate men should take a tip from the steamship companies and take over the tenement districts and advertise them Third Class Homes for Teachers, Students, Artists, and Literary Men, and by such a means they would put an end to the unrest and dissatisfaction which owing no doubt to Bolshevist propaganda among the classes who having no money because although on the one hand highly educated whereas those who are not, nevertheless, as I said before, why don't they stay home?

Yours very truly,
JACK ADAMS
Morris Bishop.

His Error

"I GOT a durn good skeer last night," related Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, in the crossroads store.

"How'd it happen?" asked the proprietor of the emporium.

"Why, my baby, Rowdy, suddenly stopped crying, and I shore thought for a spell I'd plumb lost my hearing."

For Phyllida, A.B., M.A., D.Sc., Ph.D.

MY DEAR, you may delve in psychology
As deeply, I'm sure, as you please.
I crave no excuse or apology
For your meter or two of degrees.
I care not how well you be versed in
The doctrines of Adler and Freud,
Nor mind if you fathom the worst in
Dark subjects we used to avoid.
On complex, subconscious, libido,
You may pore to your dear heart's delight —
In private—but dining with me, do
Be less erudite!

I would not appear to disparage
Your learning as crankish or queer.
I make no contention that marriage
Is the sole aim of woman's career.
A knowledge of motives erotic,
Of hungers suppressed and obscure,
Goes far to explain this chaotic
And tenebrous world, I am sure.
No doubt the most odious fact is
Much better confronted than hid—
In principle, yes, but in practice
Let's clamp down the lid!

Let's gossip of moonlight and flowers,
Of drama—the frothier sort,
Of heat waves, humidity, showers,
Of boating and bathing and sport.
I beg you, my dear, not to launch us
On psychcanalysis—please!
I urge you to spare my subconscious—
I blush with ridiculous ease.
O pray, if you cherish my dutiful
Obeisance, for once overcome
Your Ph.D. complex. Be beautiful,
And pretend to be dumb! —*Ted Olson.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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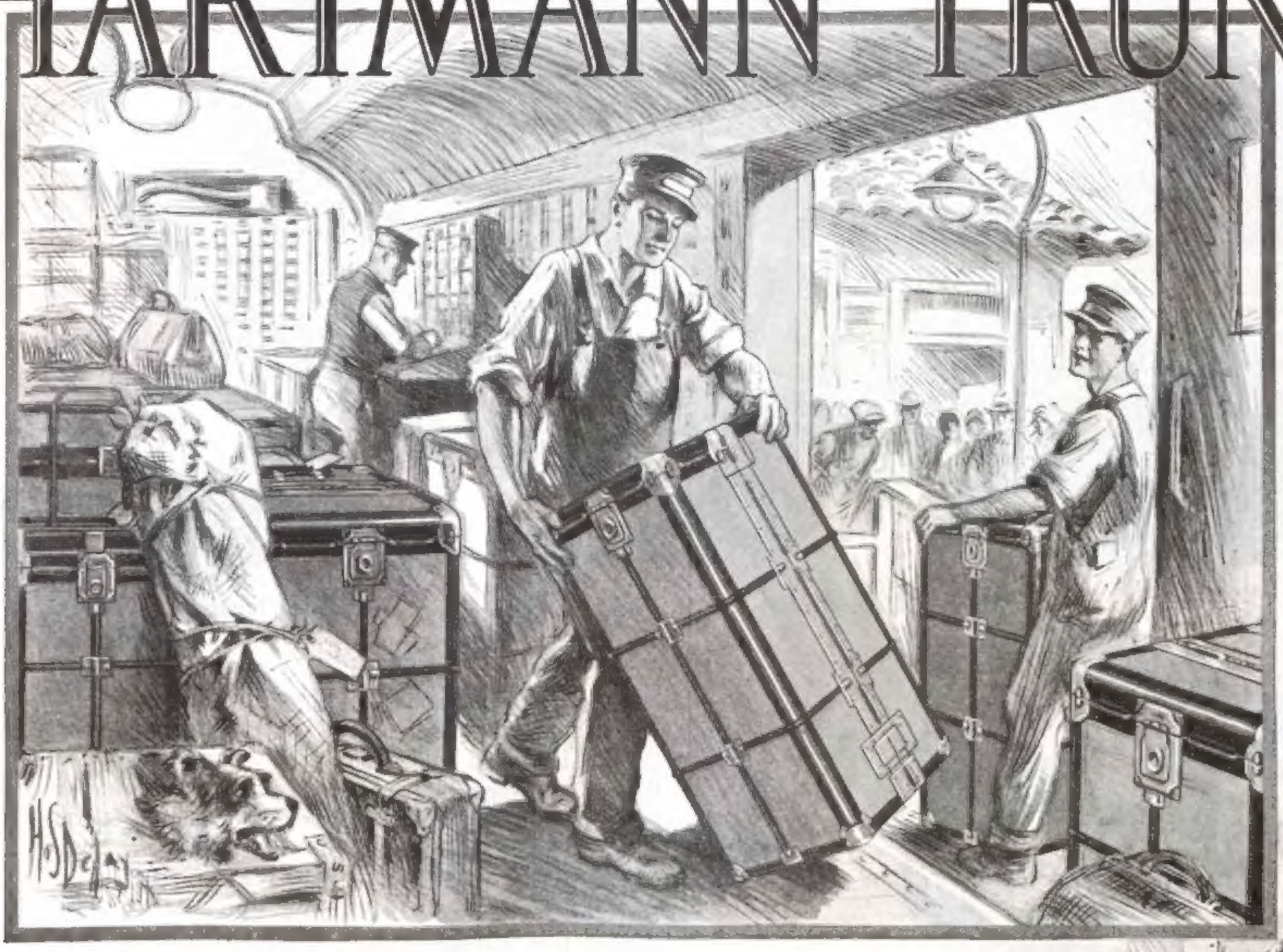
HARTMANN TRUNKS



Watch the trunks—
off the ships—
at the stations—
on baggage trucks—
why do Hartmanns predominate?
Users know.

Why They Last—
Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks Do Wear

A WARDROBE TRUNK must perform several functions. It must be so convenient that its use is a pleasure.

It must afford complete protection against dust, dirt, wrinkle and rumple.

Then—also—it must wear—withstand the inevitable shocks and grind of ship and railroad travel.

A Hartmann Wardrobe is built for convenience—for protection and for endurance.

For two generations—nearly half a century—we've been making the class of trunks that we're proud to have bear our signature. They wear because the name Hartmann insures wear. Ask any baggage master what he thinks of the Hartmann.

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Licensed Distributors for Great Britain

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CUSHION TOP
WARDROBE
TRUNKS

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"Tough as a Rhino"
YOU don't care so much about *toughness* when a tire is new. And you may not think of *toughness* in the first few months of wear. It's after the miles have mounted by thousands that you awaken to a real appreciation of the dividends the toughness of your Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloon is paying you. Cupples Balloons are big and handsome. You are proud of their looks on your car. Their easy flexing quality gives you all the comfort you can ask. But the whole world loves a fighting heart, and it's not just beauty and comfort, but the fight and the lasting power of honest rubber that will win you to Cupples all 'round.
Ask for Cupples Diamond Jubilee Cords when you next buy tires. Their toughness is the thing you'll remember.
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A National Institution Since 1851
In addition to Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloons, Truck and Extra Heavy Cords, Cupples Over-Size Cords and Cupples Tubes—Cupples Company also makes and guarantees the popular Exton line of tires and tubes—low in price—standard in performance.
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TIRES TUBES
TRY A RHINO BALL WITH A RHINO CLUB
Cupples
RHINO

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In their letters, they tell us that they prefer Bon Ami *Powder* for many cleaning tasks. Pots and pans of aluminum, copper, agate and tin; the refrigerator; the bathtub—and many other things are made spotless in a few moments.

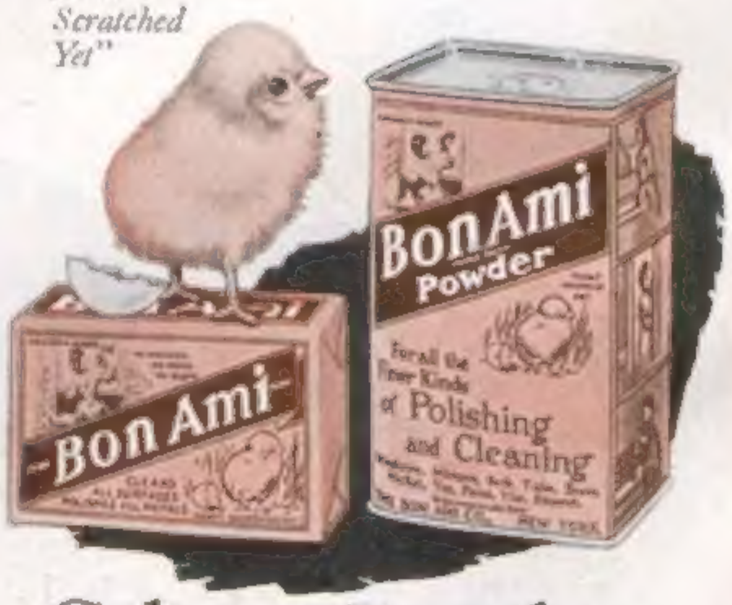
Of course, they also use their old friend, the handy Bon Ami *Cake*, for cleaning windows, mirrors, painted woodwork, etc.

Bon Ami, in *Cake* or *Powder* form, is fine and delicate. It does not scratch off the dirt and grime, but simply blots it up with a minimum of effort on your part.

Easy to use! Easy on the hands! Easy on the surface it cleans! That's why Bon Ami has been so great a favorite with housewives for more than thirty years. It's unequalled for cleaning and polishing dozens of things around the house.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



Cake or Powder

most housewives use both

Motion Pictures with a Kodak

Hold eye level or waist high —and just press the release.

Hold waist high or eye level —and just press the release.

THE marvel of movies—personal movies—is now yours. Ciné-Kodak B gives you action for your screen just as easily as your Kodak or Brownie gives you prints for your album.

Think of the fun of it. Train the lens, press the release and Baby's antics, Jim's golf, Clara's dive, your vacation adventures, are right on the reel for the screen.

Movies you make yourself, and show yourself—that's a *thrill.*

The pictures are amazingly good. The cost is astonishingly low—about one-sixth as much as for "standard" movies. Safety film is used and the price includes finishing by Eastman experts in Eastman laboratories.

Nor are personal pictures all there is to it. Kodascope Libraries rent you reasonably from a choice of over four hundred subjects, professional photoplays and feature films, that will make any evening one to be remembered.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.5 lens, is priced at $70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.3.5, at an even hundred. The Kodascope C is $60.

A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak (makes movies), Kodascope (projects movies), and screen—as low as $140.

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If *your* dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Ciné-Kodak

To show the movie, just turn on the switch

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*